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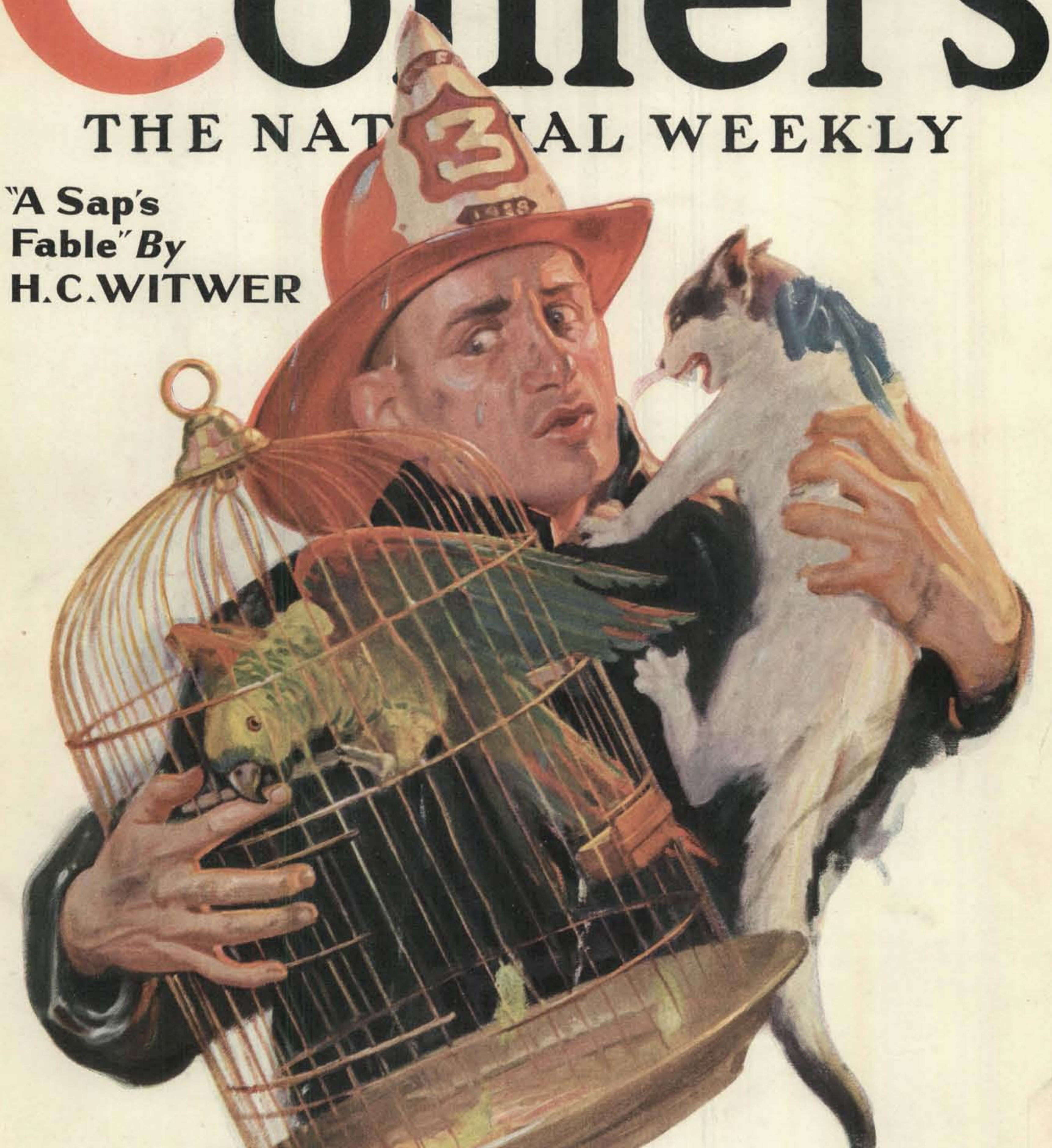
# Collier's

THE NAT IAL WEEKLY

**"A Sap's Fable" By H. C. WITWER**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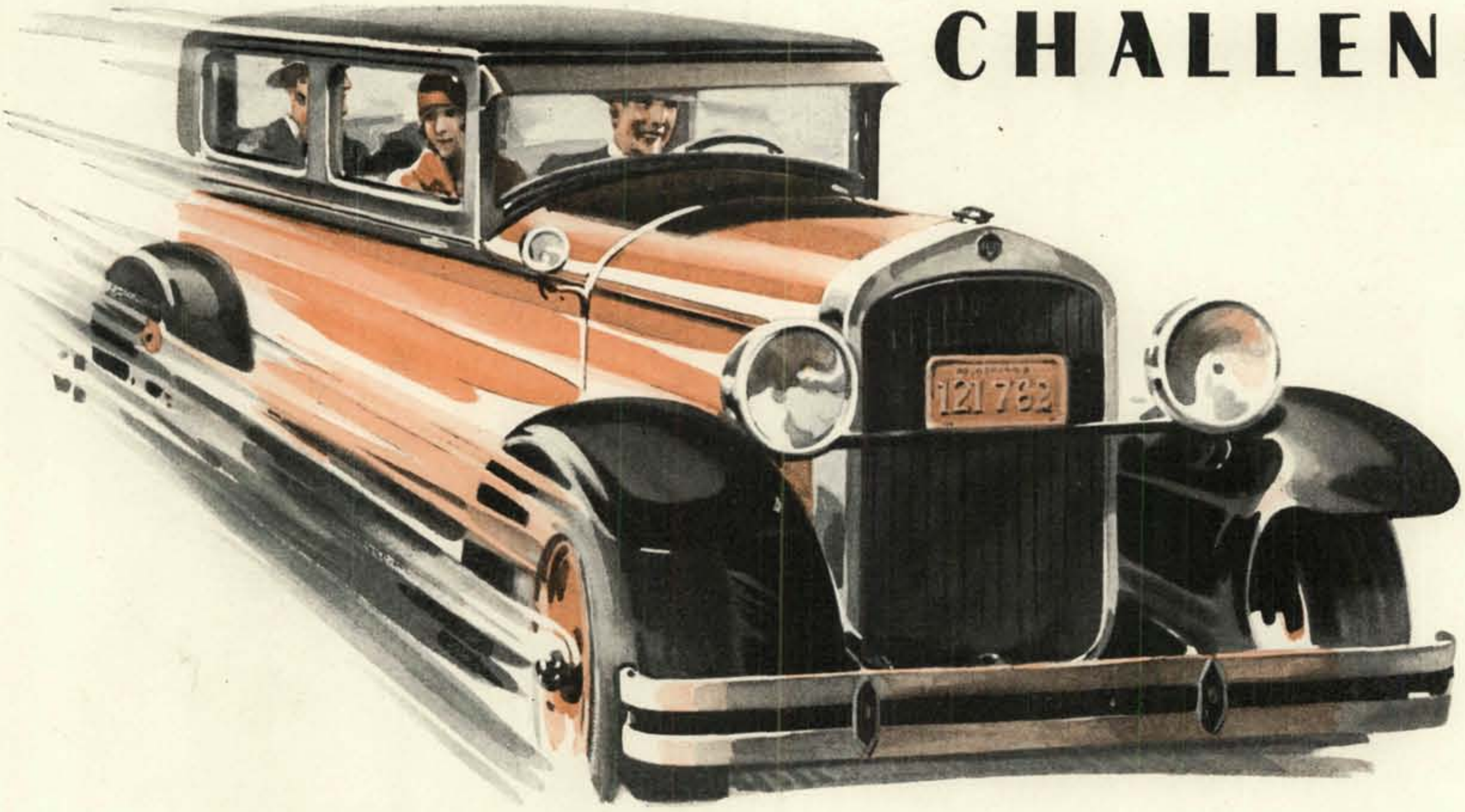
# ESSEX THE CHALLENGER



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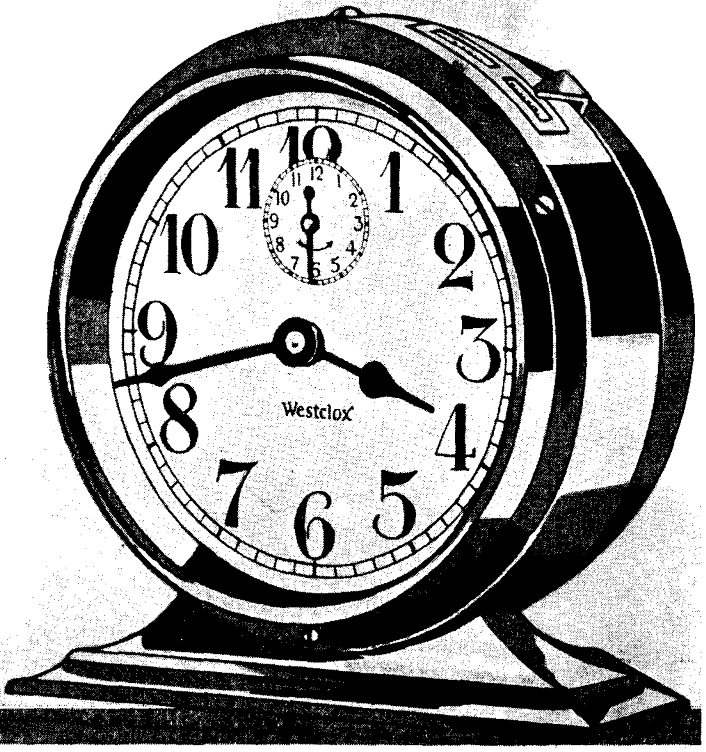

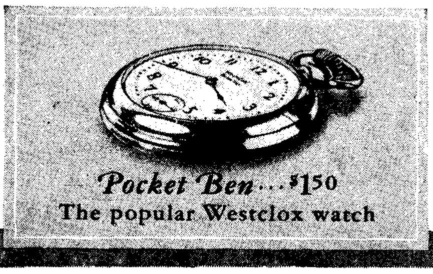

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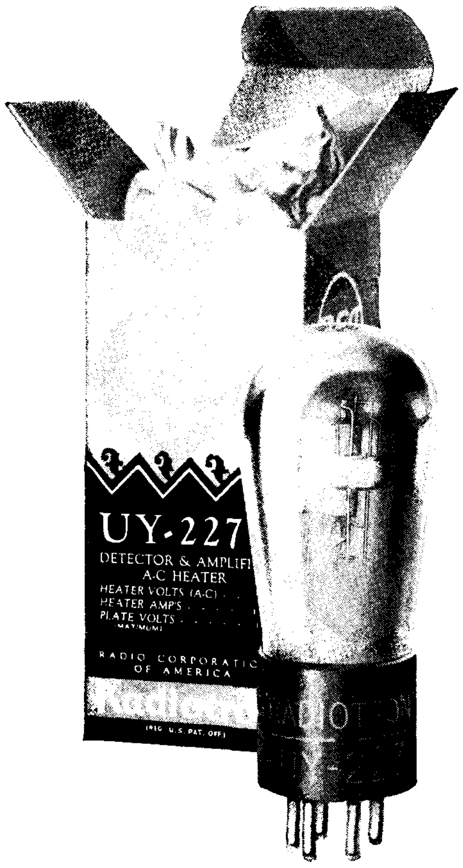
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Collier's
The National Weekly

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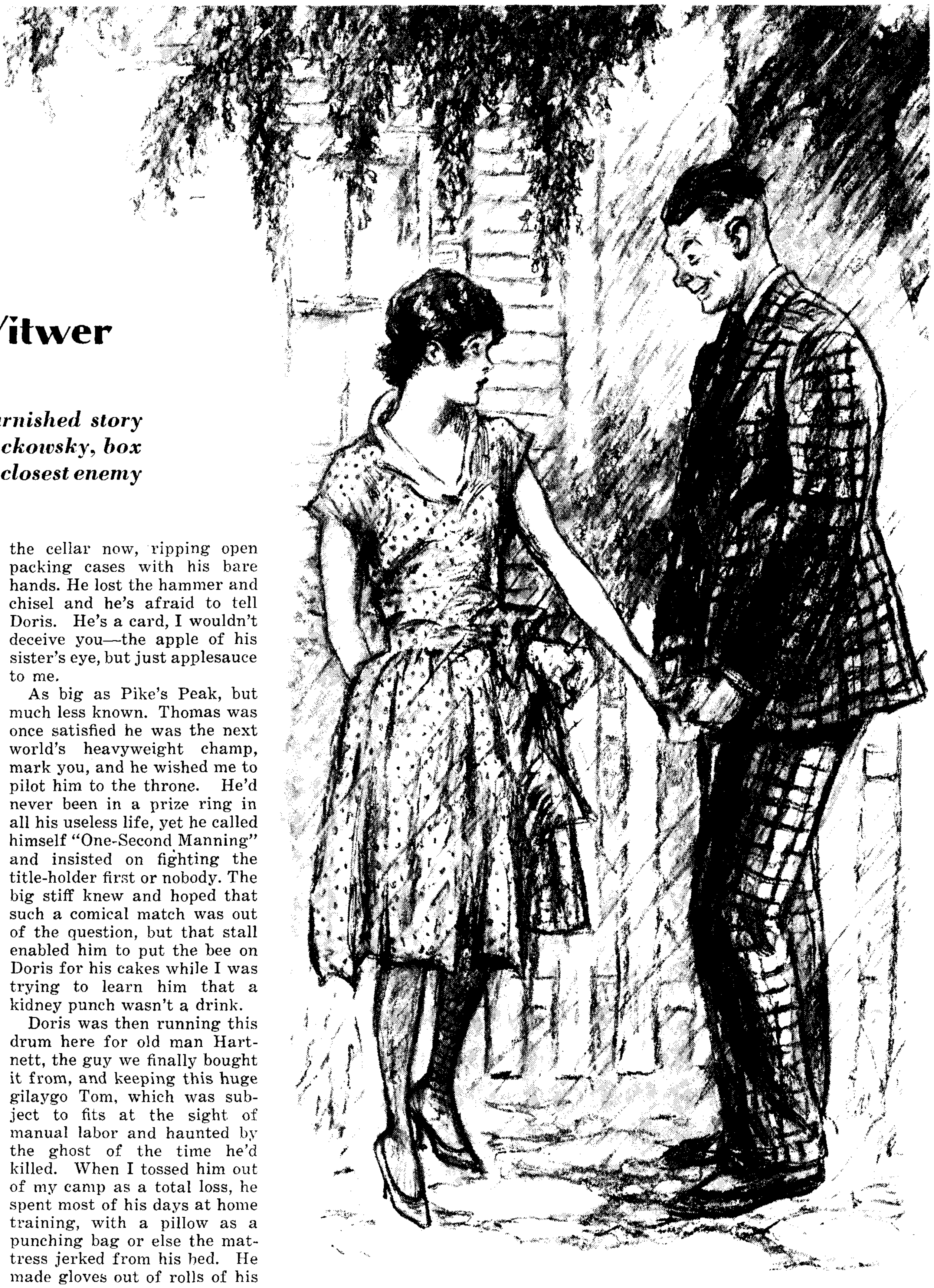
VOLUME 83 MARCH 30, 1929 NUMBER 13

# A Sap's Fable

## By H. C. Witwer

*The brilliantly unvarnished story of Mr. Stanislaus Kuckowsky, box fighter, as told by his closest enemy*



"I could of swore she expected me to kiss her good-by and I could of used it too"

THAT sign? Oh, I picked it up from one of them gils which bounds around peddling mottoes. "He that talks much, errs much!" it says and if that ain't the truth then Lindbergh's afraid to go up in an elevator. It give me such a kick when I seen it that I slipped a guy six bits and hung it back of the soda fountain in memory of Knockout Kelly. If it hadn't been for that baby talking too much I wouldn't have Doris and this nifty drug store. I'd still be just a mug in the vulgar fisteycuff racket, fawncy that!

Who's Doris? Well, we do a net here of about two hundred and fifty bucks the week. The fifty's because we're a drug store and the two hundred's because Doris parks here most of the time. The slavey's off today, so Doris is home now, playing with the vacuum cleaner and them kind of toys in our two-story stucco which I'll own, if it kills me, by the end of the year. The new car kind of upset my schedule. When you view Doris you'll get a rough idea of the terrible loss suffered by Knockout Kelly and the Follies when I copped.

No, I never ripped off no box fighting myself. I know I'm burly enough, but you don't see *no* putty ears on me, do you? What I done was front for a few good boys during my thirty years of clowning and amongst 'em was Knockout Kelly, which should of been middleweight champion of the world. I'll state Kayo was the sweetest puncher I ever laced a glove on and likewise the worst rat I ever met in my life! He'd give a cat a saucer of whitewash and frame his own parents just for the ducks, but when he tried to fox *me*, Brother, he couldn't even get a draw. Luck—and Doris—was with me. Yeah, them egg chocolates will positively put the beef on you. Another one? Coming up! Why, yes, I'll tell you about me and Kelly. It's a story I never get tired of and why *should* I when I'm the hero, no less!

This Annandale ain't a bad slab at that and then every village can't be New York—electric lights and such comes high. I was born and raised in this funny burg and so was Doris and her brother Tom. That big ape's down in the cellar now, ripping open packing cases with his bare hands. He lost the hammer and chisel and he's afraid to tell Doris. He's a card, I wouldn't deceive you—the apple of his sister's eye, but just applesauce to me.

As big as Pike's Peak, but much less known. Thomas was once satisfied he was the next world's heavyweight champ, mark you, and he wished me to pilot him to the throne. He'd never been in a prize ring in all his useless life, yet he called himself "One-Second Manning" and insisted on fighting the title-holder first or nobody. The big stiff knew and hoped that such a comical match was out of the question, but that stall enabled him to put the bee on Doris for his cakes while I was trying to learn him that a kidney punch wasn't a drink.

Doris was then running this drum here for old man Hartnett, the guy we finally bought it from, and keeping this huge gilaygo Tom, which was subject to fits at the sight of manual labor and haunted by the ghost of the time he'd killed. When I tossed him out of my camp as a total loss, he spent most of his days at home training, with a pillow as a punching bag or else the mattress jerked from his bed. He made gloves out of rolls of his sister's stockings. What a boy!

Tom was champ at one thing, all right, and that was losing jobs. I bet he worked a week for every guy in Annandale with a store. On the second time around they set the dogs on him. Then he'd flounder back and moan to Doris that the world was against him and that kind of boy. Well, Doris had the idea that this egg was just a big, helpless baby, so she'd kiss him and make a fuss over him to cheer him up and the first thing you know he'd glommed two bucks for himself so why should he work? Well, I got that all changed. This big clown labors as our porter, shipping and delivery departments now, and, Brother, he *toils*, what I mean. I'll have you know I carry no tourists!

Speaking of artichokes, me and Doris had been kind of playing around together since we was kids and the only thing she had against me was that I was a manager of scrappers. That poisoned her!

Well, I'd aced around fight camps and handled maulers practically all my young life and any other way of making a living was just something I knew nothing about.

I had a stable of palukas then which I worked throughout the state, but the money I drew down would never win me no acquittal from a oil jury. One day,

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after I'd hauled off and asked Doris to wed me for the sixteen hundredth and fifth time, avoirdupois, she says:

*"Joe, you're simply throwing away* your life in that terrible profession you're in and all you're learning is slang. Why, you have no future at all, do you realize that?"

"What's the difference?" I grins, "we can't all be aviators. Besides, I had to practically come up from the gutter and I can no more hide that than I can hide a cold in the head!"

"I don't mind your coming up from the gutter," she returns. "I admire it. But there seems to be some danger now that you'll bring the gutter up *with* you. This daily contact with those horrible pugilists is coarsening you and you're such a fine boy at heart it's a wicked shame! And I know you're just living from hand to mouth. If I married you, what would we exist on?"

"We could exist on Everglade Street," I told her. "I can get a catsy bungalow there for eighty bucks the month. Of course, I don't expect to win your large brother as a wedding present. I don't mean we'll fling him aside like a broken toy, but he'll have to snap into it and crash somebody's payroll, or else!"

"Have I ever asked you to support my brother?" she exclaims, coldly.

"No," I says, "I'll say one thing for you, Doris, you never get silly. Now, what day of the week do you prefer to be married on?"

We're at her boarding house gate then under the sobbing weeping willows and it was just commencing to rain—I'll *never forget it! She give me a long,* lingering look and hesitated, while my heart suddenly tried to burst through my ribs. Before, she'd always answered my proposition with a prompt, cold turkey "No!"—was she going to fall this time? No fooling, I was breathing like a movie hero emoting!

"Listen, Joe," she finally says, softly. "You leave Annandale and return a success, or even showing some signs of becoming one, at some other calling than pugilism—something that won't make me ashamed when I introduce you—and I'll marry you!"

"You're the same as a married woman right now!" I almost yelled, half crazy with joy.

With that, I dashed madly away, leaving her standing there in the drizzle looking after me kind of dazed. I could of swore she expected me to kiss her good-by and I could of used it, too. Afterward, long afterward, I found out that's just what she did, but I was so cuckoo at the chance to make this panic my bride that I forgot one of the most important details!

I ANKLED back to the Palace Hotel which had sheltered my manly form for so long and I begin to pack. The walls of my cubby-hole room was the same as papered with pictures of fighters I'd handled and others I'd like to and they seemed to be kind of sneering at me, so I tore down a slew of 'em to relieve my feelings. I phoned the local fight club that I couldn't go behind one of my boys which was due to start that night, but I'd send a pal, namely Jimmy the Eel. Another phone call fixed that. Then, afraid I'd weaken and change my mind, I grabbed my suitcases and hauled hips for the depot—New York was the hamlet *I* wanted to take and how! At the foot of the stairs I met the landlord, Mike Grogan, and seeing the grips he naturally figured I was taking one of my scrappers out of town.

"Well, Joe, me boy," said Michael, with a hostile glance, "if this lad don't win I'm afraid you'll lose your room."

"Pardon you," I grinned at him dreamily, "if *this* lad don't win I'm afraid he'll lose the world!"

To save time, I took a short cut across the yard tracks at the station, a chance detour which was to change the whole course of my life! I come to a flat car *near the freight ramp and a young* statue out of the art museum is piling heavy cement blocks aboard the car, stripped to the waist in spite of the fine rain.

But what held me fast, en route to dumbfound the globe, was the way this guy was loading them cement blocks from his hand-truck. With his square jaw shoved out and a scowl on his good-looking pan, he'd grab one with the left hand, then one with the right. Up they'd go without him looking, first one and then the other, as swift and well-timed as a machine. Left, right—left, *right!*

NOT a pause in between and I want to say to you this afternoon he looked like he could sling them blocks or whatever all the livelong day. Dimly I pictured him with the chest weights—left, right; left, right. Why, *of course,* that would be right in his alley! Then I imagined him in the ring with that cool and terrible left and that following poisonous right. I forgot about what Doris thought of box fighting and that I was supposed to be all washed up as a manager. I was like a race horse trainer looking at a flashy thoroughbred. This was my *trick* and before me I seen a champion!

By this time he's aware of me staring at him and he dropped the blocks to growl at me:

"Well, now you seen me, what's your thoughts on the matter?"

"You better put your coat on, Chump, it's raining," I says, coming out of my dreams. "You'll catch cold."

"What are you—from the health department?" he sneers. "If one of them railroad dicks pegs you walking around the yards what you'll catch won't be no cold, but it'll be twice as annoyin'!"

"Did you ever do any scrapping?" I asks, allowing that to pass.

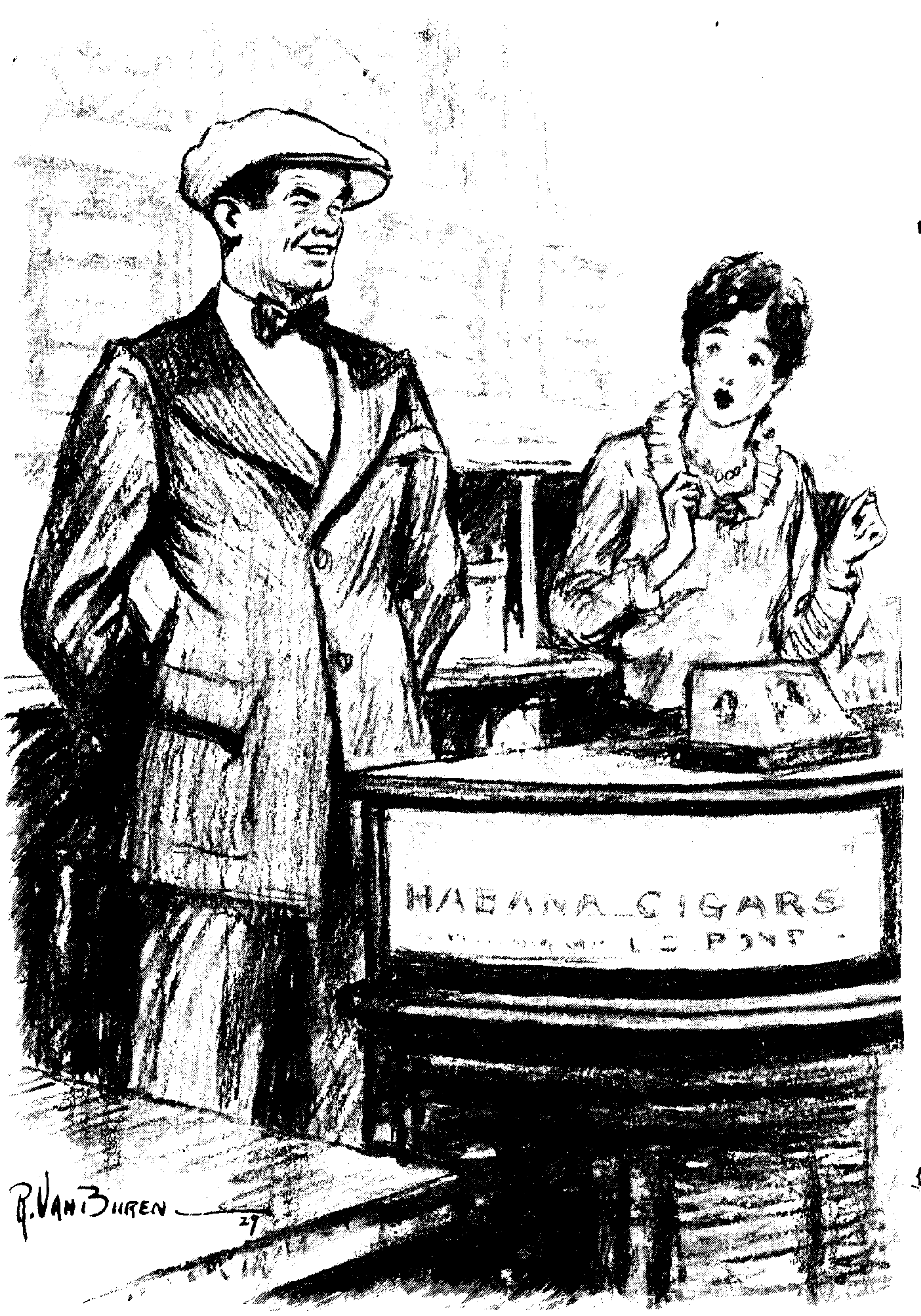
"Are you choosin' me?" he says softly, throwing back them mighty shoulders and letting out a few feet of chest. "If you are, you're a fearful matchmaker for yourself, Big Boy!"

So then I had to explain and identify myself and he remembered seeing me at the local fight club where he often went, being a incurable boxing addict. He broke down and confessed *he'd* never fought in a ring in his life, but he'd done lots of rough-and-tumble battling which he thoroughly enjoyed. What it takes to win *them* pungent mêlées he was all broke out with! I took a squint at my watch and swiftly propositioned him and as he was already fluently sold on himself I had no trouble showing him where the middleweight crown was his for the taking. New York, experience, the title, fame, wealth—that was the layout which caused him to grab for his coat and mutter that he was fed up with his job anyways and as he'd been paid only a half hour ago this was a perfect time to sign off. Like me, he was as homeless as a poker chip and his name was Stanislaus Kuckowsky, which at that instant I changed to Knockout Kelly.

Just before we sprinted for the train he done a strange thing. The truck loaded with them cement blocks was at *the top of the long freight-ramp and* the wheels of it was propped so's it wouldn't roll down the incline. Mr. Stanislaus Kuckowsky takes a swift look all around, sees nobody and with a snarling oath deliberately kicks them props loose, leaving the truck rumble crazily down the ramp where it was bound to wind up in a crash, if it didn't hit somebody or damage some other freight! They was no reason for this, it was just pure meanness, and, had I only known it, that act was the tip-off on the savage maliciousness I was to put up with till he finally fought the champ. Even when he laughed, his shark's eyes still stayed hard and cold and later his handlers claimed he was so vicious he'd foul himself shadow boxing.

About the first thing I done when we got to New York was to rent a few sparring partners out of my scant bankroll, to show Monsieur Kelly the difference between a left hook and the referee. He didn't know what it was all about and made even the bags look clever, though later he bawled at me many times during our private wars that he'd been born a boxer and needed no schooling. Kelly was tough and willing with the patience of a bear tamer, but for many's the week these tenth-raters plastered him from pillar to post with him taking to punishment like a caddy. Anybody could outpoint him, but nobody could *stop* him! However, when he socked *them* they went out like a match in a storm, what I mean, and when he suddenly discovered a cutting straight left to go with his jaw-breaking right I couldn't get nobody to play with him. This bozo was ready and I flung him into a Harlem preliminary with another great unknown. We win in a round with a knockout which dislocated the other boy's collar bone and instantly overcome the sales resistance of the sport writers.

IN ANOTHER month we're fighting at the Garden and in two months, with my showmanship, Kelly was the talk of fistiana. He was a born crowd-pleaser, the dimes was rolling in and we was soon sitting handsome. Six knockouts in seven fights and two of his prey was light heavies! Then he begin to put on *puppy, making friends amongst the* racketeers and the Good-Time Charlies and the fun commenced. I got gray hairs trying to keep him off the gin and in the gym! He couldn't be annoyed training for nobody beyond getting shaved and he fought a couple or three funny-looking fights, one of which got us hauled before the boxing commission to explain matters.



Tom Manning hunched his shoulders and bellowed: "If

He was girl-crazy, too, but though handsome, he got turned down oftener than a quilt, his approach being a bit crude. His motto, "Kiss 'em and check out!" showed too plainly in his actions. In the ring, he was a smart, cruel fighter—a killer with absolutely no mercy for a beaten, helpless opponent. Out of it, he was a conceited, wise-cracking, sneering hound which craved the night clubs, the ladies, and now and then liked to make whoopee in the taste-and-strangle joints when he could sneak away from me. All in all, by the time he was recognized as the logical contender for the middleweight championship I wouldn't of been found dead in Kelly's company if he hadn't of been my fighter!

I thought I knew all they was to know about box fighting before I backed into New York, but working Knockout Kelly around the Big Town I got a college education at the game. Many's the time I could of cleaned up like nobody's affairs by making him fight under wraps, lose on a foul or leave a house-drawing card go the limit with him. Not once did I listen to them offers, for nothing crooked has ever been connected with me or ever will and if Kelly fought some bouts now and then which wasn't kosher he done it without *me* being in on it. The gross results of my Manhattan campaign I pass on to you—never bet on a prize fight!

All this time, mark you, Doris had never been out of my mind for a minute though when I first wrote and told her what I was doing she burst up and sent me back a blast which put me on the floor for a week. I could scarcely get any shut-eye thinking about her and my future and finally I decided to come to Annandale for a conference. I figured if I could convince my weakness I had a possible world's champion under my wing and not just a ham-and-beaner, her views might undergo a change.

RIGHT then and there I got one of the great breaks of my life! Annandale was fight-crazy at the minute and willing to pay for the best, so I went to work and got in touch with Jimmy Harvey, matchmaker for the Pioneer Club. Within two weeks I'd signed Knockout Kelly to box the middleweight champ, right in my home town under Doris' pretty nose! We took the bout for almost nothing, for I was afraid Kelly would lay the title-holder like a cornerstone and the only thing surprising to me about things was the ease with which the deal was put through. The match was a natural, but the sport writers sniffed at the Annandale location—still, they always squawk.

I shoved off for Annandale with Kelly to start the ballyhoo and we checked in at the Palace, where old Mike Grogan greeted me warmly in the lobby. He'd been reading the newspapers.

"Shake hands with Knockout Kelly, Mike," I says. I didn't mention that his real name was Kuckowsky.

"Kelly, is it?" beams Michael proudly, more tickled than if the President himself had come to this inn. "Well, it's glad I am to meet ye, me boy, yer a dom fine two-fisted Irishman. Ye'll have the bridal suite, no less, and I won't take a cint for it!"

"Okay!" nods Kelly, carelessly. "I been in worse traps than this—but not on purpose."

"Mike, we don't want anything for nothing," I smiles. "Thanks, just the—"

A wicked kick in the ankle from Kelly cut me off. When we got upstairs he turned on me viciously and bawled me out to a fare-thee-well, winding up by calling me a Patsy for not taking anything and everything I could get when it was free.

"All I'm puttin' out here is the lights!" he sneers.

That was Kelly. By this time what I thought of that egg would of got me deported, what I mean!

Sick of him, and the game too, for that matter, I left him there unpacking his hair-slickers and getting together all my nerve I dropped in on Doris unexpected. She took a quick, astonished breath when she saw me and got a temperature-raising red, while as for *me*, I just stood there like the fool I am, speechless! She'd been the prettiest girl in Annandale when I hopped off, but she's since grown into a collection of curves which simply stunned me. At first, the going was plenty tough and after getting control and giving me a cool greeting she'd have none of me if I cried my eyes out. I was still connected with the prize ring, I'd failed her and she was through! I stepped in fast with my snappy sales talk on Knockout Kelly and another matrimonial bid and it got me no place whatever. So then I says:

"Doris, I admit I'm just a big dumb-bell from the gym. I learned since I seen you that most of your ideas about prize fighting is only too true. They's plenty square guys in it, but it's over-run with polecats and I see now that the things I used to look on as clever matchmaking and the like was simply clever gypping! I want to tune into something else, but, in round numbers, what else can I do?"

"You said you had saved some money—you could go in business here," she tells me.

"I got ten thousand bucks stashed and I'll get five more out of Kelly's fight with the champ," I answers. "The entire fifteen grand goes on Kelly to win by a knockout, a proposition on which I can get three to one. I want you to place this bet for me, Doris, as a big favor, for if I lay it on the line myself it'll cause talk."

"Suppose Kelly loses?" frowns Doris. "I don't like gambling."

"Listen," I grins. "This here's no gamble, Beautiful, it's a investment as air-tight as government bonds! After the fight I'll have a roll which will not only choke a horse, but will also choke off all your comical objections to marrying me. What d'ye think of *them* grapes?"

She continued to frown for a minute, very thoughtful indeed and I waited for her answer like a two-time loser again before a jury. Finally, she turned to me and says slowly and without a smile:

"All right! I'll bet the money for you, Joe, on one condition—regardless of whether you win or lose, you must sever all connection with the prize ring the moment this fight is over! If you win your wager, as you're so confident of doing, you can buy the Eagle Drug Store where I work and become a respectable business man here."

"But, look here, Doris, I don't know nothing about the drug racket," I busts out, flabbergasted, "why—"

"I'll teach it to you!" she shut me off, sternly. "Mr. Hartnett, my boss, is getting old and he wants to retire. The store is doing very well and would do far better if he were not so old-fashioned and opposed to pepping it up. With a free hand we can increase the business at least twenty per cent. It's simply a wonderful opportunity and your last one from me. That's final!"

I pressed a couple of shaking hands to my fevered brow and I hope to tell you I was doing some heavy thinking. If Knockout Kelly clicked and I done like Doris said, I'd lose a champion and a split of a possible million in a few years' time.

If Kelly *lost*, it would be just too bad for I'd then be as broke as the traffic rules, with the only profession I could cope with barred to me by Doris. I was positively in a tough spot, but—have you ever been in love?

"You win, Doris!" I said quietly. "The minute the scrap's over I'm through with the ring forever and may I rest in peace. Amen!"

"Now for that," smiles Doris swiftly, "I'm going to kiss you!"

And blushing to her ears she done it and breezed, leaving me standing there dizzy and thinking to Hades with Knockout Kelly, box fighting or what am I bid? Gangway for a up-and-coming young druggist—hot dog!

THEN Mr. Kelly run out of his favorite chewing gum one day and dropped into the Eagle Drug Store to stock up. Just a small incident, but it had one tremendous effect on the lives of three people, to wit, me, Doris and Kelly. Nobody can ever tell me that Fate didn't direct his footsteps—they's *other* drug stores here. Kelly got one eye-full of Doris and fell like two tons of bricks!

Doris told me all about it later when we was checking up on everything after the sensational championship fight. Kelly tried his usual promotion tactics with confidence and was a bit amazed when Doris put on the chill for him, so then he begin to bear down in deadly earnest, finally walking behind the cigar counter after her in an attempt to date her up. This was a horse from another milk wagon and it got Doris redheaded.

"Get out of here this instant or I'll call an officer!" she shot at him, pale with rage.

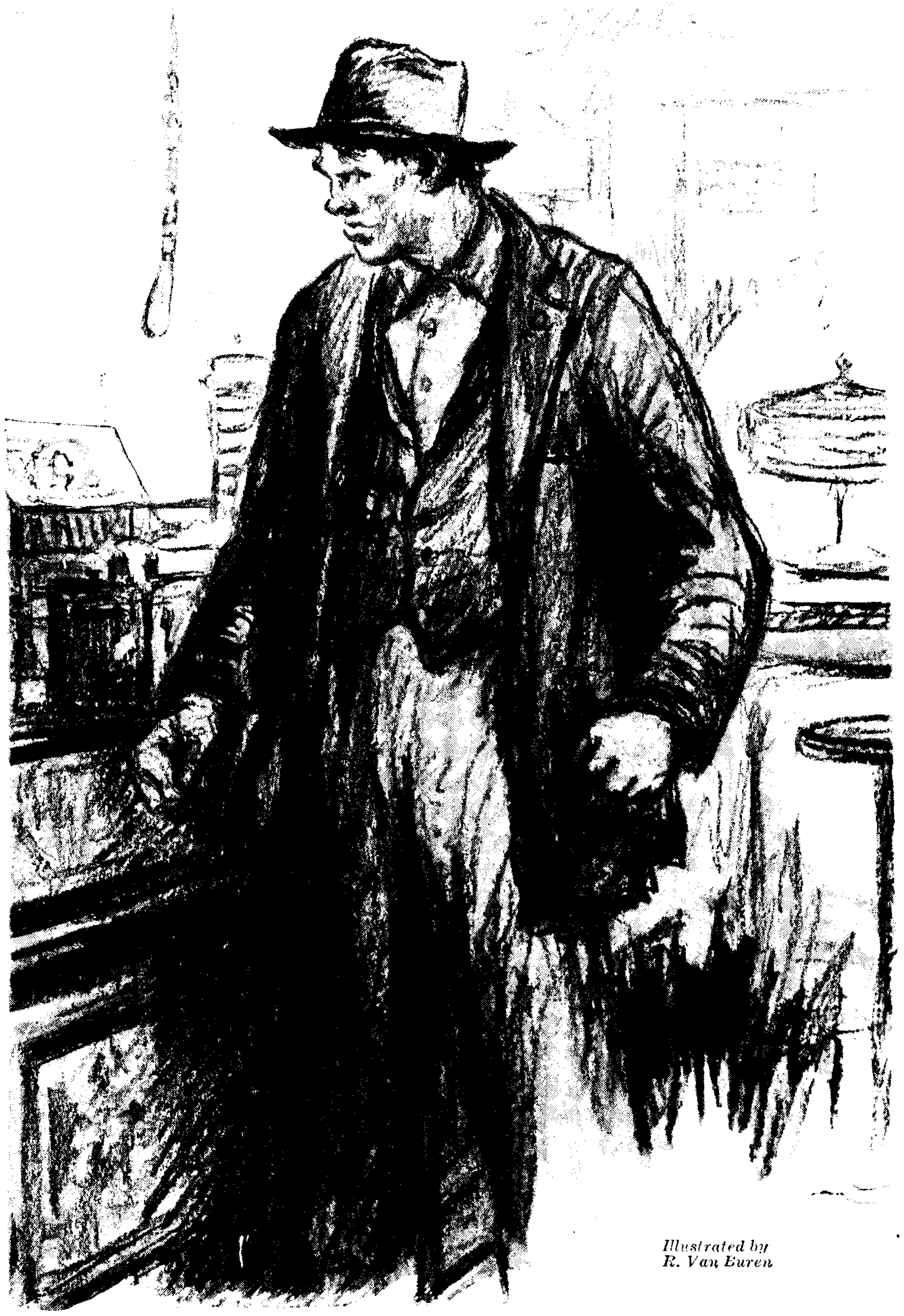
"But I'm Knockout Kelly," he says, dumbfounded for once in his conceited life.

"That explains your actions, but it doesn't excuse them!" fumes Doris, and at this critical moment in walks the man-mountain, her brother Tom, seeking a touch with his daily hard luck story. If Tom had recognized Kelly, a dirty look from my fighter would of sent the priceless Tom down for a count of nine.

"Tom, put this man out!" demands Doris.

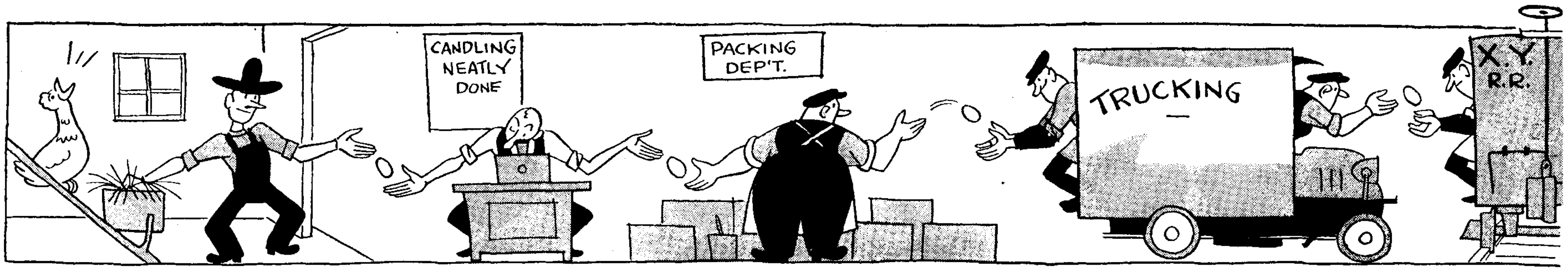
Her gigantic relative glared at Knockout Kelly,

(Continued on page 52)



*Illustrated by R. Van Buren*

you ain't a block away from here in four seconds, I'll ruin you!"


CANDLING NEATLY DONE
PACKING DEP'T.
TRUCKING
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HARRY HAENIGSEN

# One Store after Another

## By John T. Flynn

*In 1859 a tiny shop was opened in New York to dispose of one shipload of tea. In order to make it visible at all its front was painted red. That was the beginning of the A. & P. Mr. Flynn here tells the romantic story of the origin and growth of the chain stores that you see everywhere*

LET us consider the egg. There is a traveler for you. The average store egg, from the moment it sees the light of day in a henbox on the farm to the time it snuggles up in a cozy corner of the housekeeper's ice box, does as much traveling around the country as a circus baby.

The process of manufacturing the egg is very simple—at least to the hen. She handles that end of the business with completeness and economy. But after she has done her share it takes an army of hucksters, assemblers, shippers, candlers, jobbers, wholesalers, retailers, horses and wagons, railroad trains and motor cars to get that egg to the lady who is going to cook it.

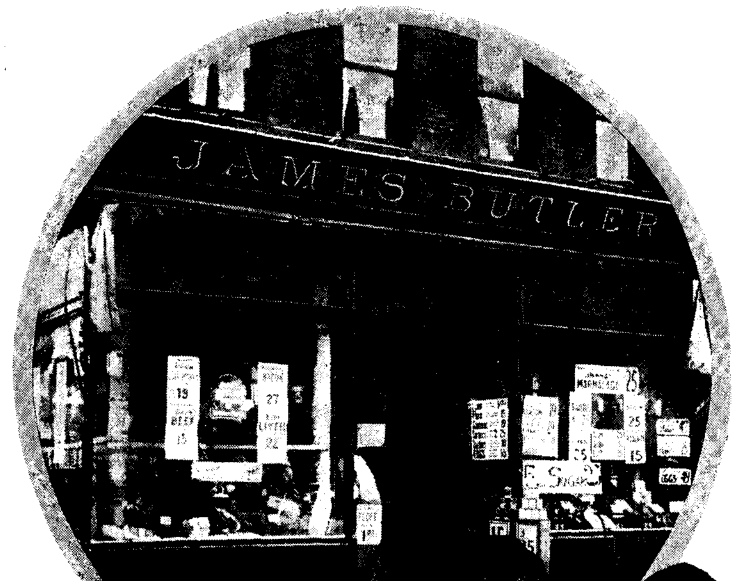
The ideal system of course would be for the hen to lay the egg right in the ice box. But that is not possible. And so we must have that complicated system for lifting the egg through an almost endless series of relays to the ultimate consumer. That is called distribution.

What is true of the egg is true of most of the necessities of life. Our manufacturers have become almost as efficient as that master-craftsman, the chicken. They achieve wonders through the miracles of mass-production. But the business of distributing what they manufacture has hung back under the dominion of ancient, cumbersome and expensive methods of merchandising. As a result most of the cost of everything we buy is consumed in the intricate process of marketing and merchandising and delivery. Now, however, we are witnessing the beginning—the real beginning—of the first great practical effort to deal with that problem.

Away back in the fifties, when the shopping district in New York was just a stone's throw from the Battery, a bold young school teacher from Ireland, named A. T. Stewart, threw his text books and his ruler away and opened a small store on Broadway. We call this the age of specialists. But that was the age of specialists. The man who sold linens didn't sell silk. The man who dealt in laces didn't sell ribbons. The store which carried ladies' stockings would not think of selling her petticoats. But this audacious young Irishman, as business came to him, began stocking up with all sorts of things. Of course he was called a fool. And his early ruin was predicted when he put price marks on all his goods and made the same price for everyone—and stuck to it. That was the beginning of two things: It was the germ of the modern department store. It was the first invention of the one-price which now dominates American business.

By 1862 that Irish school teacher had traveled so far that he was able to build for his store on Broadway and Eighth Street a huge iron building, six stories high, covering a block, and costing nearly $3,000,000. It was called the Iron Palace. It was already almost a department store. It stands today as part of the home of one of the great merchandising institutions of the world—a unit of the great store of John Wanamaker in New York.

As a matter of fact the real department store did not come until later. But for some reason during these years this problem of distribution seemed to be revolving in the minds of a good many men. Montgomery Ward was tackling it from a wholly different angle—the system of selling by mail. The very year the Civil War opened a pious Y. M. C. A. secretary in Philadelphia decided to give up the marketing of salvation and to try his hand at the selling of grosser forms of merchandise. This was young John Wanamaker.



Wide World

This store, in metropolitan New York, is a typical link in the Butler chain of more than 1,100 stores

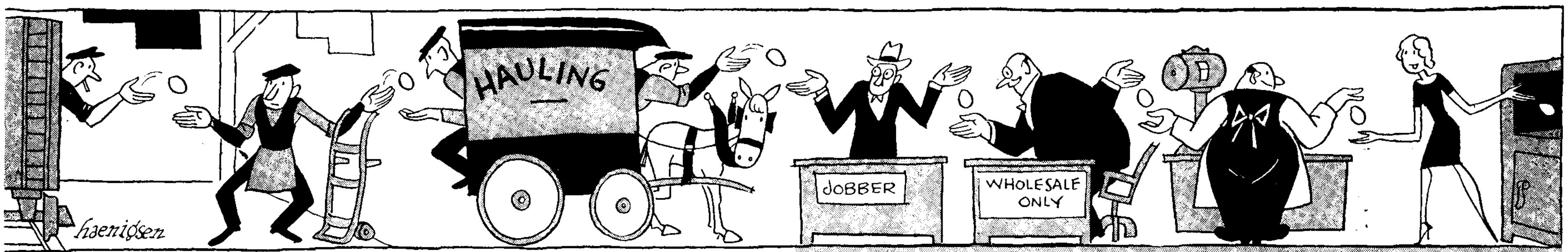
Wide World

James Butler, who in 1884 founded the chain bearing his name, photographed with his daughters and grandchildren

He opened a store in Philadelphia. His great contribution to the history of merchandising was the establishment of the first real, full-fledged department store. But this was not until later—after the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition when he opened his Grand Depot in the huge barnlike structure which had been built for a great religious revival under Moody and Sankey. Long before this he was to try his hand at something far more potent in its possibilities than the department store, though he scarcely sensed its importance and did not carry the idea very far. His first store was so successful that he almost immediately opened a second in Philadelphia and then a third in Pittsburgh. Here was a small chain of dry-goods stores many decades before anyone had begun to even suspect the tremendous mercantile idea in the chain system of selling.

### An Unconscious Pioneer

The real pioneer, however, the man who was to see plainly for the first time the chain idea, was just getting under way in New York. Chain stores have a way of pushing forward in bad years. But that year no one was bothering about chain stores. Instead the air was full of troubled politics and war talk. People were talking about the mad exploit of John Brown at Harper's Ferry. One day a painter set to work on the front of a small store in Vesey Street in New York to give it a new coat of red paint. Things weren't so good in the hide and leather business. And



a man named George Gilman, a leather merchant in the Swamp, as the old leather district is still called, was trying his hand at something new.

In those days tea and coffee sold at around a dollar a pound. That was an outrageous price, completely out of line with other prices and offering the retailer an unreasonable profit. Gilman heard of a cargo of tea which was going in search of a buyer. So he bought it, then stocked up on coffee and spices, rented the old Vesey Street store and put a young chap from Boston named George Huntington Hartford in charge of it. Gilman wasn't thinking about chain stores. He wasn't thinking even about cheaper retailing. He was thinking about selling that cargo of tea for a dollar a pound. His only contribution to the chain-store idea was the red front on the store. Perhaps we may say that he also contributed something else. But that was wholly unconscious. It was the selection of young Hartford for his manager. For from that small germ, Hartford, who very soon took over the store, built up that extraordinary chain of 17,000 stores which encircles the United States today and is known as the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company.

### Capitalizing a Popular Name

One of Hartford's first merchandising schemes was the giving of premiums. His shelves shone with cheap, gaudy china and glassware for prizes, so that his place looked more like a crockery store than a tea shop. He very quickly got another brilliant idea. He induced ladies to form clubs of ten and pool the premium coupons given with purchases. Ten ladies quickly accumulated enough coupons to get a full set of china free. The ten drew to see which one would get the set. But after she got it, it is plain to be seen that she was bound to go on buying tea in order to give the other nine a chance.

These clubs spread all over, as far even as a small New Jersey town. In fact so many of these clubs sprang up there that Hartford decided to open another store to be near his club customers. He undoubtedly had heard nothing of Wanamaker's experiment in Philadelphia. He perhaps had heard of the sewing-machine companies which had been establishing branches for some years. The sewing-machine men were the great master salesmen of that day. They held the position now occupied by our automobile makers. They were growing rich, building palatial homes, getting talked about in the newspapers. And all this they accomplished through the wonderful sales organization they had built up. They had branch stores everywhere. In New York Sewing Machine Row, like Automobile Row in lesser cities today, was a string of gaudy, dazzling, luxuriously furnished salesrooms, glistening with brass and mirrors and crystal. These were the first manufacturers' stores and they were part of a chain, after a fashion. Hartford must have seen them. At all events he very soon had several branch stores and before many years there were twenty-five in his chain.

By 1869 our two well-known oceans came in for a lot of free publicity through the opening of the Union Pacific Railroad which joined the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Hartford, whose red-front stores were appearing everywhere, was looking around for a good name. And so he capitalized the current popularity of the two great oceans by christening his system the Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company. Who knows? Perhaps he had a vision of a vast chain of red-front tea stores that would run over the plains and the mountains like the great railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

A typical modern unit in the J. C. Penney Co. chain. This company now has more than 1,000 stores throughout the United States

J. C. Penney was the first to bring definite organization to the chain-store plan

When this man died in 1917 his company had already assembled a huge system of over 3,000 grocery stores. But he always remained in the background, little known and saying nothing. When he died, his name meant so little that the revolutionary mercantile system he had developed was so little noted that the newspapers of New York, the city where he had worked out his great idea, chronicled his death in just a few lines and identified him as the former mayor of Orange, N. J.

### Department Leasing Begins

Back in the early days of the chain, however, the A. & P. had not yet begun to suspect the possibilities of the new era of scientific merchandising which it had opened. It did not specialize particularly in low prices. It made extensive use of premiums. Its stores were large and had many clerks. It specialized in tea and coffee, carrying a few extra fancy side lines. It had an elaborate delivery system and credit system. The business merely represented the aim of a merchant who had large executive ability to multiply his earnings by increasing the number of stores he owned.

As time went on others began to tinker with the same idea. In the Seventies—before Woolworth and before Butler—there was a large crockery wholesaler in New York named A. Straus & Co. One of the sons was employed as traveling salesman. But he was weary of the road and the grip. He wanted to remain at home. His name was Nathan Straus. About this time there was a growing store at Sixth Avenue and Fourteenth Street kept by Rowland Macy. Young Nathan went to Macy and proposed to rent a small space in the basement of his store to run a crockery department. Macy agreed and Nathan Straus did so well with his little department that in a short time he had opened similar departments in other stores—in Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in Brooklyn and other places. Here was a chain of leased departments in department stores. Straus' crockery departments did so well that he was able to take over Macy's after a few years. Thus he lost his interest in the crockery departments. But the idea of the leased department was to grow until today it is one of the most important and most significant phases of the rapidly developing chain idea.

The next important step in the development of the chain store was taken in Utica, N. Y. In 1879, a big, shy youth, fresh from a New York farm, who had been playing storekeeper since his childhood, got a job in a small general store kept by Augsbury and Moore in Watertown. There was something about the handling of goods which fascinated him. He wasn't much of a salesman personally, though he turned out to be a great sales engineer. He was diffident, ill-at-ease, when talking to customers. So he had to work fifteen hours a day for his first three months at the munificent salary of nothing a week. In those good old days employers considered it quite a cute bit of strategy to get unsophisticated young people to work for them for nothing under the guise of affording them experience. So young Frank Woolworth took his pay out in those first three months in education. But he got lots of that.

The story of how he discovered the power of the nickel is well known. A mass of miscellaneous articles all about the store had been gathering dust unsold for a long time. Woolworth asked to be permitted to get rid of them in his own way. He assembled them on a table in the front part of the store and hoisted over them this magic legend: "Everything on This Table Five Cents." The bargain hunters swept the table clear in a day. There was an idea. That year men were facing almost unendurable hardships pouring into Colorado in search of gold and silver. Here was gold and silver in Watertown under everybody's nose. But no one saw it save Woolworth.

### The Birth of the Five and Ten

He got his father to endorse his note, borrowed some money and went to Utica where he opened the first five-cent store on a side street. It failed with discouraging rapidity. Woolworth sold half the stock for what he could get and shipped the other half to Lancaster, Pa. He had heard that town was inhabited by Quakers. He knew also that the thrifty Quakers "knew the value of a nickel." At his store in Lancaster the Quaker housewives came in droves. Having proved the value of the nickel as a mercantile factor he decided to admit the dime to partnership and so new counters went in loaded with ten-cent articles. The Five and Ten was born.

It didn't take Woolworth long to make up his mind that if a five-and-ten-cent store was good, two five-and-tens were twice as good. And so he tried to start others. But they all failed. He was now learning what George J. Whelan of the United Cigar Co. was to learn later and (*Continued on page 53*)

# The Gringo Privateer

### By Peter B. Kyne

*The Story Thus Far:*

BRADLEY BARDIN, the Cattle King, owning many ranches, is visiting his favorite, El Ranchito, in New Mexico.

Young Kenneth Burney, son of a once wealthy ranch owner, arrives at El Ranchito straight from two months' working for Martin Bruce, who with the help of Miguel Gallegos had been stealing Bardin's cattle. Burney has a fight with Bruce and decides it is time he came to work for the Cattle King and saved him from Bruce's deviltry.

Bardin takes an instant liking to the boy and hires him as a rider, providing that he proves himself in a rodeo next day.

Burney dines with Bardin and his lovely daughter, Muriel, and Bardin learns that some of his men have been killed at El Cajon Bonita by Bruce's men. Burney, though Bruce threatened to kill him when next he saw him, decides that he must look into this El Cajon Bonita situation.

Next day Burney covers himself with honor at the rodeo and Bardin decides to make Burney manager of El Ranchito, promoting the present manager to be his own general assistant. Bardin sends for the boy and receives word that he is resting. Bardin, enraged, sends word back that he is fired. Next day sending for him to tell him that he was to be fired from the one job only to be given the other, he learns that Burney has disappeared to return when ready, having gone to have his hair cut because Muriel objected to its length.

## III

THE nearest town to El Ranchito was Huachita, a straggling adobe municipality that squatted athwart the boundary between New Mexico and Mexico. At the barber shop in the International Hotel, Ken Burney secured his much-needed hair-cut and shave, and while he lay in the chair, being shaved, Martin Bruce, the grizzled owner of the Triangle B ranch, entered and slipped into the adjoining chair. Burney, his face covered with lather, had fallen into a doze and not until Bruce's rough voice, ordering a close shave, reached him, was he aware of the proximity of his enemy.

"Didn't recognize me with riding breeches on and soap up to my eyebrows," the young man reflected. When the barber turned his head sideways, Burney saw that Martin Bruce had closed his eyes as the barber commenced lathering his face; hence the former decided that the danger of being seen and recognized by Bruce was negligible. Burney would be shaved first and out of his chair while Bruce's barber still scraped away at the old cattleman's three-weeks-old growth of beard.

"Once over," he whispered to his barber. "I'm in a hurry and I don't want a close shave."

WHEN the barber tipped him out of the chair he went at once to the end of the shop to arrange his necktie, in order to avoid the hazard of Martin Bruce opening his eyes and seeing, in the mirror in front of him, the reflection of his youthful enemy standing just behind him. When he was ready for the street Burney sat down and lit a cigarette.

"I thought you was in a hurry," the barber commented.

"Not now," Mr. Burney replied softly. "A little later—perhaps."

He reached in under the left front of his light whipcord coat and eased his pistol in the holster that hung there from his shoulder, then waited until the other barber, having washed Martin Bruce's ruddy face and powdered it, tilted him upright in his chair and asked him what, if anything, he would have on his head. And at that moment Ken Burney spoke:

"Good morning, Mr. Bruce."

Martin Bruce jerked his head in the direction of the voice; then, with an alertness one would never have suspected in a man as old and bulky as he, leaped out of the chair and reached under the clinging barber's apron for his artillery. But the hand did not come out, for the very excellent reason that he saw Burney had him covered—and the enveloping barber's apron had Bruce at a distinct disadvantage.

"If you move your right hand the fraction of an inch, I'll kill you," Ken Burney warned, and walked swiftly toward him. He circled around in back of his victim and with a quick twist removed the apron. In Martin Bruce's right hand reposed a single-action .45, with a four and three-quarter-inch barrel—and the gun was already cocked. With the finesse of the old-time gunman Bruce had cocked it even as he drew it from the holster. With his own pistol barrel pressing against the back of the old man's head, Burney reached down and removed the pistol from the latter's hand, thrust it into his rear trousers pocket and then ran his left hand over Bruce's person, feeling for another gun. He found it—a smaller weapon thrust down the band of the latter's trousers—and appropriated that, also.

"Will you be good enough, Mr. Bruce," he requested politely, "to sit back in the chair and permit the barber to comb your hair?"

"You'll notice it ain't standin' on end," the grim old wolf replied easily.

"Oh, there will be no killing today, Mr. Bruce. Of course I could have killed you, with three barbers to bear witness that I shot in self-defense. I trusted to the apron to handicap you and permitted you to reach for your weapon before I pulled mine. To me, however, your elimination, no matter how desirable, would have been grossly inartistic under such circumstances. I prefer more finesse when I turn killer."

Martin Bruce sat back calmly in the chair. "Gimme a shampoo," he ordered the barber. "Nothin' like lookin' pretty when a feller's in danger o' dyin' with his boots on." He smiled almost approvingly at his youthful enemy. "You took a long chance, son."

"I AGREE with you, sir, that, had I not acted with a commendable sagacity, thereby eliminating most of that long chance, I would even now be sitting on the top of a pink cloud twanging a harp."

"I warned you, didn't I?"

"You did—and you meant it and I knew you meant it. We're merely deferring the obsequies, Mr. Bruce."

"What is the big idear, Burney?"

"You owe me two months' wages and I want to collect it from you while you're living. It would involve a year's time and considerable red tape to collect it from your executor."

Martin Bruce's thin smile broadened into an appreciative grin. "Well, there's sense in that, Burney. I never intended beatin' you out of it. You could have had a check the day you quit if you hadn't been in such a hell-fired hurry to vamose."

"A mere tribute to my respect for you, sir. Shall we go over to the bank as soon as you have finished here?"

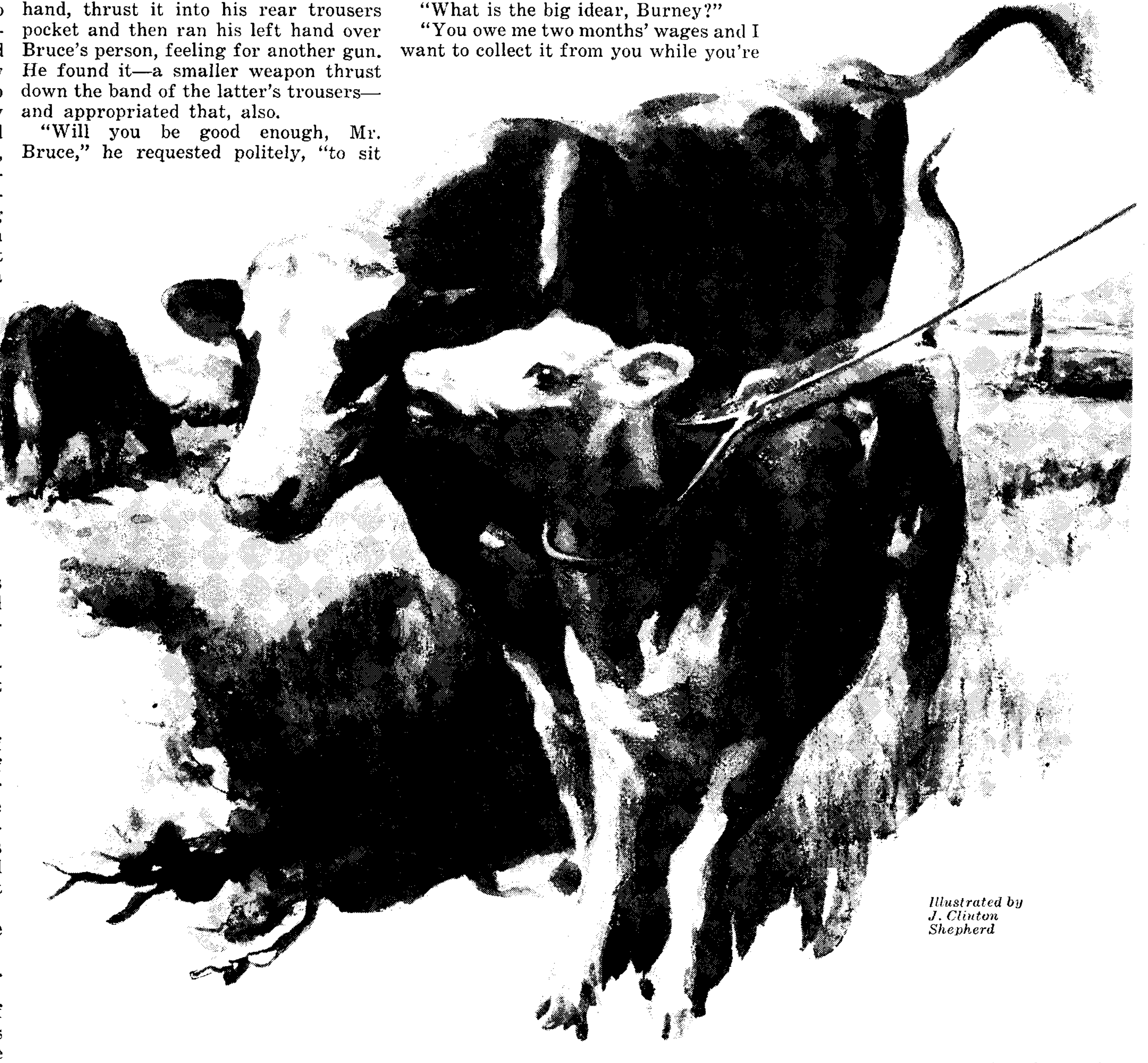
"Certainly." And five minutes later Martin Bruce, preceded tactfully by Ken Burney, approached the cashier's cage in the bank, where Bruce shoved a check, endorsed by Burney, under the grille. "This is the endorser," the old rascal announced, jerking a thumb at Ken Burney. "I identify him and O. K. the endorsement. Give him the money."

Burney scooped the bills off the counter and he and Bruce left the bank in the same order they had entered it. "Mind walking down to the livery stable with me?" the young man suggested. "I'm going to saddle up and leave town. After I'm gone you can go back to the barber shop and recover your pistols."

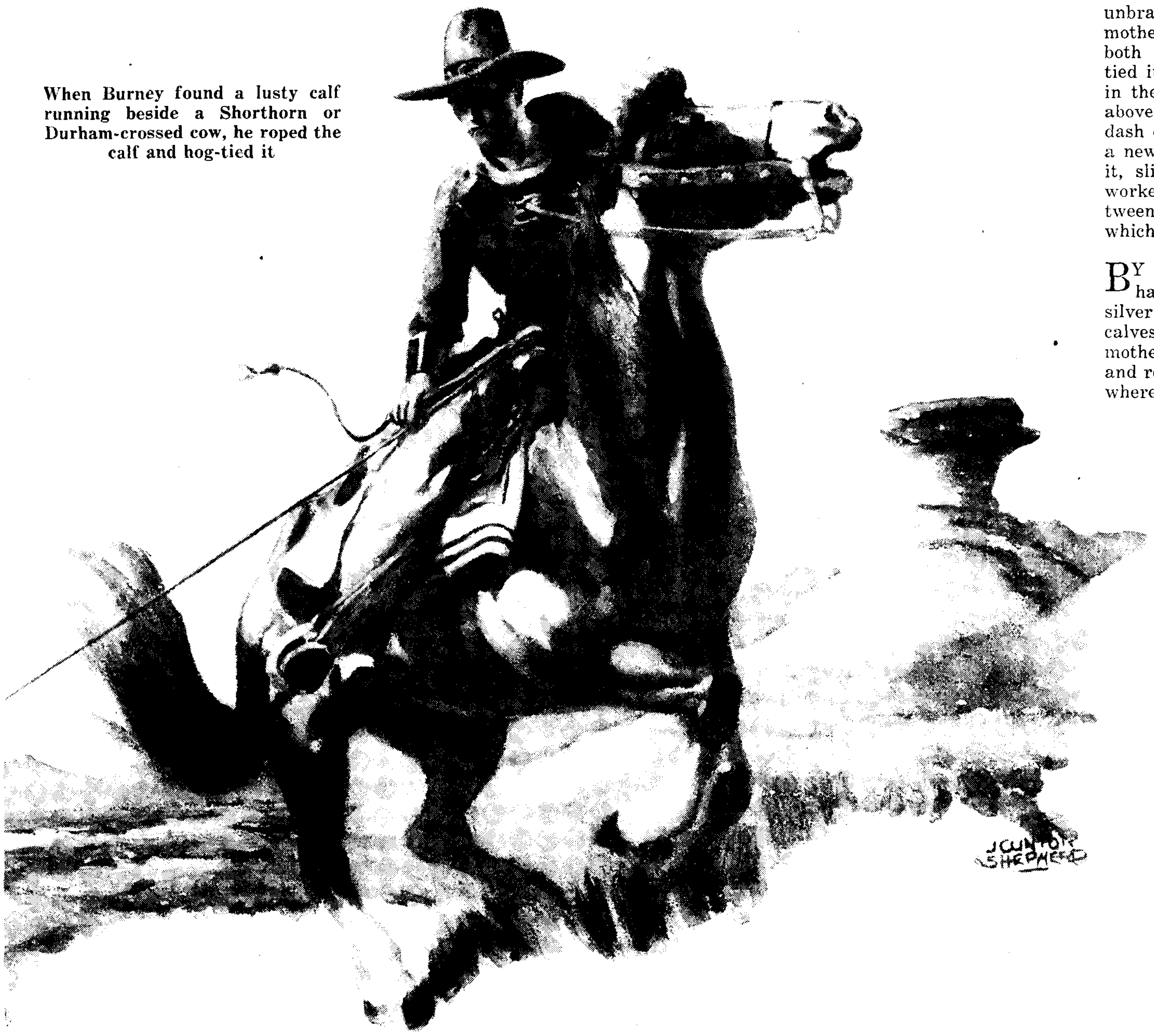
Martin Bruce, for reasons apparent to the reader, offered no objection. He stood around on the livery stable floor while a hostler led Rowdy out and saddled him. Thereupon Ken Burney paid his bill, climbed aboard and raised his hat in courteous farewell to Martin Bruce.

"Just as well you're leavin' the country," the latter called after him. "Take my advice, young feller, an' keep goin'."

BURNEY pulled up and rode back. "I'm not leaving the country, Mr. Bruce. It requires more moral persuasion than any dirty cow thief can bring to bear to make me lower my tail. I'm on the payroll of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company, and provided my con-



Illustrated by J. Clinton Shepherd



When Burney found a lusty calf running beside a Shorthorn or Durham-crossed cow, he roped the calf and hog-tied it

duct is exemplary I expect to remain there."

"You called me a cow thief," the old man rasped. "I'll make you prove that, Burney."

"I intend to prove it, and when I do, this country will be too hot to hold you, you old wolf. You've got to be taught that the rough-and-tumble methods of your youth have become déclassé. You should reform. Cattle rustling on the scale you practice it went out of fashion quite a number of years ago."

Martin Bruce scratched his head. "Lemme see, now," he said with great good nature. "The Bardin outfit ships from the station of Rosario, just over the New Mexico line, in Cochise County, Arizona. I don't know whether you're aware of it or not, young man, but I'm the sheriff of Cochise County, and in my jurisdiction it's against the law to pack a gun, open or concealed, without a permit from the sheriff."

BURNEY smiled sweetly. "When you frisk me for one I shall not resist—and there'll be quite a number of Bardin riders on hand to take care of you in the event you decide to kill me for resisting the inspection. The trouble with you, Mr. Bruce, is that you take in too much territory. In Arizona you're sheriff with authority to enforce the law; in New Mexico you're a thief with courage enough to defy the law. But remember. You're amenable to New Mexico law, so watch your step."

"I can roll my own hoop," the older man replied, and stalked away uptown with what dignity he could muster. Ken Burney watched him until he turned a corner, then rode back into the livery stable, put up his horse and in the harness-room engaged in a game of cribbage with the proprietor for three hours, being careful, however, to sit facing the door.

After a while he strolled up to the bank and requested the paying teller to give him five dollars in brand-new twenty-five-cent pieces in exchange for a five-dollar bill. From the bank he repaired to a drug store, where he purchased a quart of bichloride solution, a 4½-by-5¼-inch folding camera and a quantity of film. He then returned to the livery stable, saddled Rowdy, packed his worldly effects on his pack pony and rode south and east, hoping that his ruse of departure earlier in the day had worked on Martin Bruce. In all probability the old sinner would suspect him of having made tracks for El Ranchito.

He rode fast and at sunset was well down in El Cajon Bonita below the international boundary. After selecting a camp in the bed of an arroyo through which a thin trickle of water still flowed he watered his horses, hobbled them and turned them loose to graze. From his pack he took a skillet, a coffee pot and food and prepared supper, after which he put out his little fire, rolled up in his blankets and slept the sleep of the carefree and innocent.

He was up before dawn and had disposed of breakfast before sunrise. After catching up his horses, he tethered the pack pony in the arroyo, saddled Rowdy and with his camera swinging from the pommel and the bottle of bichloride solution in his inner coat pocket, rode out across the valley. Presently he was riding among cattle that wore the brand of the Bardin Land & Cattle Company. In general they were good-grade Herefords with the usual Hereford markings, but from time to time he came across cows that showed a strong cross of Shorthorn or Durham.

When he found a lusty calf running by the side of such cows and the calf exhibited variegated coloration and was unbranded, he carefully photographed mother and calf from in front and from both sides, then roped the calf, hog-tied it, made a slit about an inch long in the hide inside the left foreleg just above the knee, rinsed his fingers in a dash of the bichloride solution, deluged a new, bright silver quarter piece with it, slipped the coin into the slit and worked it well down in the sheath between the hide and the muscle, after which he cast the calf loose.

BY THE middle of the afternoon he had secretly tagged with germ-proof silver quarter-dollars twenty head of calves and photographed them and their mothers, so he decided to call it a day and returned to his camp in the arroyo, where he again hobbled his horses and turned them loose to graze, cooked himself an early supper and spent the night in the arroyo.

The following morning he was up and on the road by daylight; late that night he rode into headquarters at El Ranchito. When he repaired to the mess hall to honey the cook into giving him a late snack, he could not help noticing the alacrity with which that harassed individual hastened to assure him of prompt service. Nor did the cook hail him familiarly as Smokey. On the contrary he called him Mr. Burney, with much unction, and fried him a steak, which he served on the private table with the red tablecloth.

Burney immediately carried his meal over to one of the long tables where the help ate. "You're very kind and considerate, cookie, old son," he declared, "but while Mr. Graydon remains on the ranch I think we'll just keep that table sacred to him. If he should invite me to eat there, that would be different. But he hasn't."

His supper eaten, Burney telephoned to the king. "Ken Burney speaking, sir. Mr. Graydon instructed me to report to you the moment I returned to the ranch. I have returned."

"You've taken your sweet time about it. Come over immediately. I'm on the western veranda. Don't bother to announce yourself."

Three minutes later His Majesty was interested to hear a man running at top speed along his veranda. He looked up just as Ken Burney turned the corner, running, and with a broad jump landed squarely in front of him. He greeted the somewhat astonished king with a breezy, military salute.

"The late Mr. Burney reports to His Majesty," he announced.

"What's your mad hurry, you young idiot?"

"Mr. Graydon informed me that speed was Your Majesty's middle name and that whenever you instructed a man to report to you that man had better take it on the run, or get fired."

"You're too doggoned literal," the king laughed in spite of himself. "So you went to town for a hair-cut, eh? Where have you been since?"

"Well, after the barber finished with me I had to collect two months' pay due me from Martin Bruce—"

"You lunatic! What happened?"

"He paid me. Tried to k me first, but as the anc

(Continued on page 36

# Who Travels Alone

## By E. Phillips Oppenheim

**After Alfred Loewenstein had lost his first important financial duel his star was low. He had had no monetary loss. But his standing suffered. The lone wolf was no longer regarded as invincible. Some big interests snubbed him. So he jumped his attention from art-silks to hydroelectric power. Driven by his mad, ceaseless desire to increase his holdings he built until he had reared a fantastic financial structure that brought profits to others as well as himself. But the United States proved too tough a nut to crack. This is the second article by E. Phillips Oppenheim dealing with the amazing life and death of the financier**

### II

ALFRED LOEWENSTEIN was to meet with other disappointments and other successes before his course was run, but it is probable that his complete failure in the duel against Dreyfus was the first serious check he had experienced in his career. He emerged from it without financial loss, probably even a richer man, but there was not a banking house in Europe where the fact of his failure was not known and commented upon.

Bankers, after all, vary in their characteristics. They are not necessarily men whose eyes are glued forever upon their ledgers. A credit or a debit account is sometimes in their minds not wholly good or bad according to the margin shown. It is the vital force, the human personality standing behind these figures which counts. Loewenstein, in this instance, notwithstanding his reputation of being probably the most daring financier in the world, had met with a failure. The figures in their ledgers remained as they were. Alfred Loewenstein might still be a valuable client, still a man to trust and put faith in, to be welcome either as a depositor or a borrower, but there were a great many of these bankers, notably in his own city, Brussels, who never quite forgot that Loewenstein, whom they had grown to look upon as invincible, had at last known failure.

### Failure Taught Him Nothing

The Dreyfus affair represented Loewenstein's first reverse in the arena of finance. Its effect might have saved him. Failure is sometimes the greatest tonic imaginable. Bravely met and acknowledged, one is restored to one's sense of proportion, purged of egotism, taught to look at the world with whole-seeing eyes. Loewenstein failed, however, to bring his intellect to bear upon his reverse. He put it down to outside
ses, and personal jealousies. He
smart, but he declined to accept
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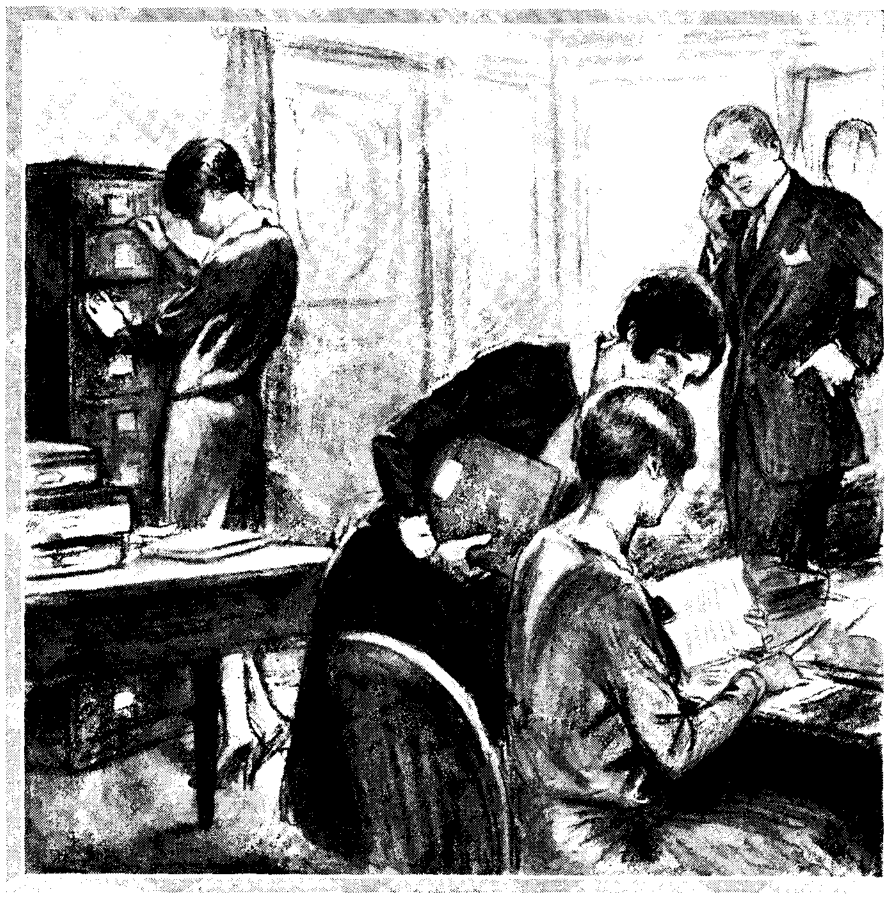
craziness of outlook, com-
men of phenomenal suc-
on his part a series of
onsidered undertakings.
figure in Brussels in
to a charming wom-
o one of the best
ntry, and indulging
rsts of princely hospitality. In a wave of patriotism, inspired, it is suggested, by the notice which was taken of him in high quarters, he one day sprung upon the Belgian Government the amazing offer of a loan of $50,000,000 to insure the stabilization of the franc. He asked for only an incredibly low rate of interest, but he demanded the right to print the Belgian bank notes, and made many other ridiculous stipulations.

The scheme was naturally rejected, as Loewenstein probably intended that it should be. He took care, however, that the offer was reported on the front page of most of the journals of Europe, and again every tongue was set wagging about the amazing achievements of this modern Monte Cristo. A little later, he made a somewhat similar offer to France, whose ministers appear to have declined to discuss the matter officially, at the same time expressing curiosity as to the details of his scheme.

### A Lot of Free Advertising

It seems probable that some official or minister in the French government approached Loewenstein privately some time early in 1916 when the falling franc was creating a financial scare all over the world, and invited him to make any suggestion he could which might help toward even a partial stabilization. Loewenstein's response was an astonishing exemplification of the man's audacious methods. The communication reached him just as he was about to leave for Barcelona, to embark upon a great scheme for securing complete control of the hydroelectric organizations of Spain. He at once, therefore, conceived the idea of making use of this indirect and purely tentative inquiry from a possible member of the French Cabinet as the basis of a gigantic scheme of self-advertisement which was to help him toward success in his personal undertakings. He announced that, as his plans were all made, he must proceed to Barcelona that day, but that, from there, he would confide to the press, and to anyone who cared to hear it, his proposals with reference to the stabilization of the franc. He then, through his publicity agent, distributed invitations right and left to people of note in every country. Princes, politicians and bankers were all bidden to hear the oracle speak. Barcelona, with the limelight turned skillfully upon it, became the center of European interest.

Amazing Alfred Loewenstein! A wonderful example of how a man in whom is sufficiently developed the bump of egotism may mold circumstance to his own purpose. He arrived at Barcelona in one of his fast-flying fleet of airships, and, following him, in another ship, came his valets, his physician and his masseur. An entire floor in the Ritz Hotel was engaged for his secretaries, his typists, his guests, and his own private suite of apartments. A special train brought others of his retinue. All told, they numbered thirty or forty, including the late Captain Hinchcliffe, who acted on that occasion as his pilot, and his publicity manager, who had once been a Member of Parliament.



JOSEPH SIMONT

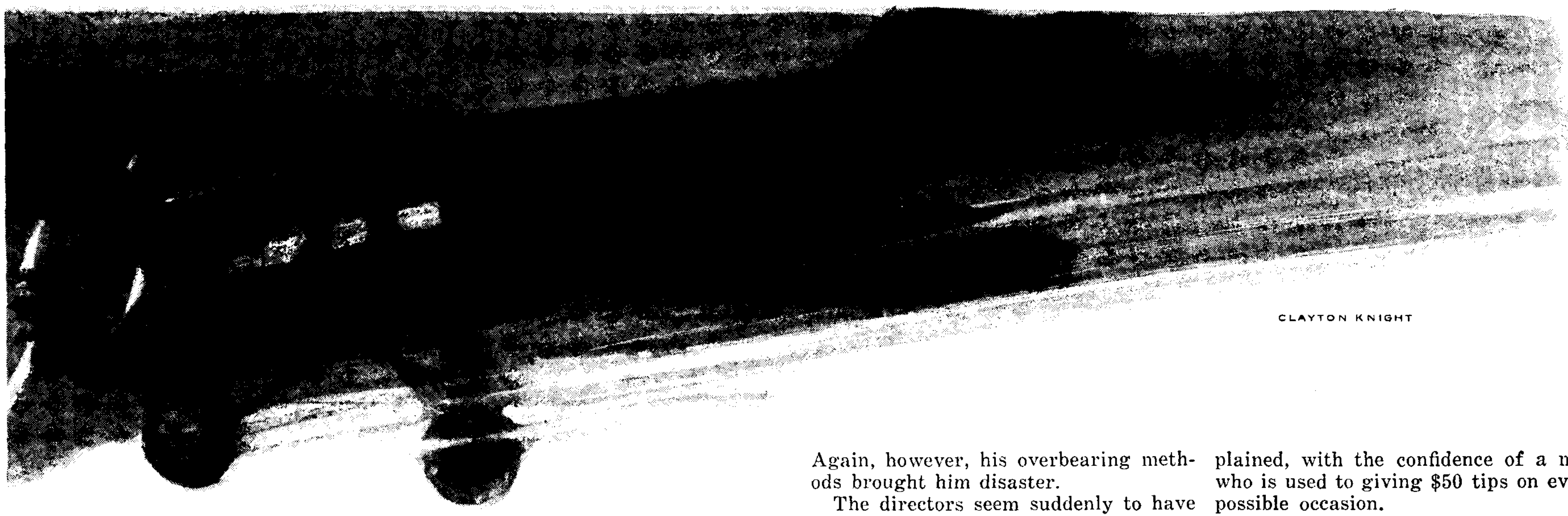
Loewenstein installed his entire retinue aboard ship while traveling to America.

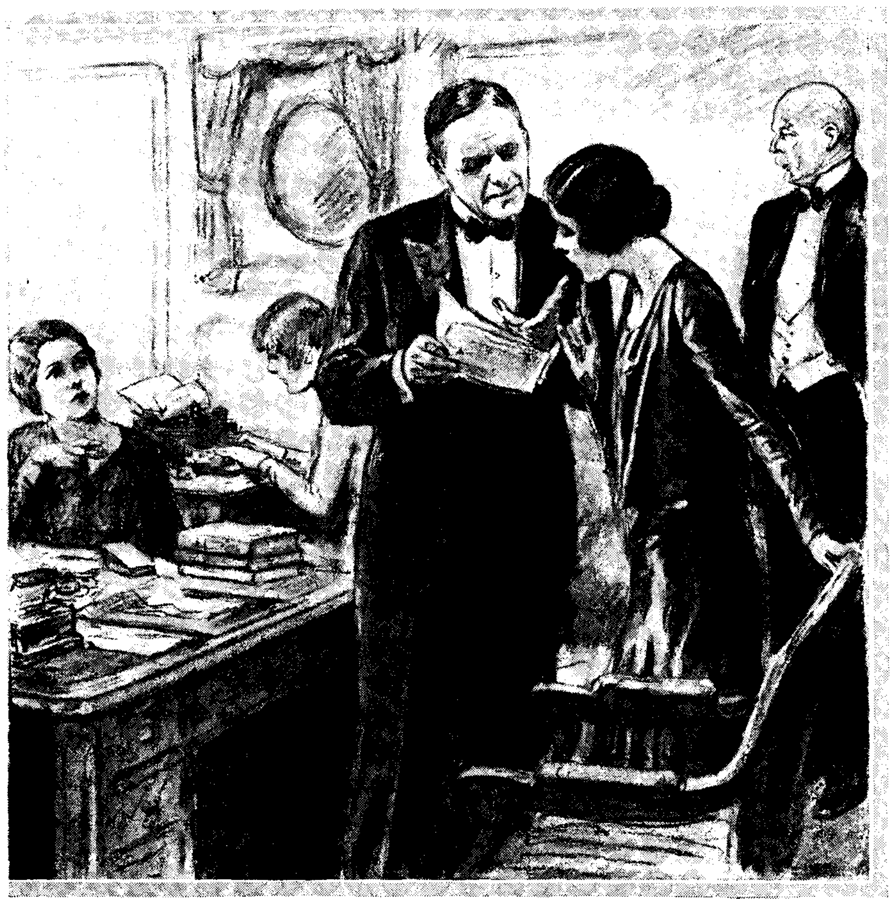
Proceedings were started with an immense banquet. The food at Barcelona, choice enough for some of the best-known epicures in the world, failed to satisfy Loewenstein, simple though his own tastes were. Back went the planes to fetch the finest chickens from the north of France, rare fruits from where they might be found in Paris, *pâté de foie gras* and caviar from Prunier's. The banquet was served at an extravagant cost—$150 to $200 a head was one journalist's estimate. What did that matter? It was Loewenstein who paid, and Loewenstein was wielding the divining rod of the gold seeker.

### Dodging the Issue

At the conclusion of the feast, everyone hoped for at least a few words from their host containing some idea as to tomorrow's pronouncement. They were willing to listen to any proposals which might have been made, with the lenient logic of men who had dined not only well, but wonderfully. Nothing of the sort happened, however. Loewenstein never once in the course of the evening even referred to the burning question of the hour. He spoke of nothing but hydroelectric power, and his associates knew his peculiar habits too well to attempt to force the conversation. The great surprise, however, was to come on the morrow when he more or less officially met the crowd of journalists, financiers and French politicians who had traveled down this not inconsiderable distance, with no other purpose than to hear his plan for dealing with the franc. To their amazement, he commenced his discourse by still talking about nothing but hydroelectric power. When at last he was pulled up by an impatient member of the audience, and could no longer avoid the other and greater issue, his enthusiasm and his definiteness of manner disappeared completely. He had nothing to offer but the vaguest generalities.

"Without a doubt something must be done about the franc," he agreed. "I have a scheme in my mind, but it is not yet matured. Next week or the week after I may have proposals to make."





It was here that he received his first intimation of disaster

Loewenstein, probably the most powerful and inspired champion of a new industry, never received his due reward for the insight and acumen which enabled him to appreciate from the first the great value to the world of the mass production of art-silks.

### Loewenstein is Again Outwitted

Loewenstein was, without the slightest doubt, of great assistance to the British Celanese Company in its earlier days, but his disastrous duel with Dreyfus, provoked by his own headstrong methods, brought to an untimely conclusion his connection with this company. A man of subtler methods might have gained his end.

There was nothing unreasonable about Dreyfus, but he was a man who would never consent to be bullied. Loewenstein tried it, and paid the price. He was still, however, a lover of art-silks, still unprepared to accept defeat. In very much the same spirit, he approached the directors of the Enka Art-Silk Co. He obtained a foothold here, and was pushing through his scheme to secure control with every confidence and apparent prospect of success. Again, however, his overbearing methods brought him disaster.

The directors seem suddenly to have made up their minds to be without the Loewenstein interest. At the last moment, they took the unusual step of issuing a large number of preference shares, allotted to nominees of their own, and Loewenstein found himself once more outwitted. His method of meeting the reverse was intensely characteristic. With the printer's ink scarcely dry upon the shares, he embarked in his airplane and flew to Biarritz. Here, with four secretaries and five typists idle at their desks, he spent a week of apparent recreation, although there was scarcely a moment when his brain was wholly at rest. He was no longer *persona grata* at the Golf Club, for he had quarreled with the authorities over what was reported to be a flagrant breach of the rules.

### Barred from the Casino

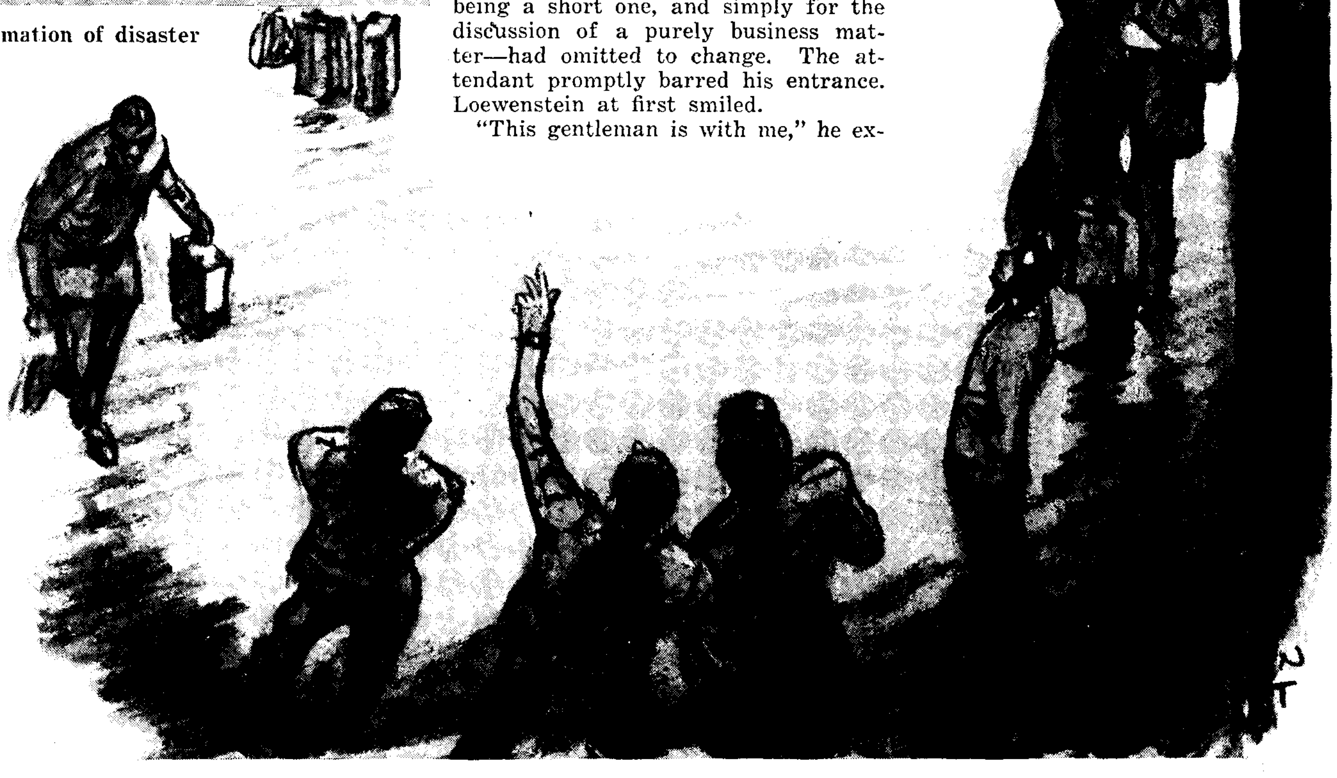
The incident itself is not without a certain element of humor, for the Biarritz Golf Club has the reputation of being the most autocratic institution of its sort in Europe, and one can easily imagine a man of Loewenstein's quick temper, in swift revolt against not always reasonable restrictions. At the Casino, he was also, unfortunately, in disgrace. One night a business associate, to obtain a brief visit from whom he had sent a plane to Barcelona, expressed a desire to visit the Casino, and the two men strolled over there after dinner. Loewenstein was in dinner clothes, but his companion—the visit being a short one, and simply for the discussion of a purely business matter—had omitted to change. The attendant promptly barred his entrance. Loewenstein at first smiled.

"This gentleman is with me," he explained, with the confidence of a man who is used to giving $50 tips on every possible occasion.

The attendant, to his surprise, was unmoved. No arguments that could be produced changed his attitude in the least. An appeal to higher authorities was equally unsuccessful. Loewenstein, losing his temper, struck the attendant, and was hustled out of the place. Both Casino and Golf Club, thereafter, were closed to him in this, his beloved Biarritz.

There still remained to him, however, what was undoubtedly his favorite form of exercise—riding. Day after day he was in the saddle morning and afternoon. He was always carefully dressed in well-cut riding breeches, and somewhat formal coat and hat. *Negligé* never appealed to him, in any form. Sometimes he carried his hat in his hand when he faced the Atlantic wind to the disarrangement of his primly brushed gray-black hair, but otherwise he rode as he might have done in the parks of Brussels or London.

His one object, during those few days' solitude, spent mostly in the saddle, was to get as near to the sea as possible. He would ride down the roughest roads for the sake of a brief gallop along the (*Continued on page 55*)

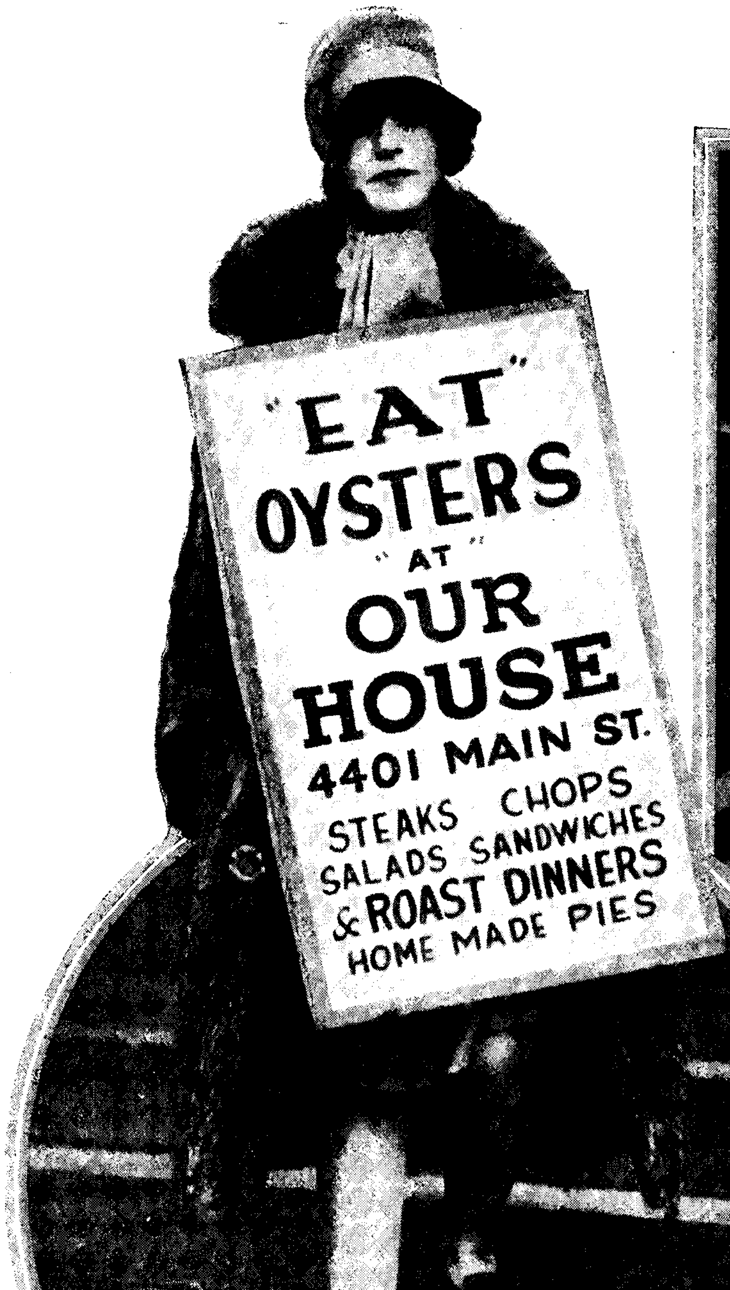


The spectacular arrivals and departures of Loewenstein's plane always galvanized Croydon Field into activity, partly because of his habit of tipping generously for all services

# Walks of Life

U. & U.

Poppa and Momma and the kiddies set out for an afternoon stroll. "It's no fun walking unless you *get* somewhere," is Momma's belief, so they aim for the other end of the rope and trust in God



"A cuppa coffee, a sandwich-board and yew-hew," the young swains of Philadelphia well might have sung to Marjorie McGurk when that enterprising young lady got a job toting a placard to help with college expenses

Wide World

Walking was Life to this vigorous old gentleman who at 75 walked 1,546 miles from New York to Minneapolis in 51 days. Edward Payson Weston once crossed the continent afoot in less than 77 days. He is now 90

Keystone View

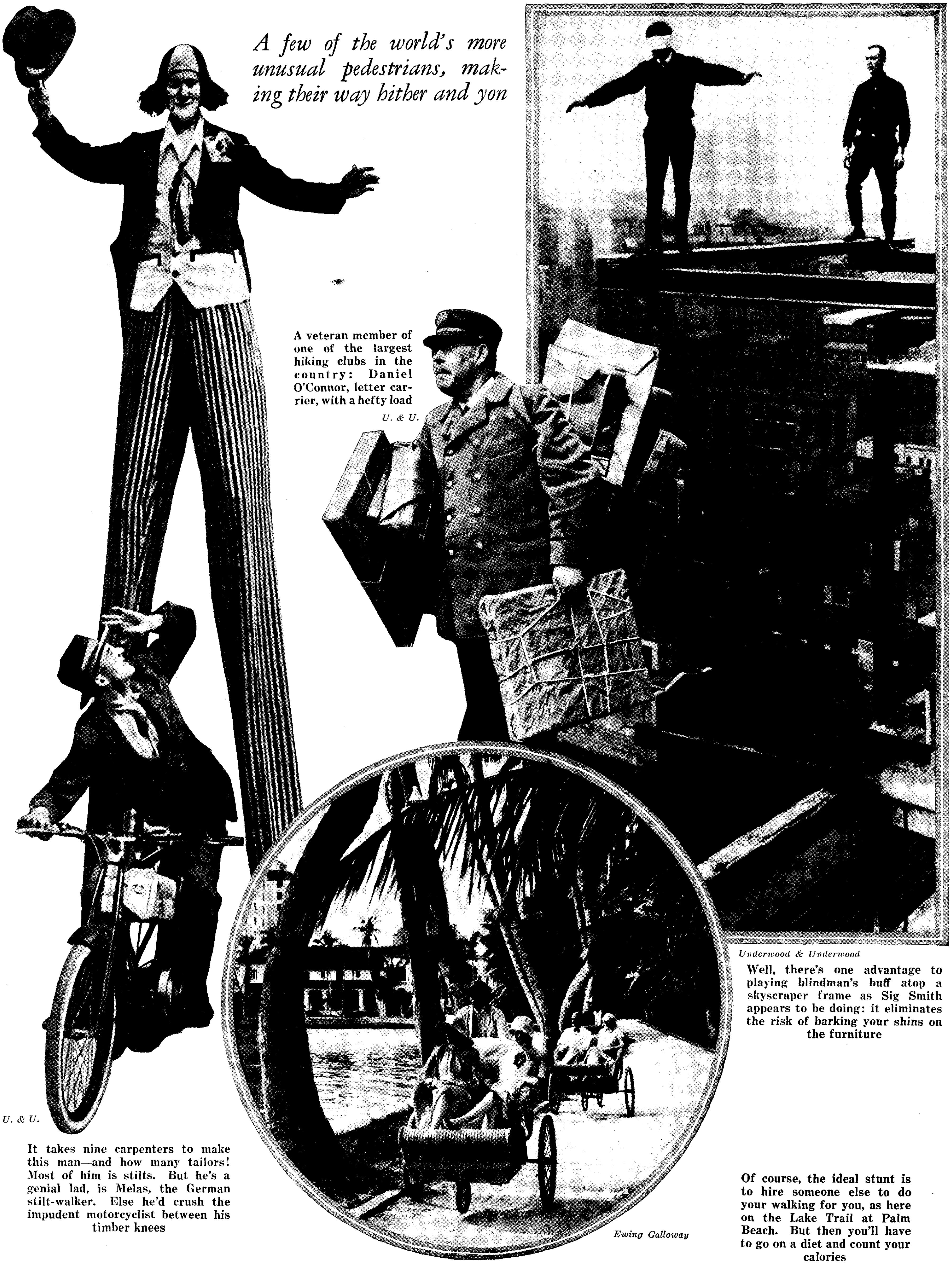
Now there's a house that looks like easy vittles—but there may be something to that Beware of the Dog sign after all. Harry Langdon as a professional pedestrian making up his mind

First National

Keystone View

At 71, Dr. Richard Hogner of Boston, Mass., can walk on his hands, and often does to the consternation of his Back Bay neighbors and the despair of his shoemaker, who hasn't resoled a pair of the doc's boots since Heaven knows when

*A few of the world's more unusual pedestrians, making their way hither and yon*



A veteran member of one of the largest hiking clubs in the country: Daniel O'Connor, letter carrier, with a hefty load

U. & U.

Underwood & Underwood

Well, there's one advantage to playing blindman's buff atop a skyscraper frame as Sig Smith appears to be doing: it eliminates the risk of barking your shins on the furniture

U. & U.

It takes nine carpenters to make this man—and how many tailors! Most of him is stilts. But he's a genial lad, is Melas, the German stilt-walker. Else he'd crush the impudent motorcyclist between his timber knees

Ewing Galloway

Of course, the ideal stunt is to hire someone else to do your walking for you, as here on the Lake Trail at Palm Beach. But then you'll have to go on a diet and count your calories

# Mister Sam

## By Samuel Merwin

*A story which explains something Broadway could never understand—why squat little Sam Karber was the genius of K. & A.*

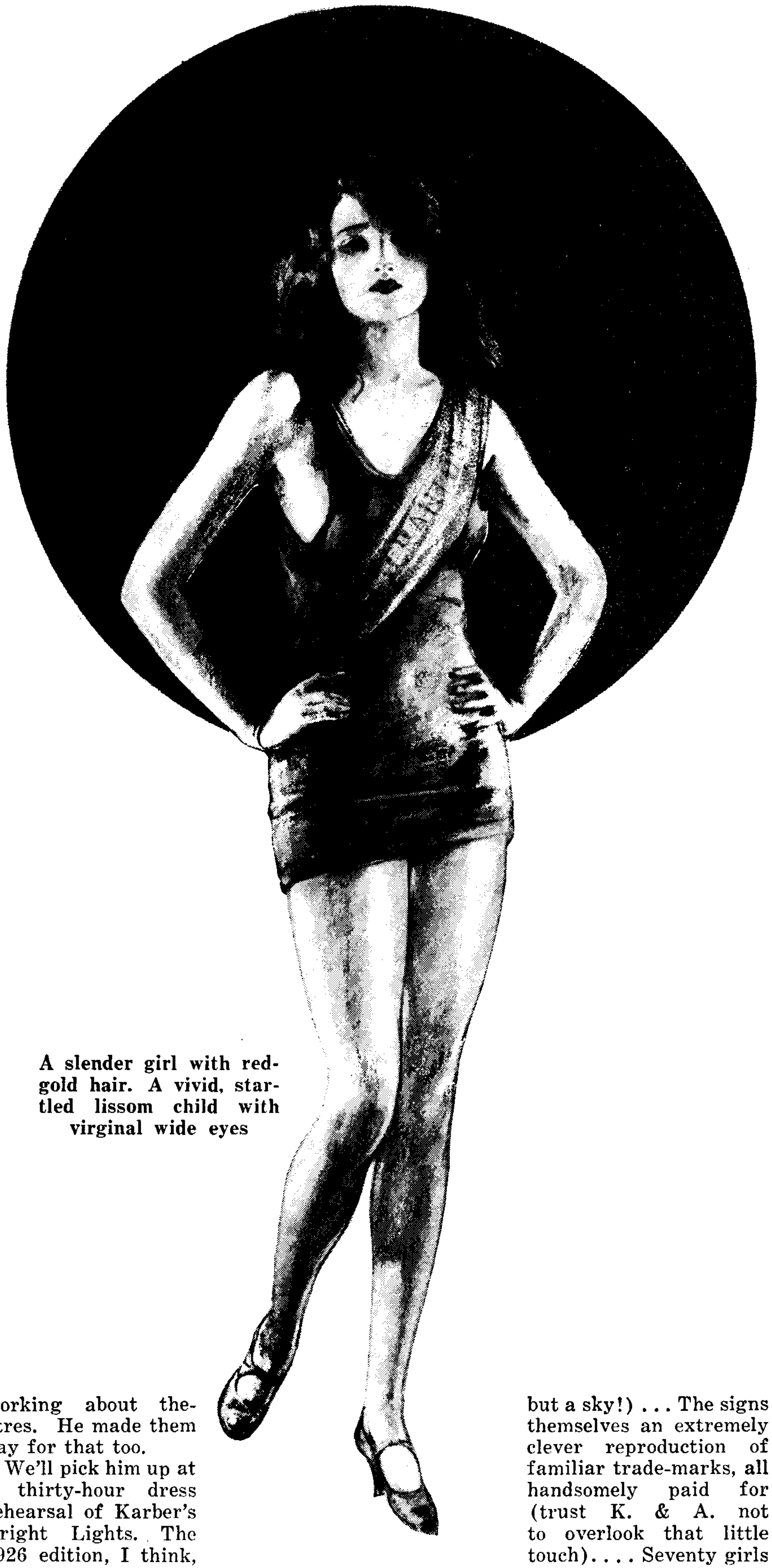
AMONG those who thought about Karber & Andrews—and you could hardly walk through Times Square without thinking about them—it was commonly supposed that Ben Andrews was the real head of the business. Ben, as a professionally caustic play reviewer once remarked (while lunching at the Algonquin), really had points of contact with the human race, while poor little Sam Karber obviously had none. Men who dipped into theatrical enterprises said it wouldn't be so bad if you could get through personally to Ben. Or even to Joe Kerstow. And women of the theatre (the more naïve sort) spoke occasionally of Ben as "the nice one." Yes, Sam was commonly dismissed, along Broadway, as a vulgar, grasping, untruthful, immoral incompetent. Just a nitwit.

Yet there he was. Year after year. Sam Karber. Of K. & A. The Karber Theatre and all that. "Under the personal direction of Sam L. Karber"—you know. You certainly couldn't dismiss K. & A. There they were. Furthermore, shrewd observers of the theatre business knew that Ben and the tireless Kerstow respected Sam. Something about the man held them. There was but one discernible reason—the success of his big musical shows. Year after year Sam plunged on those; and, with the odds six or seven to one against him, nearly always came through.

But Broadway brushed that stubborn fact aside with a poof! "Look at the men who do it for him," they'd say. "Sid Stern and Harry Rose [the crude but clever lyric writers] and Archie Sigmund [the composer] and the best directors and dancing masters and designers in the business and all Tin Pan Alley hurrying around with their surest-fire song hits. The wealth and power of K. & A. back of him. He just interferes," they'd say. "Those birds put the shows over in spite of him."

THE argument was plausible. But the talkers failed to take account of one other fact: that repeatedly many of these same experts had combined under other managements and had failed.

One really baffling contradiction arises just as you think you're on the near edge of explaining Sam Karber. When the spell of producing was on him he'd spend money like a sailor. Sputter, but spend. He could be crazily extravagant and chuckle over it. I have seen him (the picture lingers) standing alone, obscure, in the bright lobby of the Karber, watching an opening-night crowd sweep in—men in evening clothes, women in sables and pearls and paint—with $90,000 at stake as on the turn of a card. Just watching, with those little rolling eyes. And then I've wondered what he might be thinking. You couldn't tell. Was it that he knew he could stir the blood of those dressy, spending Americans? Make them pay—$4.40, $5.50, $6.60, even $11. He was a force, you know, this unnoticed man. No getting around that. He must have known that to all those gay folk he was merely one of the odd little dark men you see working about theatres. He made them pay for that too.



**A slender girl with red-gold hair. A vivid, startled lissom child with virginal wide eyes**

We'll pick him up at a thirty-hour dress rehearsal of Karber's Bright Lights. The 1926 edition, I think, or perhaps 1925; along about that time, anyway. At Atlantic City. Sam usually opened there; then Washington or Providence or New Haven. Then New York and the settling down for a run.

The finale of Part I, that year, was a typical Karber climax. You found yourself looking in at a late night party on the remarkably elaborate roof of an apartment house. Kiosks at the sides. Immense stairways leading off to nowhere in particular. Up back the crowded electric signs of upper Times Square twinkling against a velvet sky (not a cyclorama of wrinkled canvas, but a sky!) . . . The signs themselves an extremely clever reproduction of familiar trade-marks, all handsomely paid for (trust K. & A. not to overlook that little touch). . . . Seventy girls lolling on rugs and divans. The song hit of the show, "Dreaming with You," picked up as a reprise by the prima donna, aided by the quartet of burly and strident pluggers from Tin Pan Alley. A flutter from the toe dancer. The guests (seven unfortunate-looking chorus boys and the four song pluggers) singing a farewell and departing.

Suddenly, right down front, a dozen windows were lighted. You saw then that the roof thing was a built-up platform, and you were looking into a row of bedrooms in each of which a girl undressed and lay down on, rather than in, bed. Apparently the night was too warm for covers. Above them the seventy others, grouped about under steel-blue floods (moonlight, you know), hummed the refrain of "Dreaming with You." . . .

. . . Slowly, then, while the bedroom lights and the twinkling signs dimmed out, a glow of amber appeared against the blue velvet of the sky. It took the shape of a huge electric bulb, with the undraped figure of a girl within the glass in place of a filament. The illusion was extraordinary. Light seemed actually to radiate from the face and body of the girl. And as the curtain came slowly down the crooning song died with it.

SAM and Kerstow stood in the rear of the auditorium. Kerstow watched the effect intently. "Looks good," he remarked guardedly. "Pretty damn' good."

"'S rotten!" said Sam. The half-smoked cigar bobbed about in his wide mouth. He pulled his hat down.

Kerstow knit his brows. He'd been stirred. But he knew Sam too intimately to dispute him. Something was going on in that strange brain behind the squat forehead. Something restless. Something probably constructive.

"The girl's no good," Sam added, with a grunt.

Kerstow considered that. "Wonder where Ziegfeld finds 'em," he remarked. As he thought it over, Sam was right. The girl in that light bulb should be more than shapely; she ought, in the vernacular, to have something. Something electrical. A kick. Or else a lot of the old sex appeal. Or wistful beauty. Or color. Something.

Sam was muttering: "Not a real girl in the show. I pay six thousand a week, and for what? A hundred and ten thousand we are in. What on Broadway can we do without girls? We lose our shirts."

The general stage director came hurrying up from the orchestra rail. "Do you want that scene again, Mister Sam?"

"You see those girls yourself? And you ask me do I want it again! Me—ach, soon I am in Bellevue!" With which he clumped in his quick way out of the theatre. Kerstow followed. The director, an utterly weary but patient man, in his shirt sleeves, hat on the back of his head, stood a moment in some bewilderment, then went back to work.

Sam, in the outer lobby, was lighting a fresh cigar from the old stub with nervously quick puffs. Before them, on the boardwalk, wheeled chairs rolled by and pedestrians idled. Beyond extended the beach, crowded with bathers and gay umbrellas. Out beyond that lay the lazy blue ocean, stretching off to Spain.

The two of them moved along the walk. The rays of the afternoon sun slanted warmly down. Sam, still in that muttering mood, said, "She oughta have red hair." He stopped, peering (his eyes weren't very good) at a big poster. Kerstow, turning back to find him, observed the poster. It announced the final judging of the contestants for the title of Miss America. Lithographed figures of girls in one-piece bathing suits adorned the type.

Sam was looking at his watch. Suddenly he darted off. Kerstow found some difficulty in keeping up. He was strung high today, was Sam. He led the way out on the big pier to the scene of the beauty contest. There the two of them sat—among reporters and shrewd fat men and people from the motion-picture concerns and camera men—while half a hundred bathing girls paraded. Flushed girls, brazen girls, ogling girls, simpering girls; Miss California, Miss New York, Miss Detroit. The judges (some of those fat men) scrutinized, mumbled quick notes to their secretaries, whispered among themselves, weighing good and bad points. It was oddly like a cattle show. The choice narrowed down to five or six. These paraded again.

Sam, leaning forward, was staring at a slender girl with red-gold hair. A girl who could move and stand. A vivid, startled lissom child with virginal wide eyes. She couldn't have been twenty.

"Who's that?" muttered Sam.

Kerstow consulted the paper in his hand. "Miss Scranton," he whispered. "Name of Hilda—no, Helga—Hansen. Helga Hansen. Beauty, ain't she! They'll give it to her."

But they didn't. The final choice fell upon a pulled-molasses blonde from St. Louis, who was forthwith crowned Miss America.

SAM'S cigar bobbed nervously. The audience was pressing forward. News-reel men ground their cameras. The reporters crowded and buzzed.

"Find that girl!" commanded Sam. He darted about, a comic little figure, without presence or dignity. Nobody recognized him, but he was used to that. Kerstow disappeared. Returned. He had to hunt for Sam. "Nobody seems to know any more than what's on the program, Sam."

"Go away!" was the only reply he received. "I want to think."

"I'll get back to the rehearsal," said Kerstow, with a thoughtful glance at the excited face of his chief.

Sam darted out of the building. The girls had to dress, of course. And there was only the one passage back to the boardwalk. Out there he waited, fidgeting. There were crowds outside too. Men, a lot of men; all waiting. And curious women. A tall youth bumped into him, and said, "Sorry!" Like an Englishman. He had a red birthmark on his cheek and over the bridge of his nose. An aggressive, well-set-up young man. Sam grunted unpleasantly. A queer, quick disturbance was confusing his thoughts.

Would he recognize the girl in her street things? There she was! With an older girl, who carried a wicker suitcase. Yes, that glinting red hair. Marvelous hair. And a bewildered, sad face. But lovely. A timid look about her. And yet a thrill. Something you couldn't quite fix your mind on. Not in words. Her clothes weren't much: just what you'd pick up in any department store.

The older girl looked harder. Her face was set. Scowling. That boy with the birthmark joined them and took the suitcase, but they had little to say to him. He hovered close about little Miss Scranton. Sam followed doggedly. He disliked that boy.

They stopped before one of the lesser hotels. The girls turned in, but the boy held Miss Scranton back, talking in an eager, low-voiced way. The other girl took the suitcase and with a shrug moved to the door.

Sam edged nearer, chewing his cigar. He could hear bits of it. "Can't you see you're just in wrong? . . . You never should have left the store that way. . . . Didn't I tell you to keep away from Helen, kid? She's just bad medicine. And now here you are, your job gone, owing her money. You can't bum around Atlantic City. What did you ever come to a swell hotel for, anyway? Helen's money'll get you nowhere here. First thing I know you'll just be on the town!"

Miss Scranton was crying.

"Look here, I'll be on my feet within a year. I got three cabs working now. Have 'em paid for by October. . . . Look here, Marie; come over to the Albemarle with me and—"

Marie? But surely it was that girl. Oh, yes. She'd taken another name. They did that, of course. Sam moved off across the boardwalk. He'd have to plan it out. No good in just butting in and perhaps getting slapped in the face. They'd shrink from him of course—very likely wouldn't believe him if he told them who he was. Just crazy young things.

Oh, he knew he had no presence, no address. Kerstow, now, might make headway. . . . He scowled unhappily and chewed his cigar. He resented Kerstow. Didn't want him around.

He looked back. The girl had broken away and—with a muffled "Let me alone, Jim! I can't talk now!"—was running into the hotel. The boy made as if to follow, hesitated; then lit a cigarette thoughtfully and walked away.

Sam, standing over by the railing above the beach, was telling himself over and over how wonderful the kid would look in that lamp. But something else, something that had nothing to do with thoughts, was stirring within him. He caught at the railing with both hands and stared out at the blue Atlantic. Confused pictures of his wife and little Sammy crowded into his brain. He'd always played cautiously. But he'd never before felt like this. Pretty girls, in his life, had been little more than merchandise. Ordinarily he wouldn't hesitate a minute to go right in after a youngster like that. If he wanted her. But this excited, torn feeling. . . . Sam Karber was in love!

HE DIDN'T know her name: whether to the hotel people she was Helga Hansen or Marie Somebody-else. Anyway in his present state of excitement he couldn't go up to the desk and ask for her. His feelings would show. They always did. And somebody there might know him.

The two girls were in their room. Marie Smith (or Helga Hansen) found the door ajar, and left it so. Helen Briston was throwing Marie's things out of the wicker suitcase and putting her own in.

"What are you going to do?" Thus the softly crying Miss Scranton.

"I dunno. Something."

"But—"

The older girl turned on her: "What's the good of sniveling? You've lost out. We've just gambled and lost, that's all. On my money. What do you s'pose I'm going to do? We can't go back to Scranton. Our jobs are gone. I see them taking us back after the way we walked out on 'em!" She came and stood over the small girl, who was sitting dejectedly on the bed. "Have you looked at that hotel bill?" She waved toward an envelope on the bureau.

"N-no."

"No, you wouldn't. A lot you care! Well, I can't pay it. Gosh, it's a dollar a minute just to breathe!" she snorted impatiently. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to look out for number one. You'd better do the same. We're up against it." She turned away. "What if they won't let me out with this suitcase? They know the show's over. And you can bet your shirt they know we're just a couple of pikers or they wouldn't have sent that bill up. We haven't been here a week."

"That—that movie man" (Marie was blowing her nose) "hasn't been around, has he?"

"The movie man? Humph! He's through with us, you simp. He's after Miss America. He was just stringing us along. And who was he, anyhow? Famous? Metro-Goldwyn? First National? Universal? Warner Brothers? Not on your life. Just a cheap outfit. Like as not he was figuring on some friends of ours putting up for the picture." A savage laugh escaped her. "Friends of ours! You tell one!"

THERE was a stir in the corridor. Helen tiptoed to the door and peeped out. In a moment she hurried back, a nervous light in her eyes. "Well, wha'do you know! It's that big oil man. Moving into the suite across the hall."

"The one that talked to us in the lobby today?"

"Surest thing you know. Colonel Jacks. I looked him up. Now, what's he up to?"

"He's pretty old. Must be fifty."

"He's a nice man. And he's got the dough. Believe me, girl, he's got it!" An intent look was creeping into Helen's cold eyes. "Maybe he'd pay the hotel bill."

Marie's slim shoulders sagged again.

"Karber's Bright Lights are in town." Helen was musing aloud. "We might get jobs there."

"You have to know how to dance," said Marie listlessly. "They wouldn't look at us."

There was a new, quick step and a rap at the door.

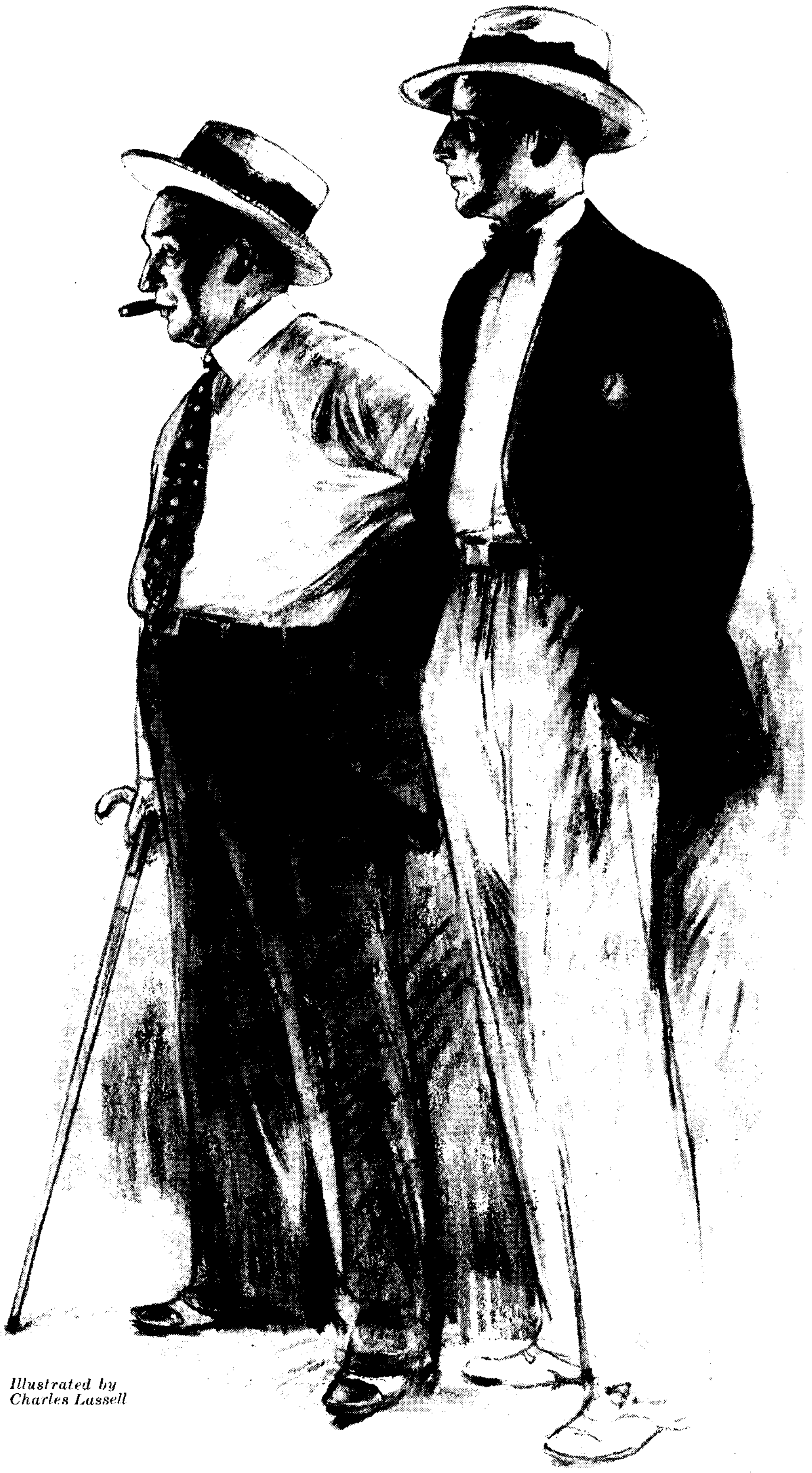
The girls froze, looking.

Another rap.

Helen — muttering, "Oh, well!" — opened. It proved to be only a page with a florist's box four feet long. Helen produced a quarter for the page; then slammed the door. "You have to keep paying and paying as long as the chicken feed lasts! It's for you, Marie."

"My word, what perfectly wonderful roses!" cried the girl, brightening.

"There's a card. . . . look! 'To Miss Scranton. With heartfelt sympathy. From No. 446.' That must be . . . why, we're 445! It's the big oil man. It's himself! Kid, he means it! We're all right! We're people! . . . Well, now that the rent's paid, I'm going out. Look around a bit. Maybe there's an oil man for me too. Watch how you handle the old boy, Marie. Better not let him


*Illustrated by Charles Lassell*

Sam muttered: "What on Broadway can we do without girls? We lose our shirts" kiss you the first time. He'll be all the crazier about you." Then out she went.

Marie sat a long while on the bed. Part of the time she cried. She didn't know why. She'd never before been thrown on her own resources. Not like this, in a strange city. The hard note in Helen bewildered and hurt her. Of course she ought to thank that man for the roses. The box was still there on the bed. She buried her nose in the fragrant bloom. She loved roses. They ought to be put in water, of course. Perhaps it would be all right to call him up.

A small hand strayed toward the telephone—fingered it hesitantly. Then she cried again. That last remark of Helen's disturbed her. She thought confusedly of the boy with the birthmark. She'd run away from him without knowing why. They'd been friends. He'd followed her from Scranton. He'd disapproved bitterly of this Miss America business, and that had made her angry. Perhaps he'd been right. But a little of her pride was left. She couldn't just crawl back to him.

THE telephone rang. She started; caught her breath; stared at the instrument. Finally, trembling, drew it toward her. But it wasn't the voice of the big oil man. It was a guttural, sputtering voice. "This is Mr. Karber. Sam L. Karber. [He said "Misder" and Karber sounded more like "Garber."] I must talk with you. You will see me, perhaps. Right away. I am in the drug store. I will come into the hotel, and you will come downstairs. It is very important." She stood for a brief time by the telephone; then, having got nowhere in her attempts to think, went downstairs.

Slowly she moved through the lounge. A funny little fat fellow with spreading feet who fidgeted and chewed a cigar rushed toward her. Surely this couldn't—

"I am Mr. Karber. I wish you in my show. I will pay well."

She stood looking at him. Funny how hard he was breathing.

"You will come now with me. There is no time." He was staring. "Your name is in the billing. I put your picture in the papers. I do for you everything. You will see. But you must come at once. We are in a hurry."

Marie stood motionless. It would hardly do to laugh at Sam Karber. If it *was* Sam Karber.

"Well, then, how much do you want? I pay you a hundred a week."

She couldn't think as fast as that.

"Very good, then I pay a hundred and fifty."

Could all this be true?

"Gosh, then I pay two hundred. But you must tell nobody. It would make trouble. You must tell nobody where you are or what you are doing. You must not speak my name. Not until we are in New York. In New Haven, next Monday, I put you in the show. You are wonderful. Come; we must go now. I am taking care of you."

"But—"

"Quickly. We will be seen."

"But, you see, my friend and I are in trouble. There's the hotel bill, and . . . you see, we thought we'd—"

He darted a furtive glance about, then produced the biggest roll of bills she'd ever seen and peeled off two fifties. She was breathing pretty hard herself now.

He thrust the notes into her hand. "This maybe is enough. But you must hurry. And, remember, nobody will know!"

She found herself doing up her few things in a newspaper. The florist's ox might do, but it looked pretty con- uous. Besides, there were the roses; uldn't give those up. The sketchy thought came that she ought to leave some word for Helen; so she scribbled on an envelope: "I've got a big chance. They won't let me tell. I've paid the bill. Marie."

The man, gripping her arm with nervous fingers, rushed her out of the building and down some steps from the boardwalk into the street. He let her carry the parcel and the big box. There were taxicabs at the curb. He handed her into one of them, and they rode to another hotel. A huge structure with a tower, the Venderdome.

During the ride he spoke not a word; just kept on breathing in that puffy way. They hurried through a spacious lounge and went up in an elevator. She found herself in an imposing suite of rooms. Men's things were scattered about. Clothing and an open suitcase and a bag. In that queer, nervous way he bustled about, packing. He said, "I move across the hall. You will stay here." . . . He carried his things to the door opposite, while she stood by the window. Her immature mind couldn't begin to keep up with all this.

He came back and stood staring at her; then, in his abrupt way, darted out.

He came in without knocking. She was still there by the window. Crying now. He piled a lot of magazines on the table and a big box of candy.

"Don't cry," said he, and patted her shoulder. "I make you famous. Everybody comes to see you. Thousands. *Thousands.* I give you flowers and beautiful dresses of Paris. Everything you want. Everything!"

She wished she'd never left Scranton. But that was no good now. She dried her eyes and looked at him. He was almost fascinatingly repulsive.

Clumsily, but in his quick way, he threw his arms about her. She fought him off. At last he gave up and stood looking mournfully at her.

"Keep your hands off me!" she cried. "Keep your hands off me!" She thought frantically of running away. She was sobbing. He stared at her. Then that unpleasant grin again. "I get you something," he said—he seemed all out of breath now—"something you like." And rushed from the room.

There was a telephone book on the radiator. She snatched it up and looked through the A's. Here it was—The Albermarle! She gave the number. There was a long wait. They had to page Jim. Finally she heard a familiar voice.

"Oh, Jim, I'm in an awful fix!" The words tumbled out. "It's a man who says he's Sam L. Karber. He's crazy. I'm in his room at the Venderdome. Oh, Jim, won't you come and get me! If you don't, I don't know what'll become of me! I'll go with you, Jim! I'll go with you. . . ."

There was a knock. She started; sat trembling; couldn't move or speak. The door opened. Only a page boy. He smiled and handed her a mauve box. She opened the box. Orchids. How beautiful they were!

It was along about this time, toward the dinner hour, that Helen returned to the room and found Marie's scribbled note. She took it over to the window and reread it. Snorted in her cool way. "Paid the hotel bill, has she? But where's the rest of it? What's she think I'm going to do? Leaving me flat!" She looked in the closet. Marie's things were gone. Even the roses. Helen stood thinking. Not a word from the girl as to where she might be or when she'd be heard from. Just like her. A rattleheaded little fool. Utterly selfish. Helen herself hadn't money for dinner at Childs'; and after that nothing for breakfast. Have to do something.

She heard a step in the corridor. The door opposite opened and closed. The big oil man! Come up to dress for dinner, likely. Oh, some people had everything! . . . Jim might know about Marie. He was over at the Albermarle, a small hotel, back from the boardwalk. . . . Then an idea came. A constructive, businesslike idea. Colonel Jacks! She could play it two ways—first for herself, second to put Marie in a money-making way and then collect.

If she were to pick up a dinner, she better hurry. She composed her features, crossed the hall and tapped at that other door. Colonel Jacks opened. He'd taken off his coat. He looked solid and friendly.

"Oh," said he, "how do you do?"

"Perhaps I shouldn't have done this," said she—Helen could appear shy—"but I'm in great trouble. You see, Marie—"

"Do come in. Tell me what has happened."

"She's only a kid, Colonel Jacks. Just doesn't know what it's all about. And when she found she'd lost out today she, well"—Helen's eyes filled—"oh, well, I didn't mean to unload all our troubles on you, but you were so kind about sending the roses, and I thought maybe you'd be interested. . . . You see we—well, we're just working girls and we threw up our jobs to come here . . . we thought there'd be a chance for Marie to star in the movies. . . . Why, even the hotel bill here is more than— But now she's run off, and I'm afraid she'll kill herself, or something. I know where she is: that is, I know how I could find her . . . what I'm trying to say is, Karber's Bright Lights is in town, and you're a big man, and they'd listen to you, and I thought maybe you might get them to give her a job in the Bright Lights and then there'd be money enough and she'd be getting somewhere and—" Her breath gave out at this point. And the tears became real.

THE colonel rested a paternal arm about her shoulders. "I am greatly interested, my dear. Suppose we have dinner together and talk the situation over. That is, if you have no other engagement."

"Why, no," said Helen, brightening. "I . . . I think I'm free."

Over at the theatre the rehearsal had gone on and on, right up to the moment of setting the stage for the evening. Joe Kerstow slipped over to the hotel for a bite and a change of clothing. He took the elevator. The upstairs corridors were long and twisting and softly carpeted.

He stopped short. Sam, with what appeared to be a tailor's box under his arm, stood crouching outside his own door, talking in a low, whining voice. . . . "Just unlock the door a minute, dearie! I got something for you! Something you like! Open the door!" . . . A feminine voice replied. It was difficult to catch the words. Unsmiling, Kerstow went on. His room was directly opposite. Funny thing, Sam's suitcases and bag lay there in the corridor by his own door.

Kerstow didn't speak. And Sam's self-absorption was so deep that he didn't hear until the key turned in the lock. Then jumped, paling.

The girl was (Continued on page 46)

P. G.

Wodehouse

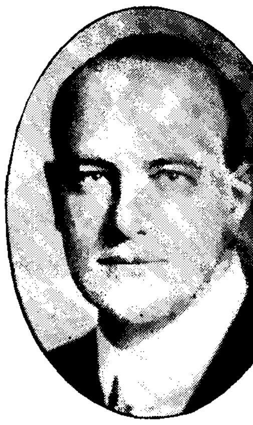
dumfounds

a critic

with a few

well-chosen words

about



## Summer Lightning

*his new novel which*
*begins in next week's Collier's*

A CERTAIN critic—for even in America, full though it is from end to end of the noblest human beings, such men, I regret to say, do exist—made the nasty crack about my last novel that it contained "all the old Wodehouse characters under different names." He has probably by now been eaten by bears, like the children who razzed the prophet Elisha; but if he still survives he will not be able to make a similar charge against my present story. With my superior intelligence I have outgeneraled the man this time by putting in all the old Wodehouse characters under the *same* names. Pretty silly it will make him feel, I rather fancy. This story is a sort of old home week. Hugo Carmody and Ronnie Fish are from Money for Nothing. Pilbeam was in Bill the Conqueror. And the rest of them—Lord Emsworth, the efficient Baxter and the others—have done their bit before in Something New and Leave It to Psmith. Even Empress of Blandings, that preëminent pig, is coming up for the second time, having made her début in a short story called "Pig-hoo-oo-ey!" The fact is I cannot tear myself away from Blandings Castle. The place fascinates me. I am always popping up to Shropshire and looking in there to hear the latest news, and there always seems to be something to interest me. It is in the hope that it will also interest the readers of Collier's Weekly that I have jotted down the bit of gossip from the old place which I have called Summer Lightning. Stop me if you have heard it before.—P. G. WODEHOUSE

# Wings of Destiny

## By George Weston

*The Story Thus Far:*

MILLARD DELAVAN, of German descent, the son of an actor who committed suicide because of a love affair with a Mrs. Van Deusen, is dismissed from the United States air force on the charge, made by Captain Lastry, of striking a superior officer and of cheating at cards.

Major Henrichs, thinking the charge absurd, befriends the boy and introduces him to his brother, Judge Henrichs, who is scheduled to be sent to Switzerland as head of the United States Intelligence there. The Judge offers Mill the job of preceding him abroad and doing some advance work.

Mill meets at Judge Henrichs' home Joyce, niece of the aforementioned Mrs. Van Deusen, and Baroness Mitzi von Seidler, a German agent, who is also sailing for work in Europe.

In Switzerland Mill—thinking to gain information for the Judge—gets an appointment to the German Intelligence service. He is sent to Paris, where he and Mitzi work together.

Joyce, in Paris with the Red Cross, realizes that Mitzi is a spy and suspects Dell. She is unhappy over it because she and Dell are in love with each other.

Morin, a British major from whom Mitzi expects to gain important information, suspects Dell and, not believing him when he pretends to be going to investigate an American sector, asks to be taken for an airplane ride.

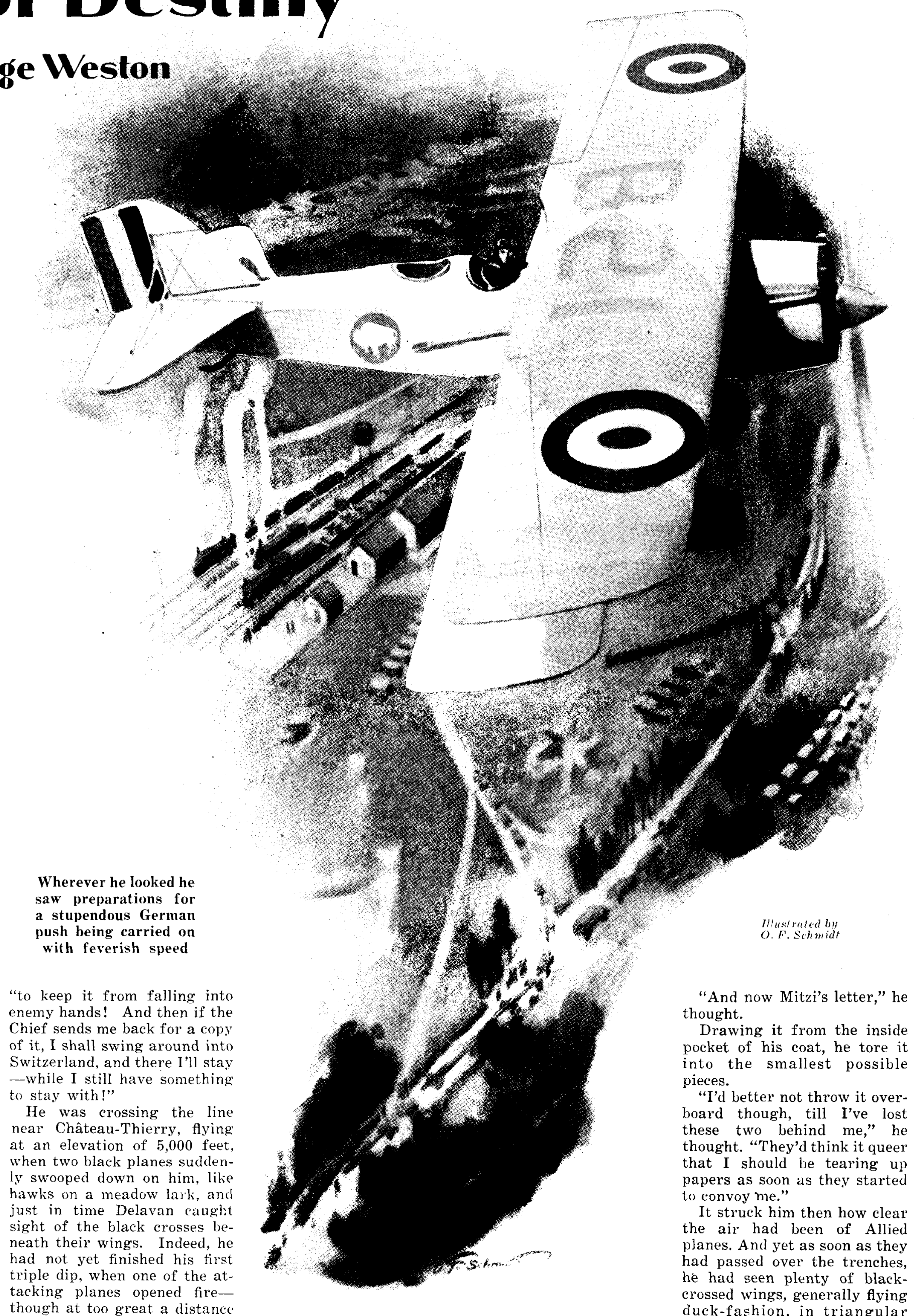
Dell and his sergeant, really on their way to Charleville, the Chief's headquarters, take Morin up, the sergeant knocks him senseless and Dell takes him to Charleville, prisoner. This will keep him from Mitzi and thus foil Mitzi's work without casting suspicion on Dell with the Chief.

Dell, dressed as Lieutenant Anderson, an American, is sent to Meaux, from where he is to bring back important information which Mitzi is securing from a French officer named Jouarre.

Joyce also turns up at Meaux much to Dell's consternation and much to Joyce's sorrow because she can find no explanation for Dell's disguise—except that he must be a German spy.

When Dell gets the packet of information from Mitzi he makes her promise to stay in her room so that Joyce will not see her.

Just after Dell's departure Captain Lastry arrives looking for red-headed Lieutenant Anderson and when he finds out that the young man going under that name has black hair he sets himself to question Joyce.



**Wherever he looked he saw preparations for a stupendous German push being carried on with feverish speed**

*Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt*

### XI

IN THE meantime, all unconscious, Delavan had reached the landing field on the other side of the river. A number of additional planes, three French and one British, were now parked there—two with mechanics working on them. So after Dell had warmed his engine he had no trouble in getting the Humming Bird rolled out to the runway and headed parallel with the river. In this direction was nearly half a mile of level, closely mown meadow, and with a cheerful "All right, *merci beaucoup*," he gradually opened his throttle and first the field, and then the river, and then the city of Meaux itself dropped gracefully beneath him, swaying slightly as they fell.

"I'll circle toward Paris first," he thought. "It would look too raw if I made straight for the German lines."

Not only that, but it would give him time to map a course in more ways than one.

The failure of Washington to confirm Judge Henrichs' appointment—this left him dangerously in the air—again in more ways than one.

If captured by the Allies while masquerading as one of their officers, he could no longer claim that he was on the Judge's staff—for obviously the Judge had neither staff, nor the authority to appoint one.

While, on the other side of the trenches, if the Germans discovered that Delavan, all along, had been playing the game of a modern Nathan Hale... !

WELL out of sight of Meaux, Dell thoughtfully banked the Humming Bird for a half-circle and headed back for the north.

So far as Mitzi's envelope was concerned, his plans were clear enough.

"I shall tear it up," he had thought, "to keep it from falling into enemy hands! And then if the Chief sends me back for a copy of it, I shall swing around into Switzerland, and there I'll stay—while I still have something to stay with!"

He was crossing the line near Château-Thierry, flying at an elevation of 5,000 feet, when two black planes suddenly swooped down on him, like hawks on a meadow lark, and just in time Delavan caught sight of the black crosses beneath their wings. Indeed, he had not yet finished his first triple dip, when one of the attacking planes opened fire—though at too great a distance for accuracy.

Again—once, twice, three times—Delavan hurriedly dipped and raised his nose—but not before a ragged gash had nearly torn off his right wing tip.

"They haven't received instructions about the signal," he thought with a queer choking catch in his throat—that catch which only comes to a man, perhaps, when he suddenly finds himself about to say good-by to all he has ever known. And because there was nothing else to do he started curtsying for the third time—dipping each time so unmistakably that he nearly balanced on his propellor, and rising again till he wasn't far from standing on his tail.

"What?" he asked, miraculously finding his plane still under control. "Did they get it at last?"

THE other two planes had stopped firing, and were now following as though to see what he would do next. To show his good faith, Delavan kept straight on the course that would take him to headquarters. Far ahead and to the right, he thought he once caught a glimpse of the ruins of Rheims.

"And now Mitzi's letter," he thought.

Drawing it from the inside pocket of his coat, he tore it into the smallest possible pieces.

"I'd better not throw it overboard though, till I've lost these two behind me," he thought. "They'd think it queer that I should be tearing up papers as soon as they started to convoy me."

It struck him then how clear the air had been of Allied planes. And yet as soon as they had passed over the trenches, he had seen plenty of black-crossed wings, generally flying duck-fashion, in triangular groups of threes.

"They've brought one of their crack flying units here," he thought. "It's a good thing I have my escort or I wouldn't get far through a fleet of ships like this!"

He glanced down to see if he could spot their landing field, and the first thing that caught his eye was the freight station at Dormans, surrounded by an army of toy trucks and human insects.

The roads from the station to the front, spreading out like the bent sticks of a broken fan, were also teeming with restless movement.

He crossed a strip of forest land; and in among the trees Delavan caught sight of splotches of freshly turned earth and white concrete, of tractors laboriously dragging strange-looking objects which in the distance looked like carved elephants with outstretched trunks.

"Yes, sir; guns!" he suddenly told himself. "Thousands of them! And there they're making a new road through the trees . . . and there they're building up their ammunition dumps . . . and there they're laying extra tracks by the side of that railway line!"

In fact, wherever he looked, he saw preparations for a stupendous German push—preparations that were being carried on with feverish speed.

"No wonder they're keeping the Allies out of the air," he thought exultingly. "No wonder these two have fastened on me—to make sure where I'm going!"

HE GLANCED over his shoulders. His escorts were grimly following, not more than fifty yards behind, one upon his right quarter and one upon his left. And although he couldn't see them, Delavan knew that they both were ready and willing to demonstrate their lethal power at a moment's notice.

Even to a young man in pursuit of adventure, unskilled in strategy as he was, the meaning of the scene below was as clear as though printed in great white letters on the green carpet of earth.

"They're going to widen the salient below Rheims," he told himself, "and then they'll gamble everything on one last thrust for Paris. Château-Thierry is only forty miles from Paris; and if they can once advance within heavy artillery distance, they've got it! To protect their capital, the French would draw in their troops all along the line; and the Germans could take the Channel ports, or 'most anything else they wanted. No, sir," he continued with growing excitement, "I don't blame the Germans for keeping the air clear of observation ships! If they could get to Paris, this war would probably end right then and there! The French have suffered enough already without seeing their finest city blown to pieces!"

Below, the countryside had grown more normal. They had left the war zone, and although now and then they passed a crooked, broken line of snake-tracks and barbed wire, writhing among the hills and the woods, the tracks were empty.

"One last thrust for Paris," muttered Delavan. "And they're getting ready to spring it as a surprise. . . !"

It was nearly three o'clock when Dell reached the flying field at Charleville.

"Well?" eagerly demanded Herr Hauptmann, as soon as Dell entered his office. "Have you any news?"

"I had some," said the tall young man on the other side of his desk, speaking with frowning regret, "but, expecting to be shot down on the Allies' side of the line, I tore the letter to pieces and threw it away."

With two reservations, he told his story. He didn't tell, for instance, that he had thrown away the pieces of Mitzi's letter since landing at Charleville. And he made no mention of the fact that he had seen preparations for a new German offensive between Château-Thierry and Rheims.

"You did wisely," nodded the Chief. "Who wrote the report, do you know?" he asked after a thoughtful silence.

"Baroness von Seidler."

"I thought so. And she is still at Meaux?"

"She was when I left."

"Then you shall go back and fetch her. You can be back before dark and so no time will be lost. . . ."

"Yes, sir," said Delavan, quietly enough.

"I MAY not be able to see you when you return," continued the Chief. "So I will give you the rest of your instructions now. Tomorrow morning you will return to Meaux and stay there as long as Trebizon may need you. And in going and coming you will cross the line at Soissons. I will have an escort meet you as you approach the trenches, both going and coming."

"Yes, sir," said Delavan, as quietly as before.

Again there was a thoughtful pause.

"Where did you cross the line today?" the Chief suddenly asked.

"I was being chased at the time," said Dell—careful, for one thing, because of the change in the other's voice and manner. "So I can't tell you exactly where it was."

The Chief smiled—a somewhat strained smile—and down in Delavan's consciousness a bell of warning started ringing.

"But tell me," continued the Chief, "—I get out so little myself—did you notice anything unusual on either side of the line?

Again the bell of warning rang—more loudly, more insistently.

"No-no," said Delavan, as though considering. "I noticed a lot of activity around Soissons, but other than that—nothing, I should say, worth telling you."

It seemed to him that the Chief looked relieved.

"Around Soissons, yes," he said. "But I wish you could see what is going on about Ypres. We are massing there for our final attack to gain the Channel. Every possible man. Every possible gun. Sixty-four complete divisions, including the famous Fighting Fifth and Hindenburg's own Twenty-second. . . . Something like a push!"

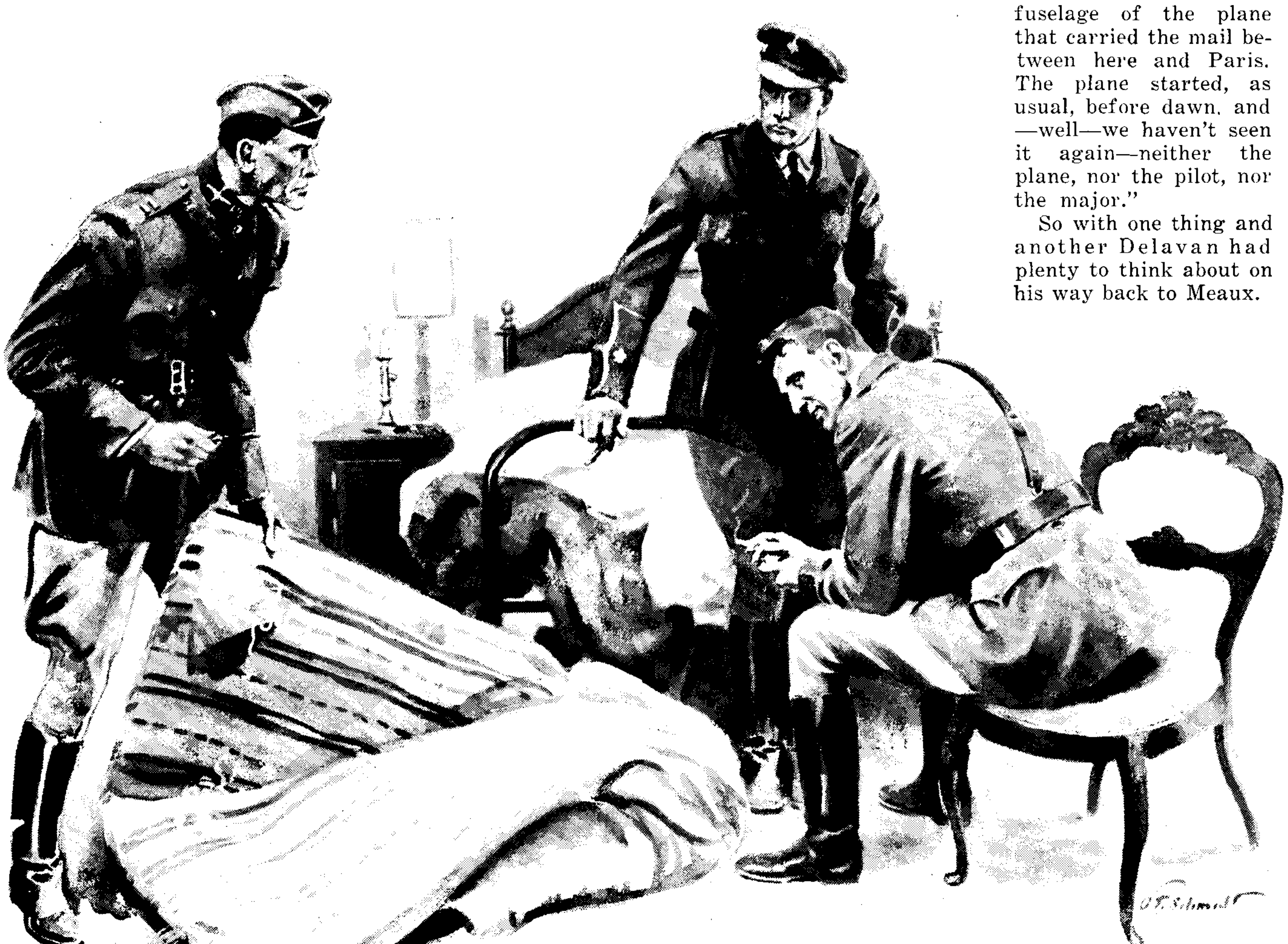
As Delavan was leaving, the Chief spoke up again as though he had just thought of something else.

"Oh, I nearly forgot," he said. "Your major escaped—the one you wanted me to treat with such civility. I don't think he was very polite himself—the way he left us."

"Escaped?" repeated Dell, wondering if the word concealed another meaning. "And—you didn't catch him again?"

"No," said the Chief with a touch of ruefulness. "And I don't think we shall. He was missing the morning after you brought him here. We think now that he hid himself in the fuselage of the plane that carried the mail between here and Paris. The plane started, as usual, before dawn, and—well—we haven't seen it again—neither the plane, nor the pilot, nor the major."

So with one thing and another Delavan had plenty to think about on his way back to Meaux.



The fourth corner of the mattress was opened but no papers were forthcoming. "Know any more good jokes?" Lastry demanded

As for Mitzi, again his course was clear.

"I shan't bring her," he thought.

And yet, if he didn't bring her, wouldn't this be the end of his career with the Chief?

"No," he told himself. "I can always develop engine trouble. But one thing sure—I'm not going to deliver Mitzi to Charleville, any more than I delivered her note."

He found himself frowning. But when his thoughts turned to Major Morin's escape it wasn't long before his frown disappeared.

"I'll bet that's how he did it," he thought, "—hid in the fuselage, and of course the sergeant never dreamed of anyone being there. I'd like to have seen his expression when the major hopped out after him in Paris and took him under arrest. . . !

"But if Mitzi had written the major before she left Paris, telling him she was going to Meaux," continued Delavan, his smile gradually leaving him, "that wouldn't be so good. And in any event the major was on Haig's staff. He might easily follow Haig to Meaux, even if he didn't follow Mitzi. . . !

BUT more important than either Mitzi or the major were the preparations for the great offensive which he had seen southeast of Rheims.

"If the Chief had thought I'd seen them," he told himself, "he wouldn't have sent me back. That shows again how important they are—that, and the way in which he tried to sidetrack me to Ypres. But how—or to whom—I'm to tell what I've seen. . . !"

His first thought was to try to reach General Pershing.

"Yes," was his next bitter reflection, "and when they ask my name and unit, what then? How could I explain Anderson's uniform? They'd soon find that Anderson dropped on the wrong side of the trenches. And then they'd either think that I was a stool pigeon for the Germans, trying to pull wool over their eyes with this tale of a false offensive—or they'd just naturally shoot me out of hand!"

And if he went to an English officer, he would probably be turned over to the American staff. "Pardon me; you're American, aren't you? I thought so, from your accent. Oh, quite. I think you'd better see one of your own officers, don't you? Wait; I'll take you." And then, a few minutes later, "Your name, please, and what the devil are you doing here in Meaux all on your own, like this?"

"If Judge Henrichs were only here!" he half groaned to himself once. But if they wouldn't believe the loyalty of the Judge, what would they believe from Millard Delavan if he told them that he had been working for the German Secret Service, masquerading under the name and uniform of an American officer who had been shot down back of the enemy's lines?

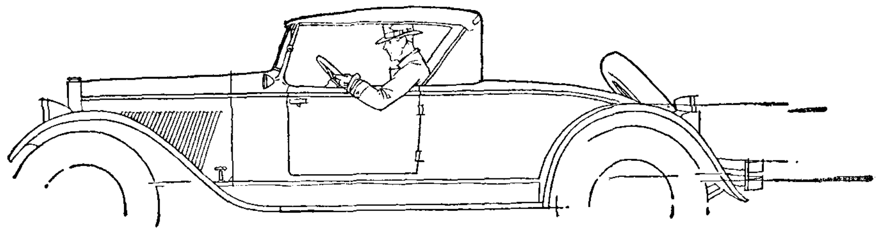
"'Eyes, look your last!'" muttered Delavan. "'Arms, take your last embrace!'"

For some vague reason, the picture of Foch arose to his mind—Foch as Delavan had seen him being driven past the Tête-de-Bœuf—an alert old priest of Mars with a hawk-like nose and the eyes of a dreamer.

"*He* might believe me," he thought. "'The selfsame Heaven that frowns on me looks sadly on him, too.' But even he might not believe me if he knew that I had been thrown out of the army for cheating at cards—"

With that damning circumstance left out, the story wouldn't be so bad. *(Continued on page 50)*

# 30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile—



# probably $150 less expense for repairs and carbon removal the first two years

# 10% to 30% more power—

# with the

# New Mobiloil in your engine!

If the above figures about the New Mobiloil seem like superlative claims, you may be assured that the records on which they are based are even more startling.

For example: Through use of the New Mobiloil, we definitely offer you 10% to 30% more power than other oils generally sold for the same motor. Our tests have usually bettered the higher figure by a considerable margin.

"30,000 miles with the first-year feel in every mile"—may seem excessive to you. Actually, the New Mobiloil has preserved the first-year feel in many engines for more than twice this distance.

We suggest that consistent use of the New Mobiloil, plus reasonable care of your engine, will save you probably $150 a year in repair bills. Our test cars have required *no* major engine repairs or adjustments during test periods comparatively longer than an average year's running.

Finally, we have established in thousands of miles of running tests on speedways, highways and dirt roads, that the New Mobiloil stands up better and consumes more slowly at high speed than other oils—and it is now an accepted engineering fact that the oil which lasts longest and stands up best at high speed also lubricates best at any speed.

Drain and refill regularly with the New Mobiloil, and the assurances we have published here should quickly begin to demonstrate their soundness *right in your own engine.*

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# Mobiloil

# Sitting Pretty

## By Ruth F. Wadsworth M.D.

*Position in life is everything—physically as well as socially—so Doctor Wadsworth gives a few hints on how best to use your chin, chest, and spine in the pursuit of health, beauty or what do you want?*

WHAT civilization has done to the human musculature is a sad story. We are, most of us, living the life of Greek philosophers, physically, and at the same time longing for the physique of Greek athletes. Except for the few years when we are in school, and taking part in school athletics, our longing is hard to satisfy: Only the exceptional man or woman keeps, as we say, "in training" throughout the long period from maturity to old age.

Most persons are well satisfied if they do not develop unsightly lumps and humps of fat; and if they keep their backs reasonably straight, and their legs reasonably symmetrical—neither too fat nor too thin.

It is rare to find a civilized being either aware of the fact that he is soft, or ashamed of it. And yet the average human being of today *is* soft, as he finds to his dismay if he has an unexpected mountain to climb, or a train to catch, or an overturned canoe to cling to; or if he meets with any of the minor emergencies which may, still, overtake pampered mankind.

How soft human beings really have become was brought home to me once when I was making a lot of routine physical examinations. A woman of indeterminate age was brought to me. After examining her eyes and ears and other parts of her head I started on her heart.

"Now run in place for about ten steps," I said.

She looked at me in hostile amazement. "I never do that," she said coldly.

"No, I don't suppose you do, as a rule," I said. "But I want you to get a little exercise to see what effect it has on your pulse."

She drew herself up haughtily. "I *never* exercise," she announced.

And I found not only that there was no organic excuse for her inactivity but that she was not yet forty years old. She was not ashamed of her senile habits, and probably felt that she was very much in style.

Among working women and girls her type is fortunately rare, but in the class where there is enough money to keep the women at home and yet not enough to provide them with the more expensive leisure occupations such as golf and tennis and swimming, her type is very common.

### Most of Us Are Ostriches

Among men, the day laborer keeps in training perforce, and the more highly paid workers generally belong to some country club where they get intermittent exercise, but the mass of office workers use no more muscles, habitually, than are necessary to walk them about in the office, take them up an occasional flight of stairs, sit them down in chairs and get them up again, and let them reach the files. The muscles of the hand and forearm may be highly developed, but use of the hand and forearm constitutes very unexciting and unexhilarating exercise.

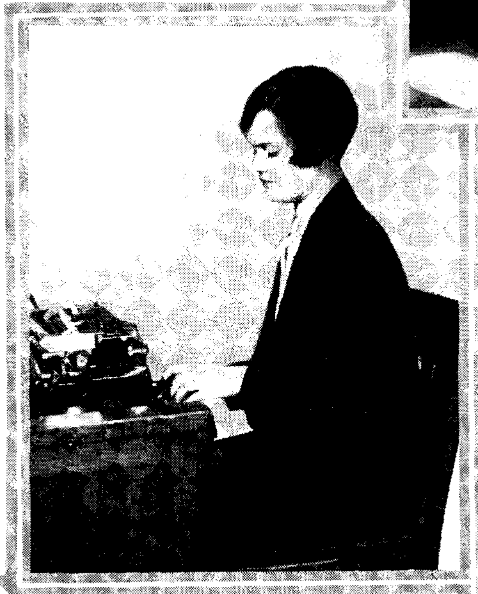
The average person worries about the fact that his muscles are soft, only when it touches his vanity: when he finds that disuse of his muscles has made him an unsightly object. Even then he is likely to blame his unsightliness on posture. He will say—"I sit at a desk too much: I am getting stoop-shouldered," or "I must be getting old—I am getting a bay-window."

Most of us are such ostriches that we will shudder at the shape of another person on the beach in a bathing suit, and ignore our own emaciated or rotund legs, our own prominent shoulder blades and sagging abdomens. At most we will say—"I wish *I* could wear a one-piece bathing suit like that lovely girl, but I haven't the figure for it," as if our figure were a God-given asset, about which we had no choice or influence. It would pay us to remember that God gave us a complete and perfect set of muscles, with a purpose for each. He leaves the upkeep, the development and the continued use to us. Our figures—barring occasional accidents of congenital disproportion, such as legs and arms a shade too long, a thorax too short or too long, a head too large or too small, and hands and feet larger than necessary—are a direct result of the way we use our muscles.

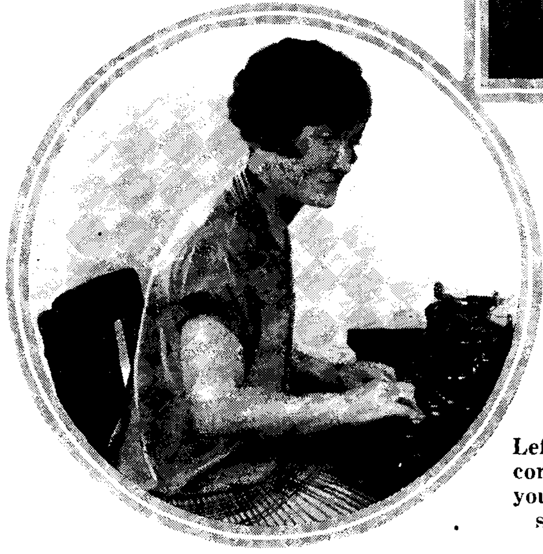
There are two ways of looking at the matter of posture: from the standpoint of efficiency and health; or from the standpoint of beauty. If we look at it from the efficiency angle, no one can afford to disregard his posture. If we look at it from the angle of beauty, we can take posture or leave it to the young and vain.

Time was, and not so long ago, when the two points of view, especially for women, were irreconcilable. Beauty in posture was not efficiency—it was style. A woman to be beautiful and fashionable must (*Continued on page 48*)

Marilyn Miller's beautiful and graceful dancing would presuppose this natural and easy standing posture

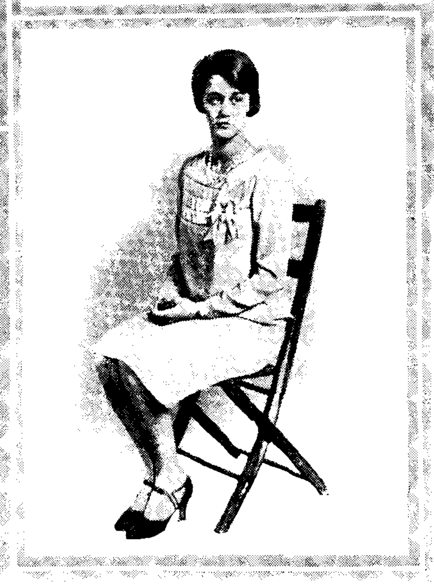


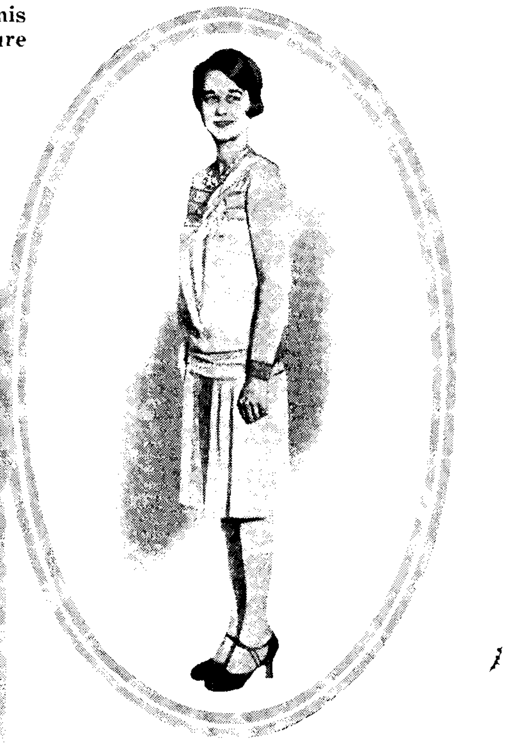
Above: If you do much typing try to emulate this way of sitting. Then you won't grow so weary



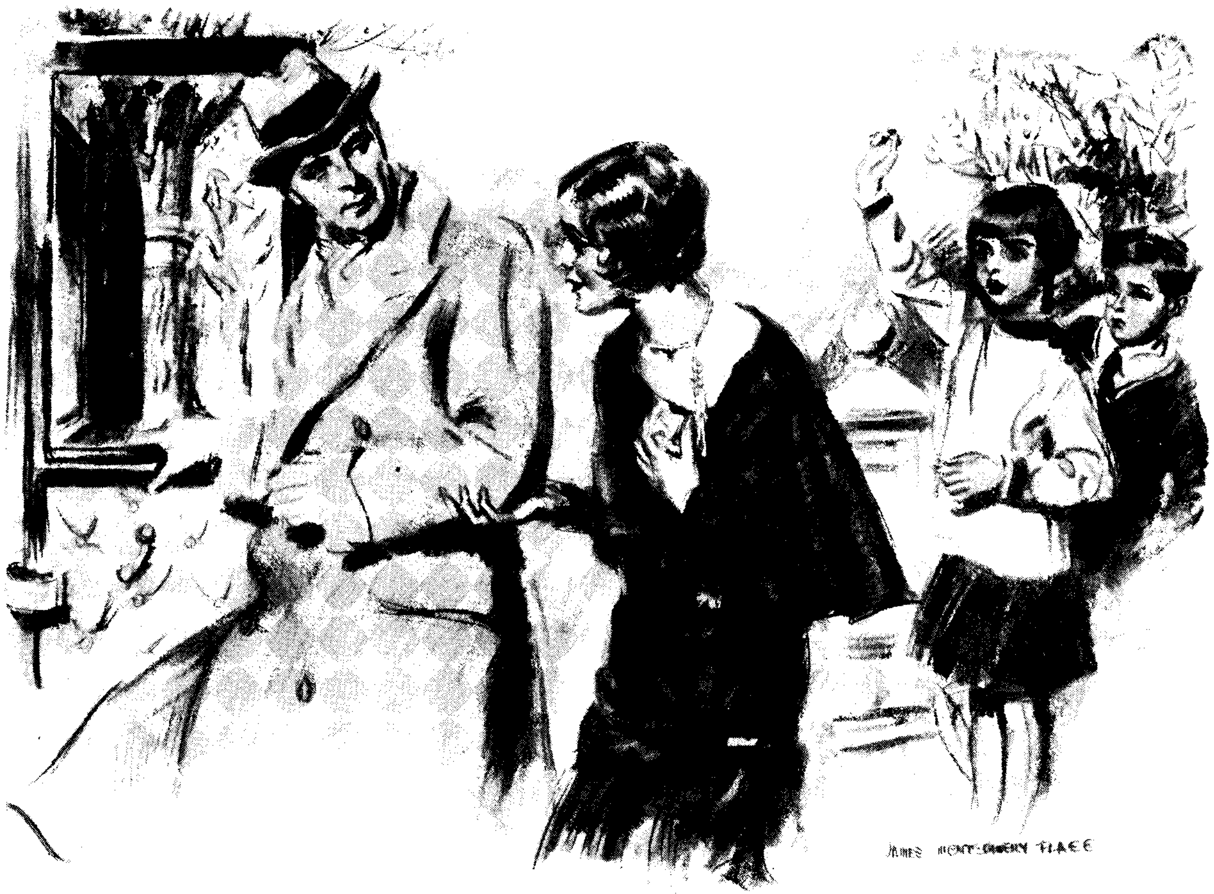
Left: This is the incorrect way to sit when you type and you will soon suffer from it

Below: Cynthia Walker here shows the correct way to sit so that you are easy and comfortable even in such a chair





Cynthia Walker when she was a junior at Barnard College won a prize for correct standing which comes natural to her



© 1929 M. L. I. CO.

# The "Left-behinds"

A SHORT time ago a promising young business man, happily married and the father of two children, one seven and one nine, showed unmistakable signs of failing health. His doctor suspected the cause at once. A searching examination confirmed the doctor's suspicions. Tuberculosis. He was ordered to give up his business immediately and go to a sanatorium for proper treatment and care.

An uncle of the young man was greatly shocked when he heard the report. It didn't seem possible that it could be true. He asked for the evidence. They handed him x-ray photographs which showed that his nephew's lungs were seriously affected. The uncle asked permission to show the photographs to his own doctor.

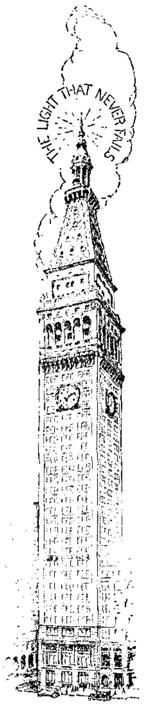
When that doctor saw the photographs he said, "The right thing was done. Your nephew will probably get well. Now, what have you done for the man's family, especially the children? Have they been examined? You have no time to lose. While tuberculosis may not have made any serious inroads on their health as yet, it is hardly conceivable that his wife and children are entirely free from infection. An appearance of ruddy health does not exclude the possibility of tuberculosis."

Every child who at any age has had prolonged exposure to tuberculosis should have an immediate, thorough physical examination, especially including the tuberculin tests and x-ray photographs, to determine whether or not active or latent disease is present. While tuberculosis usually attacks the lungs, it may attack any part of the body—eyes, nose, throat, glands, joints, bones or vital organs.

It is now believed that many cases of tuberculosis in adults are the direct result of infection in childhood. The germs may have been taken into the body when the person was very young and have remained dormant for many years.

Boys and girls who are apparently healthy may have latent tuberculosis; without a sign of infection—no cough, no loss of weight, good color. But years later, when some extra strain is put upon the body, the symptoms appear—loss of weight, persistent cough, "indigestion" and fatigue.

When every child is properly fortified against the ravages of tuberculosis, the final victory over this deadly enemy will be in sight.


THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

This year there will be a great forward step in the battle against tuberculosis. Efforts will be made to protect "the others"—the family and friends of the stricken person—even *before* the signs of tuberculosis show themselves, but while the disease may be latent.

Organizations for the prevention of tuberculosis—national, state and local—will warn people of the infection which may follow living in the same household or associating with one who has tuberculosis. Their action-inspiring slogan, "Early discovery—Early recovery," will be displayed on billboards, car cards and banners all over the country.

By checking tuberculosis in its earliest stages, before the germs have had time to destroy bone or tissue, tens of thousands of lives can be saved. Send for the Metropolitan's booklet, 49-C—"Tuberculosis". It will be mailed free on request.

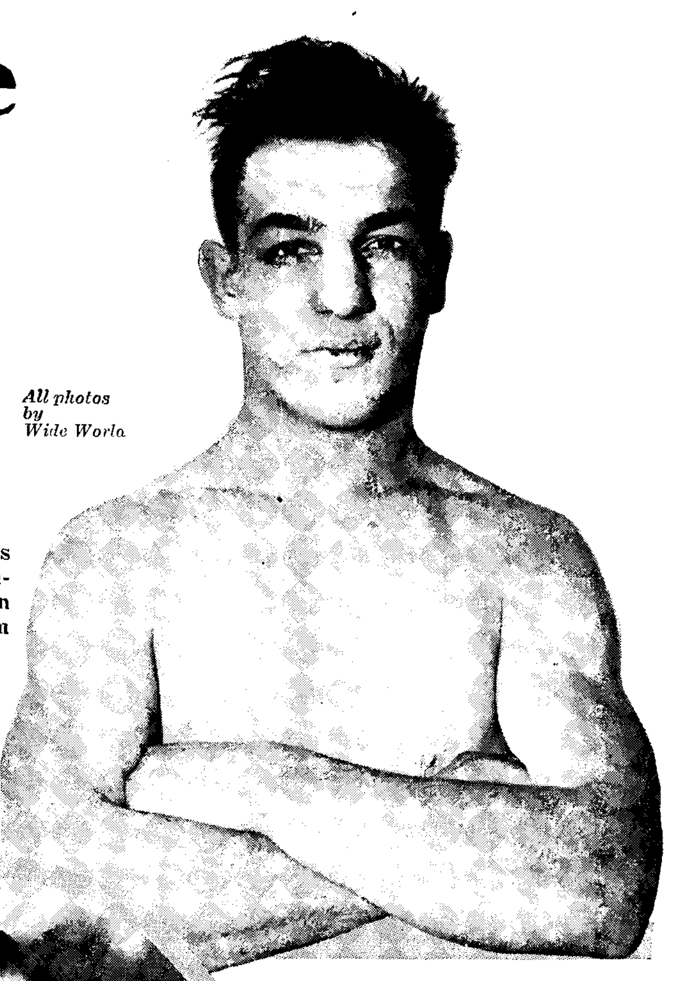
## METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

***Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year***

# It's in the Balance

## By Grantland Rice

***Take a look at a tight-rope walker and learn something that will help your golf or tennis. Whatever the sport, it's how you place your weight that counts***



All photos by Wide World

**Paul Berlenbach was a great fighter until an operation on an ear deprived him of balance-sense**

ONLY a short while ago Paul Berlenbach was king of the light heavyweights and more than willing to take them all on every other week. He was taking his share of punishment, but the battering wasn't exceptionally rough. Then at the age of twenty-six, when he should have been at the peak of his prime, he collapsed as suddenly as a toy balloon dropped on a pin point. He was supposed to be punch drunk, but there was another reason.

Berlenbach, one of the gamest of all the crowd, had been afflicted with bad ears most of his life. Partial deafness had been cured for some years but later another form of ear trouble developed and an operation was necessary.

It so happens that the ears have two jobs to handle. One is to provide hearing. The other to provide balance.

### Motion Under Control

The necessary operation on one of Berlenbach's ears left him floundering.

He would duck into punches in place of ducking out of range. Good balance must be instinctive in competition and he had no instinctive balance left. So second raters began to beat him up, though he was still a husky young fellow of twenty-six or seven who should have been at his best.

Few understand the true meaning of balance or its importance. To any number of combatants and non-combatants, a post stuck in the ground seems perfectly balanced. Yet it isn't balanced at all. Balance is motion under control. A tight-rope walker keeps his balance by letting his body sway in perfect rhythm, not by walking stiffly along the rope.

Weight-balancing was the secret of Carpentier's one dangerous blow

A short while ago I was watching a ball player who was afflicted with the old habit of stepping away from the ball as he swung.

"He seems to have plenty of nerve," his manager remarked, "until he comes to bat. Then I can't get him to step into the ball as it comes up. He says he isn't afraid of getting hit, but I can't figure any other reason."

Yet after watching this batter for a short while one could see the answer. It was all a matter of incorrect balance. He kept most of his weight on his left foot and his left leg. The weight was too far forward when he started to hit. There were only two things he could do then. One was to fall forward on his face and the other was to shift his left foot back and out. Try to step forward on your left foot with your weight on the left foot and see what happens.

A little while later on I happened to be watching Babe Ruth and Hornsby. Here are two masters of balance. Being a left-handed hitter, Ruth lets his weight flow back to the left foot before he starts the big clout. He is then in position to step into the ball with his weight moving forward to the right foot. Hornsby lets his weight swing back to the right foot before he starts the bat forward and he is then all set to step into one with the weight naturally shifting to the left foot as he swings.

Stepping away from the ball is a common baseball fault. But quite often it has nothing to do with lack of nerve at the plate. It is caused by an incorrect disposition of the weight through the swing. The hitter who keeps his weight too far forward just as he starts to swing has no chance to be a good hitter. He has no chance to step into the ball as he should do.

### The Secret of Rhythm

This matter of foot and body balance has even greater effect upon the golf swing. Any number of golfers will tell you they can't keep from falling back as they hit the ball. The reason is simple enough. If the weight is on the left foot at the top of the swing it must either come back to the right foot at the finish or the golfer must take a nose dive and land on his clammy forehead. There is no other way out. There is motion, so the weight must shift somewhere. And if the weight is all wrong at the top of the swing it will be all wrong at the finish.

"The important thing," says Bobby Jones, one of the keenest of all the diagnosticians, "is that all motion of body, arms and club is in the direction of the ball, and no part of the mechanism of the swing remains in position to oppose the power of the whole. That, to my mind, is the secret of a rhythmic swing."

**Big Bill Tilden maintains perfect poise through any tennis return**

I asked Jack Dempsey what he considered the secret of balance in punching. Only it isn't any part of a secret.

"If I am punching with my left hand" (his best punch), "my weight is back on my left foot as I start the wallop," he said. "If my weight is on my right foot I can punch with the right hand, but not the left. The weight must be back of the punch and then go with it. You can't have your weight ahead of the sock and have any steam left. I know a lot of them do and that is one of the reasons why there are so few hard punchers. They have the physical make-up, they are big enough and strong enough, but most of them don't know anything about foot balance or body balance. They don't know how to use their weight in the right way."

Carpentier had one dangerous punch where he seemed to jump forward, almost leaving his feet as he threw a right hand at an opponent's chin. He could never have gotten any steam into the blow if his weight had not been balanced back of the leap or jump.

A few days ago I happened to be watching a series of tennis matches where the class of the players was far from the top. None of them knew anything about footwork or balance on the court. They would rush to the ball and find themselves with the body weight on the wrong leg as they swung a racket, and the result could only be one thing: lack of power and lack of control.

Watching Tilden, you will always see him perfectly balanced for any return he can reach.

This may not be true of certain desperate recoveries where he must hit from any position he may happen to hold at the half-second of time. But if there is any possible chance you will see Tilden coming up with his weight back on the right leg as he swings his racket so that his body motion can go forward with the forward blow.

This matter of balance to many thousands or millions now playing some game may seem to be an unimportant detail. It is one of the most important of all the fundamentals governing form. Without it there can be no correct form, nor anything approaching it. Body weight must work in harmony with hands and arms, with bat, club, racket or fist, or else the body is working against them.

### Playing Against Oneself

This incorrect action not only wrecks any chance of desired results, but it also brings on fatigue and tension and a complete weariness of worn-out nerves. It means the player is working against himself even harder than he is working against his opponent.

Let him or let her develop the habit of keeping the weight back so that it may move forward with the action of the forward blow.

Any competitor can work out this principle to his own satisfaction, if he will only give it some thought and practice. He will find that he can't start with the weight of his body on the wrong foot and have either power or control left, no matter what the game.

The principles of good balance are the foundations of form, the most important fundamentals in sport, and the least understood and applied.

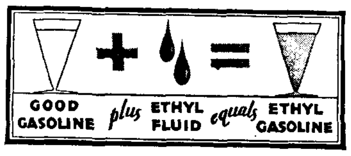
# "Try our gasoline with Ethyl in it"

YOUR FAVORITE GASOLINE
YOUR FAVORITE GASOLINE

© E.G.C.1929

"OUR gasoline is the best you can buy," says the filling station man. "But even the best gasoline is better with Ethyl in it."

This pump man—and thousands like him—knows what he is talking about. Ethyl is the anti-knock fluid developed by automotive research to prevent gasoline from "knocking" and losing power as an engine's compression is automatically raised by carbon formation or mechanical design.



Knocks out that "knock"

Higher compression—without "knock"—means greater power; and leading oil companies now are mixing Ethyl fluid (containing tetraethyl lead) with their good gasoline to eliminate the "knock," and make it possible to take advantage of this greater power.

You may be sure of real value for the extra pennies when you buy Ethyl Gasoline. Value in the extra pull, quicker pickup, better control in emergencies, less shifting—not to speak of the economy of lessened engine wear and tear and of more power from each gallon of fuel.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION
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ETHYL
GASOLINE

### By David M. Newell

*A Short Short Story*

# Tied down by a Woman

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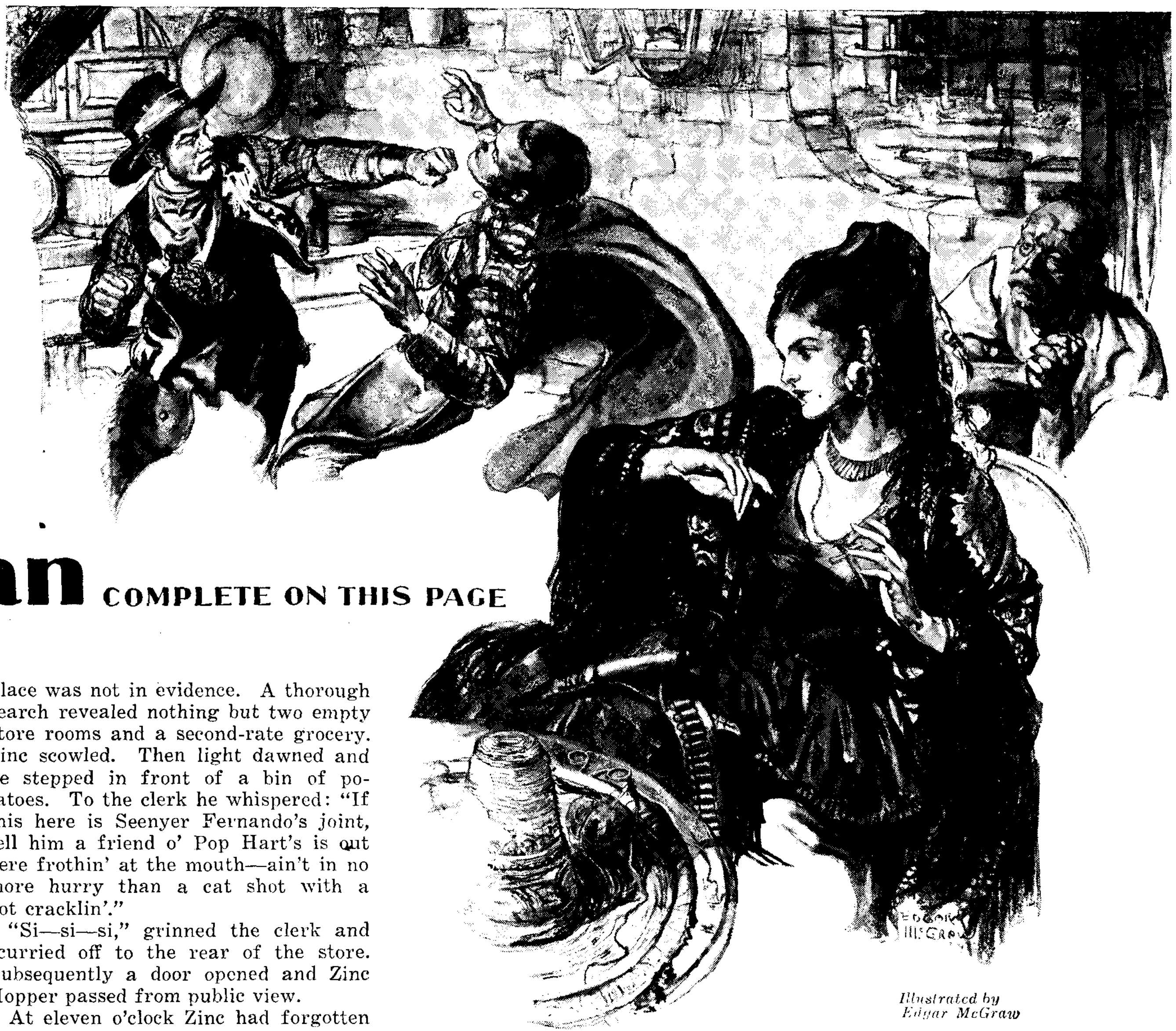

*Illustrated by Edgar McGraw*

The big man never knew what hit him

ZINC HOPPER had the reputation of being a hard man to hurt. Numerous ill-natured broncs had done their best; various enraged and terrified steers had fallen upon him; on at least three occasions certain exasperated citizens had shot him up. All had met with rather indifferent success. Zinc still maintained a fairly presentable physiognomy, a pair of cast-iron hands—equally fast in fist fight or gun play—and a set of insides with an astounding ability to withstand the ravages of any and all kinds of liquor. Hence the "Zinc."

Mr. Hopper had never married, albeit he confessed a weakness for red-headed women. Some of his friends in Gila County knew that Zinc had once had an affair back in Texas, but he never spoke much of it more than to remark:

"I ain't the sort of a feller to travel in double harness—like to ramble too much—an' I jes' *won't* be tied down by a woman."

Consequently there was no great amazement at the Circle One when Zinc packed his bed on a mule, threw his saddle on old Bones, and announced that he was "movin' on."

Zinc Hopper rode for five days, and, finding liquor, red-headed women and fights all of equal scarcity, decided to ride six days. Late in the evening he arrived at Los Dos Conejos, and put up at the Hotel Majestic—five rooms and a bath. The proprietor, a dirty, shifty-eyed little man, sent a boy to care for old Bones and the mule.

"Chuck?" he asked.

"Ain't hungry," replied Zinc. "I've rode a long way an' I crave a couple o' good snorts afore I eat."

"Down Main Street six blocks an' one block to the right," whispered the proprietor. "Name's Fernando Hilario Rubio de Albizu. Tell him Pop Hart sent you, an' better take your pot iron along. This here's a right tough town on a Saturday night."

ZINC HOPPER winked solemnly, hitched his gun belt, and went clanking down the steps.

Los Dos Conejos is tucked away in a far corner of New Mexico. Its population is made up of miners, unemployed cow punchers, Mexicans, Pueblo Indians, and other people. It did not take Zinc Hopper long to realize that Los Dos Conejos was no place for a stranger with an inferiority complex. For no articular reason he grinned and tipped big hat just a little farther over one

nando Hilario Rubio de Albizu's place was not in evidence. A thorough search revealed nothing but two empty store rooms and a second-rate grocery. Zinc scowled. Then light dawned and he stepped in front of a bin of potatoes. To the clerk he whispered: "If this here is Seenyer Fernando's joint, tell him a friend o' Pop Hart's is out here frothin' at the mouth—ain't in no more hurry than a cat shot with a hot cracklin'."

"Si—si—si," grinned the clerk and scurried off to the rear of the store. Subsequently a door opened and Zinc Hopper passed from public view.

At eleven o'clock Zinc had forgotten that there was such a thing as food. Across the room a red-haired girl sat alone at her table. Zinc poured another drink and leaned back to watch her. A mist gathered in his eyes. She was sewing—embroidering a piece of buckskin with some scarlet thread—and Zinc almost sobbed aloud at the thought of having a little woman to sit forever with him, sewing—embroidering red patterns on his chaps—angora chaps of red hair—woman with red hair—red thread—

Fortunately the door opened at this point, or Zinc would have dropped off to sleep and this story would not have amounted to a hill of beans. The man who entered stopped a moment, swaying on his feet and taking in the occupants of the room. Then he went directly to the red-haired girl.

Zinc Hopper shook his head and sat erect in his chair. The newcomer was a large man, powerfully built and gaudily dressed. Zinc decided at once that he did not like this hombre ten cents' worth in commissary trade.

When the stranger threw his hat on the girl's table and bent over her, Zinc's cold, squinty eyes narrowed, and one ear began to twitch. Ever since Old Man Sims had put a .38 bullet through the lobe of that ear, it always twitched under excitement! The big man at the girl's table laughed loudly and slapped her on the back.

Very calmly Zinc Hopper got to his feet, and as steadily as if he had not had a drink for ten years. Carefully he looked around the room. Back of the bar Señor Albizu squirmed nervously, apparently trying to work up courage to say something. But for him, Zinc, the big man, and the red-haired girl, the room was empty.

Zinc crossed the room slowly. At the girl's table he stopped and drawled: "Pardner, I don't like your looks a ounce, I don't believe this here young lady likes you. I don't believe old man Whatsisname over there likes you. I don't believe nobody likes you. If you know anybody that does, suppose you hunt him."

The big man cursed and went for his gun. Zinc did not move by so much as the bat of an eye.

"When I came in this joint," he announced, "I checked my hardware with the old gent, same as all folks do where I come from—that is, all folks that ain't crossed up with coyote an' rattlesnake."

Again the big man cursed, and unbuckled his gun belt.

"You impudent runt!" he snarled. "When I get through workin' you over, you'll think there's lots of things worse than bein' shot." He tossed his gun and belt into the girl's lap and charged.

ZINC HOPPER went on one principle when engaged in a fight. This principle was to take what the other fellow had to offer and wait for an opening. Needless to say, Mr. Hopper had taken some terrible beatings in his day. He took one now. But final results are what count, and an opening finally appeared. Zinc's horny fist crashed into the big man's face, and he never knew what hit him. Zinc shook the blood out of his eyes and grinned.

"Short an' sweet," he panted. "Jes' the way I like 'em. If they last too long I nearly always get my nose broke or somethin'." The girl was crying and Señor Albizu was jabbering Mex so fast that it sounded like one word. The man on the floor stirred and sat up, dazed. Finally he rose and buckled on his gun belt, and without a word started for the door. There he stopped.

"The next time we meet—tonight or any other—have your gun on and be ready to shoot!" With that he was gone.

"That man bad man," babbled Albizu. "My daughter she very much afraid of him. Be careful, señor—that man he good shot. We do not like him."

At the Hotel Majestic Zinc leaned across the desk and drawled affably: "Tell that boy to saddle my horse an' pack up the mule. I'm checkin' out—signed up to work with that big ranch down south o' here."

"The Triple O?" queried the proprietor suspiciously.

"Yeh," replied Zinc. "That's where I'm headed—if anybody wants to know."

Zinc tied old Bones and the mule just off Main Street at the edge of town, and began an apparently aimless stroll in the now practically deserted streets of Los Dos Conejos. At fifteen minutes to one o'clock a familiar figure approached, going in the direction of Fernando Hilario Rubio de Albizu's "grocery."

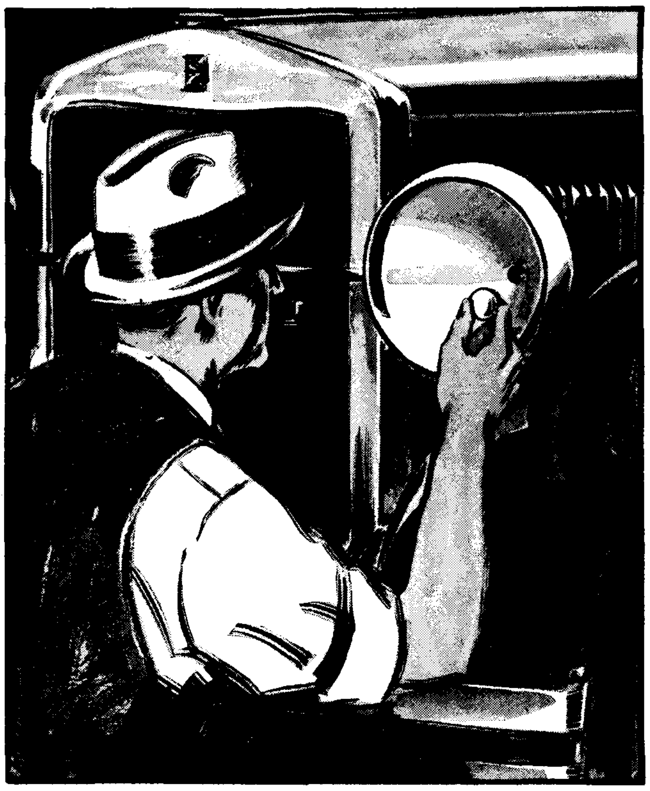
Zinc slowed his pace and leaned slightly forward. Strangely enough, his right ear began to twitch.

"All right, big feller, ain't you close en—"

The taunt was never finished, for the big man went for his gun. Zinc shot twice, the second shot coming so close upon the heels of the first that even the town marshal of Los Dos Conejos is not willing to swear that there *were* two shots. And yet there were two holes in the body!

"Before I head north," muttered Zinc, "I'll shore have to see jes' how bad an hombre this here feller was. From the front he put on, he ought to have a hundred notches on the butt of his gun." Zinc bent over to pull the gun from its holster, but it would not come. Through holster, trigger guard, and back again was stitched a red thread! Tied down!

A moment Zinc stared, and then raced for his horse.



## YOU WON'T REPLACE THIS BURNED OUT BULB WITH A SMALLER ONE

# Are you as careful *in buying a battery?*

You don't do any guessing when you buy bulbs. You follow a definite prescription for *electrical size* (volts and candle-power). You're *careful* to get the right electrical size.

But when it comes to batteries — do you know of the prescription which gives the right electrical size for the particular make and model car you are driving?

There *is* such a prescription. It's just as simple as the one for bulbs . . . and equally reliable. It is the Willard Chart of "Battery Sizes for All Cars," and it hangs on the wall of a Willard dealer in your community.

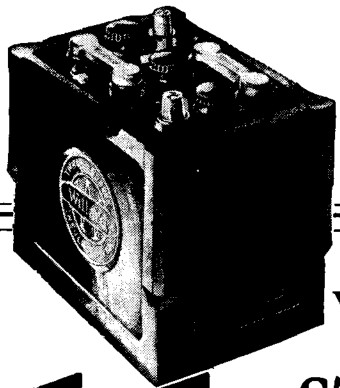
To consult the Willard Chart is to be sure of an *electrical size* that is right for economical and satisfactory operation in your car . . . to be able to ask for a battery of known size, just as you ask for bulbs and tires.

It will profit you to know one thing more: that every battery marked "Willard" is correctly rated . . . and that Willards are, of all makes, the preferred batteries, with the majority of car builders and car owners today.

### The Willard *Thread-Rubber Battery*

*For every normal condition of driving, you will receive excellent service and big value with a Wood-Insulated Willard.*

*On the other hand if your driving program calls for high mileages or constant operation of your car for a good part of each day, it will profit you to consider the Thread-Rubber type which Willard builds to meet specific conditions of heavy duty and abnormal mileage.*



CONSULT THE WILLARD CHART WHEN YOU BUY YOUR NEXT BATTERY

## Willard STORAGE BATTERIES

# Farm Trade Tips

Volume I
Business Building Ideas for Rural Retailers
Number 1

## HERE ARE 9 TRIED AND PROVEN BUSINESS BUILDING IDEAS

### Bigger Profits from Time-Payment Selling

This "tip" on time-payment selling comes from a hardware dealer who sold over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of washing machines last year. George H. Moss of the Raleigh Hardware Co., Beckley, W. Va., believes that responsibility for keeping the sale "sold" rests with the salesman. He doesn't pay the salesman his full commission on the sale until the salesman himself collects not only the down payment, but also the first two monthly instalments. That way the sale is personally serviced for the first 60 days. The buyer learns exactly how to use his purchase. He doesn't become dissatisfied through not knowing how to use it properly. Also he gets into the habit of having his monthly instalment ready on the day it is due. This plan, says Mr. Moss, cuts down the number of "reverts" and increases profits all along the line.

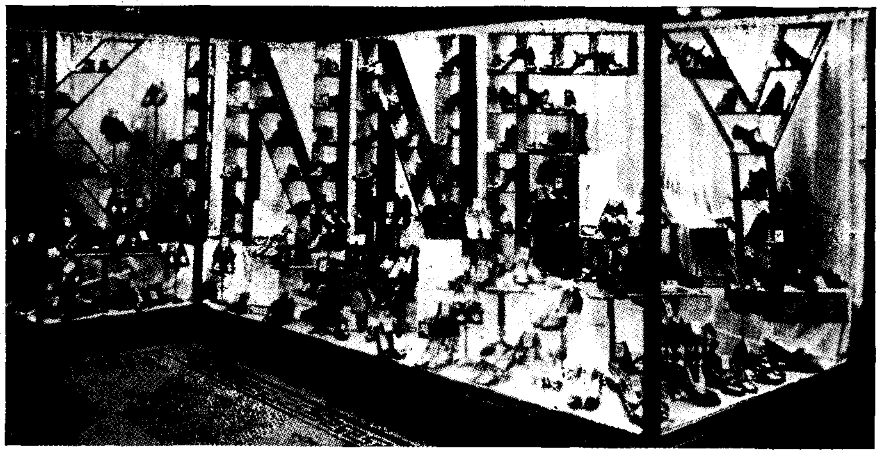
### 5 Rules That Pay Profits

Little details of store management often have a big effect on sales and profits at the end of a year. One of the most successful chains in the country tested out these five ideas—and made them standard store rules after observing their effect on sales.

1. Check all price tags every three weeks for correctness and cleanliness.
2. Search stock carefully every three weeks for unsalable or slow-moving items.
3. Change window displays weekly.
4. Change counter displays weekly.
5. Change interior displays, including those on top shelving, every three weeks. And place merchandise used in such displays so that it will be sold ahead of goods not so used.

### Free "Want-Ads" Make a Hit With Farm Customers

Nearly every farmer has on hand a cow, horse, or piece of equipment he'd like to trade for fancy chickens, young pigs, or something else. Why not help him out and charge the expense up to your advertising appropriation? Miller's big store in Salem, Oregon, does this—and they have won the trade of 12,000 farm families. Here's how they handle it: They publish a monthly called *Farmers' Exchange* that usually carries free of charge about 1200 farmers' want-ads. It's distributed under the Post Office Department's special mailing privilege. And about 10 per cent of their farm customers use this free service each month. All want-ads are *delivered in person* at the store for insertion. That's the rule. And it keeps the farmers in touch with the store's merchandise and their own needs.



Courtesy of Boot and Shoe Recorder

**This Compartment-Letter Window Display Boosted Sales 36 Per Cent**

## Let Your Window Displays TALK

### "Sales" Are Walking By Your Door Every Minute

NO matter what line of retailing you are in—here's a window display idea you can use. It works. It increased sales 36 per cent the first Saturday after it was installed—and doubled the number of window shoppers. Yet it cost less than $10. Here's how it's made:

The letters, 48 in. high, 6 in. deep and 30 in. across the wide ones, are of wood *made up into box compartments.* Each compartment displays a single item of merchandise. The color scheme is black, orange and silver—the latter being inside the letters to throw the displayed merchandise into high relief.

How can you use this idea in *your* store? How about a line of auto accessories making the word S-T-O-P with a red traffic light in the background? Or a line of aluminum ware announcing a Saturday special with S-A-L-E? Or a display of canned goods or other table dainties with the word E-A-T? Or—but now you tell one.

### Make Your Show Cards Easy to Read

Your show-cards, price tags and other display-card material won't sell if people can't read them easily. Here's some advice from an expert which will prevent you from making mistakes in using the wrong color combinations. In his book "Language of Color" M. Luckiesh gives the following results of experiments with the legibility of type on various colored backgrounds:

| | *Test Results* | *Color of Type* | | *Color of Background* |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | *Easiest* to see.. | Black | on | Yellow |
| 2. | ............ | Green | " | White |
| 3. | ............ | Red | " | White |
| 4. | ............ | Blue | " | White |
| 5. | ............ | White | " | Blue |
| 6. | ............ | Black | " | White |
| 7. | ............ | Yellow | " | Black |
| 8. | ............ | White | " | Red |
| 9. | ............ | White | " | Green |
| 10. | ............ | White | " | Black |
| 11. | ............ | Red | " | Yellow |
| 12. | ............ | Green | " | Red |
| 13. | ............ | Red | " | Green |
| 14. | *Hardest* to see.. | Blue | " | Red |

### He Takes the Cash and Lets the "Trade-In" Stay

Sell the farmer the idea of keeping the old car on the farm — where he really needs it—advises O. L. Steensland, Lake Andes, S. D., car dealer. When the farmer says he can't afford to keep two automobiles—tell him surely he *can* afford five or six cents a day for such a handy thing as a light truck. Steensland explains this way: When a farmer drives to town for a roll of barbed wire, it costs him only so much for gas and oil if he uses the old car. If he uses the *new* car it costs him the same for gas and oil *plus* wear and tear and possible damage to the new car. So what he spends running the old car is more than balanced by what he saves by not using the new car in heavy-duty work. The car's service costs only the price of an extra car license—which averages only about five cents a day.

### Tip from an "Ad" Expert

Be sure your store and goods are advertised at least once a month to every 200 people in your trading area, advises Guy Hubbart, retail advertising expert of *Hardware Age.* If the population of your town is 5000, divide by 200. The result is 25. And 25 inches of newspaper advertising *per month* is the least amount of space you should use in reaching town customers right through the year. Apply the same rule to space in out-of-town and country newspapers.

### Make Your Ads Neighborly, Newsy and Gossipy

H. D. Skinner of Braymer, Mo., gives each one of his "ads" the attention value of the "personal" column in his local newspaper. He tells the folks out on R.F.D. 1 what their friends on R.F.D. 2 are buying from his hardware store to make their homes more comfortable and their farms more profitable. His "ad" takes the form of a news column, published in paid space right on the front page of the county newspaper—because it's NEWS. Here are several samples of the kind of items he runs:

> Mart Waller, whom everybody knows, was here Monday for a walking cultivator that was broke to ride. We had it and he led it home behind his car.
>
> Dave and Earl Brownley "milled" about for two or three hours Wednesday, deciding on a wood-saw outfit. We finally took their order and their checks for a twenty-eight-inch saw. They, too, have a "smooth-mouth" Ford, and they plan to make the poor old thing run the saw.
>
> —*Printers' Ink.*

### He's a Link in "Big Chain"

Col. George Frank, independent clothing dealer of Maysville, Ky., says his store is a link in the "biggest chain in the world"—the big chain that sells nationally advertised goods exclusively. He says the turnover on nationally advertised goods is faster and steadier—that his business grows in proportion to the number of purchasers he keeps satisfied, and that nationally advertised goods of guaranteed quality backed by the manufacturer gives him the best profits.

## $\$10^{00}$

## *for Your IDEA*

WE PAY $10 apiece for acceptable farm trade "tips." Send in YOUR idea. This is not a contest. Send in as many "tips" as you wish—we may use them all. You don't have to be a store owner. Anyone connected with a retail store can submit ideas. The only requirement is that the idea must have brought in more farm trade or sold more goods.

"Farm Trade Tips" now appears regularly in *Collier's* and *The American Magazine* as part of FARM & FIRESIDE'S service to rural retailers. They are practical — they've been tried and proven. Put them to work in your store. And send us any ideas *you* have.

FARM & FIRESIDE
*Retail Merchandising Department*
250 Park Avenue, New York City

**Farm & Fireside**

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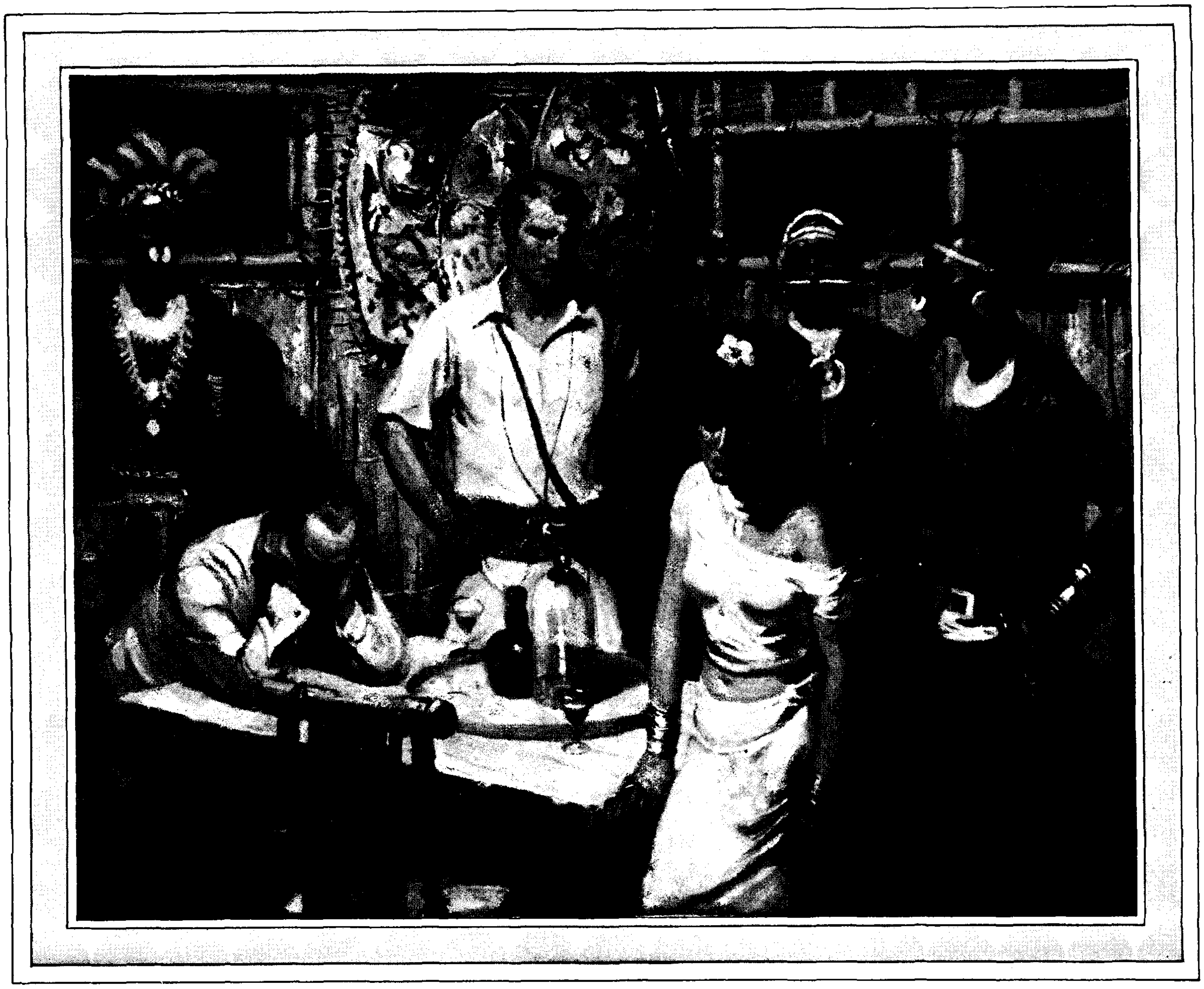


JOHN A. HAELEN

"Escort this girl safe to the Mission House," ordered Nickerson, "and leave her there"

# Powers of Darkness

## By John Russell

*Of course, it never could have happened, for it was utterly impossible. Yet Nickerson, who was sober, saw it all, from the beginning to the end*

NICKERSON, Resident Magistrate, failed in judgment concerning his guest Dobel. This was the reason of his ordeal that night at Warange Station: a black night and a bitter ordeal. If Dobel had been a cannibal or a head hunter—wandering thief or fugitive murderer—Nickerson would have made no mistake. But Nickerson was a gentle soul, trained merely in all forms of conceivable wickedness, and although he disliked the gross stranger with the sly and slitted red eyes he had no intimation of the fellow's real nature. Not until Dobel showed such an utterly brutal manner of disbelief.

At the very first demonstration by the native sorcerer—at the very first piece of native magic which Nickerson had been at diplomatic pains to stage and arrange for him—Dobel grabbed an empty beer bottle. "You black-faced swine. Dried shark liver!" he rumbled. "Try and fool *me* with your dam' faking tricks, will you?"

He made a motion as if to crown the sorcerer, kneeling quietly there on the mat beside them, when Nickerson let out a cry, involuntary: "For God's sake, stop it, Dobel. Stop it—I say, you drunken idiot. The man's my friend!"

Evidently Dobel had not really meant it just then. It was rather his line of humor, his revealing gesture. For he stopped and put down the bottle and leaned back in his chair again, with a grunt.

The two white men were sitting at dinner in Nickerson's palisaded station at the far end of the world. By way of information, the far end of the world is Papua. This is not only geographic; it is also entirely authentic, being well known to everybody who has survived it in person. Papua remains the last mystery on this big round globe.

It remains largely impenetrable and unpenetrated beyond a coastal strip and a few gold mines. It remains an active hell of heat, fever, violence and sudden death. In fact it remains—

WHENEVER a hard-working explorer casts about for some place to get lost and to write his next book, he considers Papua on the map and then goes somewhere else.

However: Nickerson was used to it. For some years he had been what is called a Resident Magistrate in the nominal government thereabouts. This meant that on the pay of a chimney sweep he personated the whole British Empire over a theoretical "district" of monstrous mountains and reeking jungles. It also meant that he was supposed to control various unconquered tribes of large, muscular and extremely serious-minded black gentlemen who have been cannibals and head hunters from time immemorial and who see no particular reason why they should change their habits at the behest of strange armed intruders. As if messengers from Mars should suddenly descend upon us and make us all eat grass.

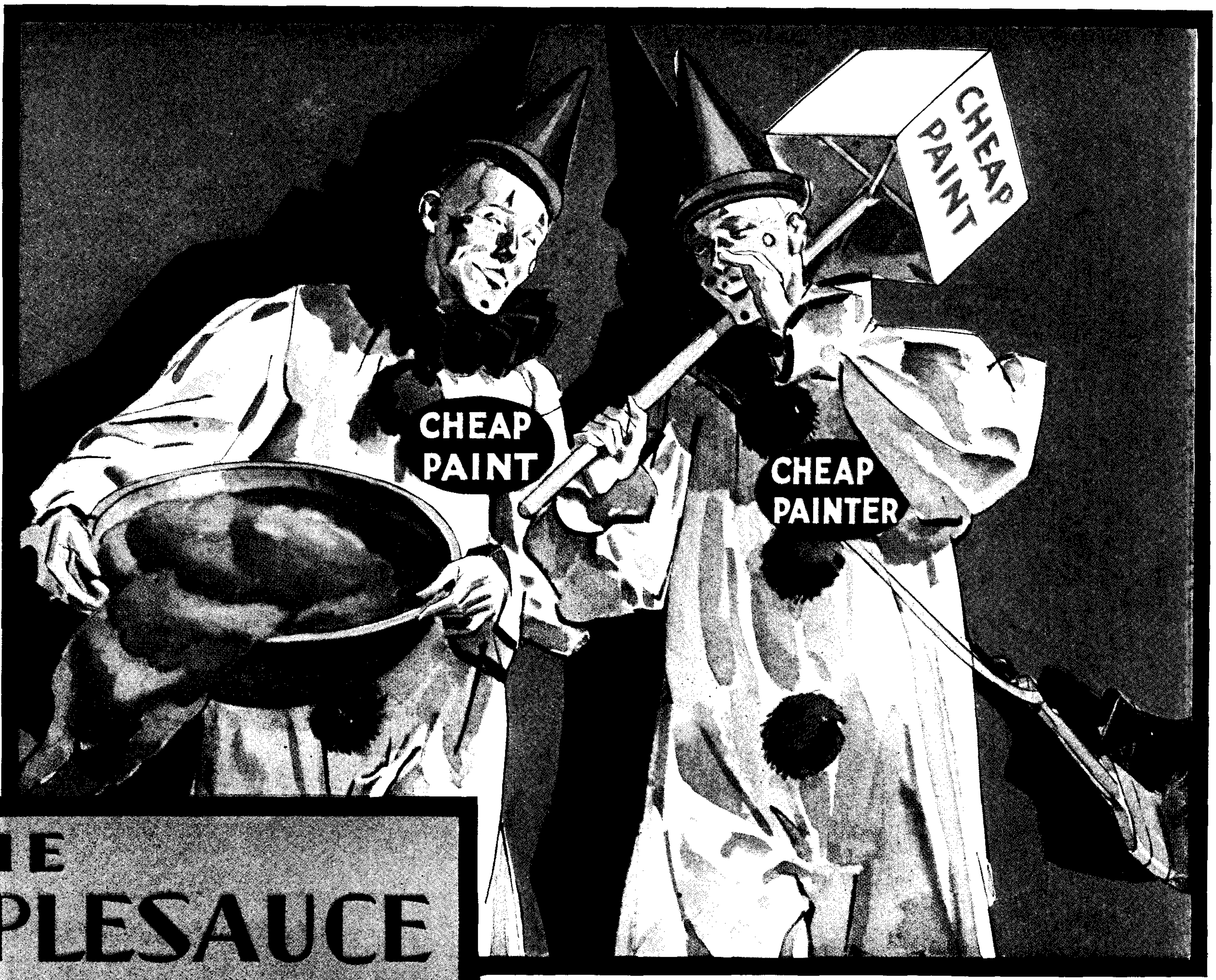
But Nickerson had done very well. With his handful of native police he had won his wilder charges to a moderate righteousness. He liked his work: yes, and he liked his black folk, because he respected them as lost ancestors of ours left over from the Stone Age, with many singular gifts and virtues of their own. So they in turn respected him, and even obeyed him, sometimes.

Dobel. . . . Well, Dobel was quite a different person. Nickerson had received him as he did all dispensations, with the same kindly simplicity, and with no more than a vague suspicion that there occurs from time to time such sort of commercial adventurer for the chastening of every colonial administrator—inevitable as the worm in a walnut. Arriving from nowhere, equipped with credentials, a brazen assurance and an unholy familiarity with the water-front dives and lingoes of a dozen tropical ports, Dobel had announced himself a coffee planter proposing to develop the country. In which capacity, of course, he could claim aid, hospitality and protection at Nickerson's station of Warange.

THIS he managed offhand, and meanwhile conveyed without too much subtlety an opinion of his host, his host's ideas, methods and general worth that might have provoked the mildest man. But Nickerson—poor chap—he *was* the mildest man.

And thus, one word leading to another, and because, after all, they were the only two whites (outside the Brothers at Warange Mission) in a howling wilderness together, the little R. M. had finally invited his uninvited guest to the private room and demonstration as hereinbefore stated.

(*Continued on page 42*)



# THE APPLESAUCE TWINS

# –make painting a farce!

THE latest fashion in "cheap" paint applesauce is out. It goes like this . . .

"Our price is very low but our paint isn't 'cheap,' because, etc., etc., etc., etc."

Don't be fooled. A low-price-per-gallon means a "cheap" paint—a skimped paint—a terribly costly paint—every time. And there's no "because" that can explain it.

Only one thing is more costly than "cheap" paint. Just let "Cheap" Paint's twin brother, "Cheap" Painter, in on the deal.

There you have a combination that will make a farce of any house paint job.

"Cheap" Paint is costly enough, alone, as thousands of home owners now know. But when you add the careless preparation and unskilled daubing of "Cheap" Painter—you have the costliest paint job in the world. Don't let these "Applesauce" Twins fool you. Don't throw good money away.

There is only one way to save money on a house painting job . . . use the best house paint and let a master painter do the work.

Fine old SWP House Paint, for example, is made of superfine materials. It may be a little higher priced by the gallon, BUT—for every 11 gallons of "cheap" paint required, only 7 gallons of fine old SWP are needed. That 4-gallon saving makes SWP cost about the same as "cheap" paint, on the wall or by the job. But that is only the beginning.

The cost of any paint job divides about like this: One-third for paint. Two-thirds for labor.

Don't try to save money by hiring a "cheap" painter. His careless work will cost you dearly —in repainting expense.

Don't engage a master painter and then ask him to use "cheap" paint. With all his skill, he can't make "cheap" paint last.

It quickly cracks, chips, peels. The cheap colors fade. Every year or so it has to be "repainted" at heavy expense.

**YOU CAN'T PAINT A HOUSE WITH APPLESAUCE**

# . . . for ECONOMY

## use the best paint and engage a good painter

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS
SWP
GLOSS WHITE FOR OUTSIDE USE
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.

The only combination that will save money for you, when you paint your house, is a master painter and the best paint money will buy.

The master painter is an artist. He is trained. He knows his profession. He uses good equipment. He prepares the surface carefully. He applies the paint skillfully. He is conscientious and takes pride in his work.

So, when a master painter applies fine old SWP House Paint for you it assures a handsome job — at lowest paint cost per square foot of wall — a finish that will serve for many years — at lowest cost per year.

In other words, fine old SWP and a Master Painter are the most economical combination you can use.

SWP
ATLANTIC
AFRICA
EUROPE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

*S-W Paint Products are sold the world over under this famous trade-mark*

### *The "Master Touch"*

You may hear false arguments as to paint formulas — meant to lead you astray.

Just remember this. The SWP balanced formula has been openly printed for years. Anyone can have it. Yet the characteristic qualities of SWP have never been duplicated. Why? Because formula is only one factor. The quality of ingredients is equally important. These might be duplicated and still SWP would remain unchallenged. Because there is one element in fine old SWP House Paint that never has been and never can be copied successfully.

It is the "master touch" of the scientific men of Sherwin-Williams.

These laboratory experts are to "paint" what Edison is to electricity — what Marconi is to wireless.

Their "master touch" which makes SWP House Paint different from all others — a world-wide standard of quality — is a human ingredient impossible of imitation or duplication.

Only Sherwin-Williams has it. Only SWP House Paint users benefit by it.

Before you buy any "cheap" paint, visit Paint Headquarters, your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get his advice and material estimate on the job. Compare it with "cheap" paint. And remember, that what is true of house paint is true of any other exterior or interior finish. It must be good to be economical.

### *See Paint Headquarters*

If you do not know a reputable painter who will apply fine old SWP House Paint for you, write us. We will send you the name and address of one who will.

We will also send a free copy of our famous Household Painting Guide, which saves costly mistakes in painting.

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*Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World*
Cleveland, Ohio

# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS
# SWP HOUSE PAINT

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PAINTS
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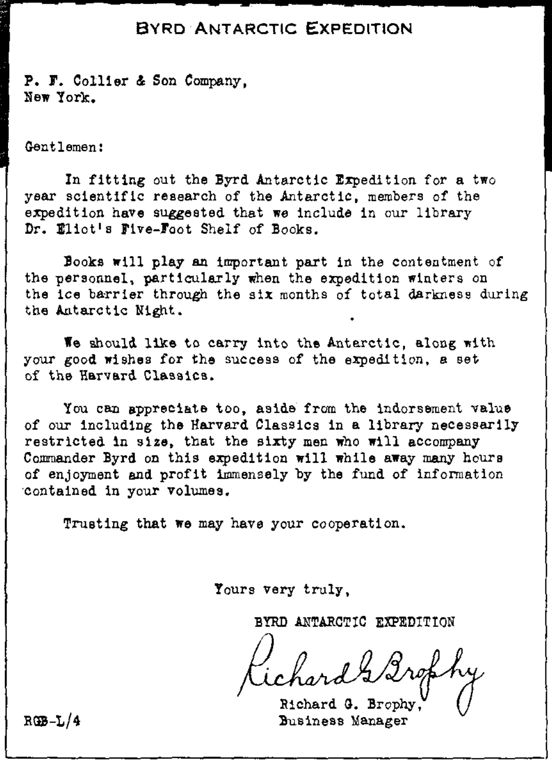
# The Byrd Expedition chooses these books



BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

P. F. Collier & Son Company,
New York.

Gentlemen:

In fitting out the Byrd Antarctic Expedition for a two year scientific research of the Antarctic, members of the expedition have suggested that we include in our library Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books.

Books will play an important part in the contentment of the personnel, particularly when the expedition winters on the ice barrier through the six months of total darkness during the Antarctic Night.

We should like to carry into the Antarctic, along with your good wishes for the success of the expedition, a set of the Harvard Classics.

You can appreciate too, aside from the indorsement value of our including the Harvard Classics in a library necessarily restricted in size, that the sixty men who will accompany Commander Byrd on this expedition will while away many hours of enjoyment and profit immensely by the fund of information contained in your volumes.

Trusting that we may have your cooperation.

Yours very truly,

BYRD ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

Richard G. Brophy

Richard G. Brophy,
Business Manager

RGB-L/4

THIS letter was written to P. F. Collier and Son Company by the Manager of the Byrd Expedition, asking that the Harvard Classics be added to their very limited library. The Publishers were pleased to serve Commander Byrd and his men.

The selection of Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books is typical of the vision with which the whole voyage has been planned. Men of the highest type need the best possible reading recreation, and the Harvard Classics have brought inspiration and pleasure to thousands.

Men in the ice floes of the Antarctic need be no more remote than the people in our civilized urban world, so far as their reading is concerned. Although the explorer is limited to the few books he can take with him, we of the busy world may be so hopelessly lost in the millions of books that we miss the truly great ones.

The explorer *must* choose. And the Byrd Expedition has chosen the Harvard Classics.

Because Dr. Eliot, forty years President of Harvard University, recognized the need for easy access to the best books, he assembled in one convenient set the works which have everlasting value, the books that stimulate, inspire, and advise. In these volumes are included the writings of 302 immortal authors. Through Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf people have found that the classics are not dull, but intensely stirring; not beautiful antiques, but lively, stimulating modern thought with vital application to everyday life.

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Before you spend another penny for books, get a copy of "Fifteen Minutes a Day"—the booklet that tells how to turn precious spare time into profitable entertainment, growth and increased power. It's ready and waiting for you. Sending for it does not obligate you in any way.

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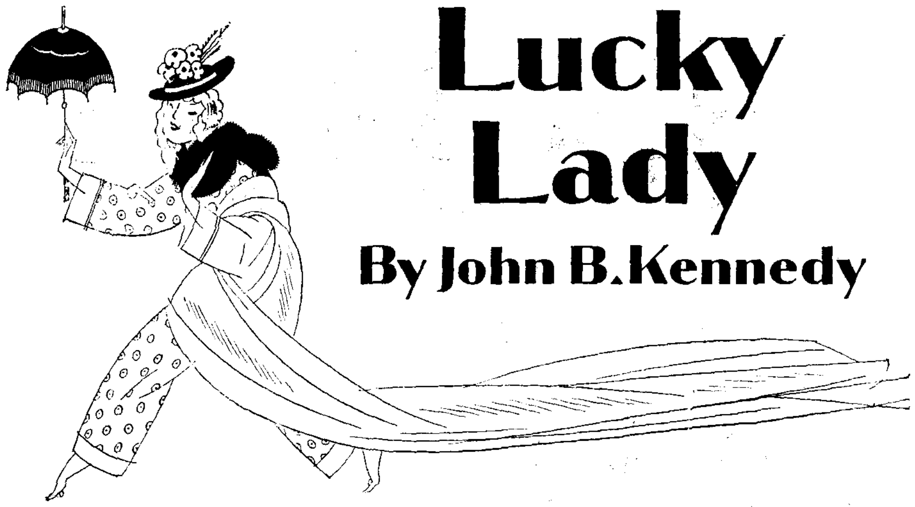
## DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

*{The Harvard Classics}*



# Lucky Lady

## By John B. Kennedy

**Helen Hayes holds a high place on Broadway through sheer artistry**

*Helen Hayes hasn't written a play—yet. "I've been lucky enough in one thing without daring Fortune in two." Not that it can have all been due to chance. Even she admits that you can't make tears without having shed them yourself*

ONE of those things that can happen in the best-regulated families had happened. There was a hum of indignation in grim, Southern accents, and tragedy in the household leading up to the moment when the pretty daughter of the family walked slowly, like a somnambulist, from the room. A shot rang out and down came the curtain.

Two minutes after this poignant climax the little lady sat smoking a cigarette in a room fragrant with flowers and a trifle overdone in the matter of mirrors. For the four hundredth time she had wrung the hearts of audiences in a play-ending that the Broadway critics declared impossible. Sobs without smiles are poor box-office. How, they demanded, could tragedy be made to pay?

The answer was and is—art.

"But don't think," said Miss Hayes briskly, "that you can make tears without having shed them."

She explained the genesis of that stark, stirring moment that made something new in melodrama—successful melodrama.

Garbed as Cleopatra, siren of the Nile, Helen Hayes stepped on the stage. The critics gasped. Why, they demanded, didn't little Helen Hayes tackle something as small as herself?

"I was hysterical," Miss Hayes admits. "I had no idea that a few printed words could be savagely upsetting."

Heart-broken, she wanted to quit, to get off and get out. But instead of retiring in dismay she continued in defiance—and played her flapper version of Cleopatra for almost a year. The critics were confounded, which is good for them, and the box-office bulged, which is good for everybody concerned.

"That," she said with a tinge of triumph, "may explain why I know the technique of bringing tears." Then she laughed gayly.

"I knew I was right," she said. "Bernard Shaw conceived his Cleopatra as a gay young numbskull who had no care for intellect and flattered her vanity by playing with the emotions of famous generals.

"That's how I saw the part and that's how I played it." A firmness of chin marked these words. Brown eyes that contrast pleasantly with honey-colored hair had a sedate glow of positiveness.

The firm chin made its début in Washington, and it did a good job. Helen Brown—that is her name, the Hayes coming from her mother—was the daughter of a government functionary. The only serious difference of opinion in the family was that Mrs. Brown loved the stage, Mr. Brown did not. Friends of the family acquired the Columbia Stock Company. When, in a pinch, they wanted a little girl to take the part of a little boy, a princeling, Helen was asked for. Her mother rejoiced. Her father glowered. The firm little chin protruded. Helen took the job.

She tripped on in a velveteen suit and played at a picnic. The situation called for the princeling to eat too much cake. Helen was realistic, to the delight of audiences who knew her as a prankster.

This play finished, the management wanted Helen to appear in another. She went to rehearsal. "No," she pouted, "I won't play a little girl. I want to be a boy at a picnic."

Although the play was sad, and nobody had any business with an appetite, the director compromised. A special scene was introduced to permit the firm-chinned child, who had become a local favorite overnight, to eat cake, even as the anguished heroine wept over her.

"I was callous," she confesses, "but I like cake."

### A Taste of Success

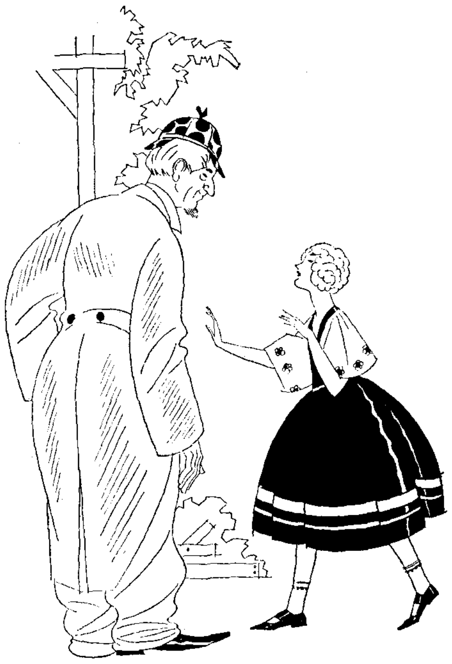
During a matinée performance a short figure in a gorgeous overcoat stood at the rear rail and watched the show. Emerging, he spoke to the manager:

"Any time that youngster wants a shot at New York, send her to me."

He strolled from the theater. A quick ear had overheard—Helen's mother's.

"Who was that?" she demanded.

"Lew Fields."



Lew Fields of Weber and Fields! That night there was minor uproar in the Brown household. Father prevailed. Helen went to school while Helen's mother dreamed of New York.

This came with vacation. Helen's father apportioned funds for a two weeks' stay in the metropolis for his family. Failing to land a job, they were to return to Washington.

Fields recognized the child. He gave her a chance.

In the old Herald Square Theater, on a first night with Weber and Fields before a packed house and Lillian Russell focusing her fascination on a phalanx of boiled shirts and bald heads, Helen Hayes Brown made her New York bow. The child wonder was acclaimed. She sang in a piping voice and danced briskly on thin little legs.

A dour agent for the Gerry Society appeared citing the law, which banned children from singing and dancing in public at night. Helen's début threatened to be her farewell.

"But I needn't sing, need I?" she asked.

Fields' lawyer patted her head. She played every performance during the summer, following the celebrated Alice Dovey, whose lead song she pantomimed with mum lips—a novelty that dodged the law and tickled the crowds.

Success in New York did not mollify her father. He didn't like his ancient family name of Brown linked with the stage.

"O. K.," said Fields. "Cut off the Brown. Call it Helen Hayes. Takes less space in lights."

But autumn found Helen pulled back to Washington for schooling.

Helen became a trouper when the convent graduated her.

This was not without something like an unofficial imprimatur. At a convent musical Helen Hayes, who had elected the violin for her course in music, was one item in a program dripping with the usual watery talent. Helen was disgruntled. She preferred to recite. Helen practiced faithfully in a secluded spot of garden. She sawed away on the morning of the concert. A tall cleric appeared.

Confused, she stopped. He complimented her.

"Oh, I can't play much," said Helen. "But they won't let me recite."

A few hours later the tall cleric sat in the front row of the audience. Helen played her fiddle. Everybody clapped. Helen bowed, once, twice, and was making her final exit when the tall cleric whispered to those about him: "Ask the little lady to recite."

Thus James Cardinal Gibbons sympathized with a light concealed under a more than ordinarily impatient bushel.

"A bit of luck," says Miss Hayes. "I used the Cardinal's approval at home, and soon found myself touring the South in a Pollyanna company."

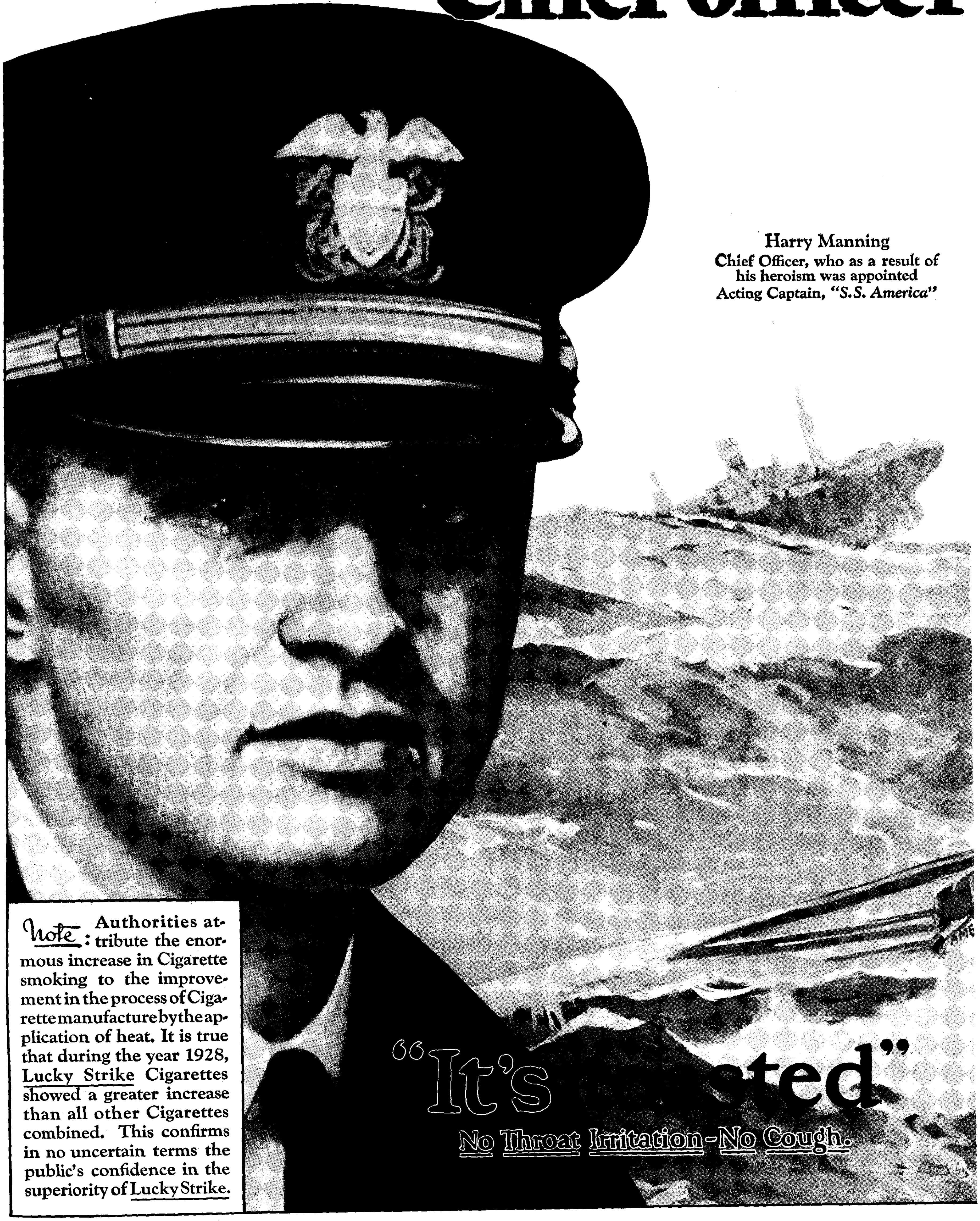
### A Brave Adventure

When Mary Roberts Rinehart wanted a typical American sub-deb, dainty Helen Hayes was elected. And so, with Bab, she made her reputation in New York, Chicago and points west as the archest of flappers who had just learned how to flirt and not yet learned to flee the dangers of flirtation. Naturally, this tagged her, to such an extent that when she appeared in Cleopatra, as recorded, and the critics refused to bite, the veteran wag, F. P. A., came to her defense by saying that Helen Hayes was suffering temporarily from "fallen archness." A quality so pronounced in her as to warrant a pun resolved Miss Hayes to dispense with it as a forte.

The part of Maggie in What Every Woman Knows consolidated Miss Hayes' claim to stardom.

A brave (Continued on page 42)

# Chief officer



**Harry Manning**
Chief Officer, who as a result of
his heroism was appointed
Acting Captain, *“S.S. America”*

Note: Authorities attribute the enormous increase in Cigarette smoking to the improvement in the process of Cigarette manufacture by the application of heat. It is true that during the year 1928, Lucky Strike Cigarettes showed a greater increase than all other Cigarettes combined. This confirms in no uncertain terms the public's confidence in the superiority of Lucky Strike.

# Harry Manning says:

## "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."

"WHEN I climbed aboard the 'America' after those cold, strenuous hours getting the men off the freighter 'Florida,' there was nothing I wanted so much as a Lucky—'By George,' it tasted wonderful! A Lucky is always refreshing. My tense nerves relaxed, my aching throat was soothed and the whole thrilling adventure just seemed a part of the day's work. As time goes by, and I look back to that memorable night, I'll always remember the wonderful taste of that welcome Lucky. As I went around to visit the men we'd rescued, I found many of them enjoying Luckies, too. We really couldn't wait to get back to our ship and 'Luckies.' As an actual fact in returning to the 'America' I noticed one of our men* rowing with one hand and lighting a Lucky with the other. There's no flavor to equal toasted tobaccos, and I always prefer Lucky Strikes. There's wisdom in the saying: 'Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.' It helps a man to keep physically fit and we who follow the sea must always be prepared for any emergency."

H Manning

Harry Manning
Chief Officer, who as a result of his heroism
was appointed Acting Captain,
"S. S. *America*"

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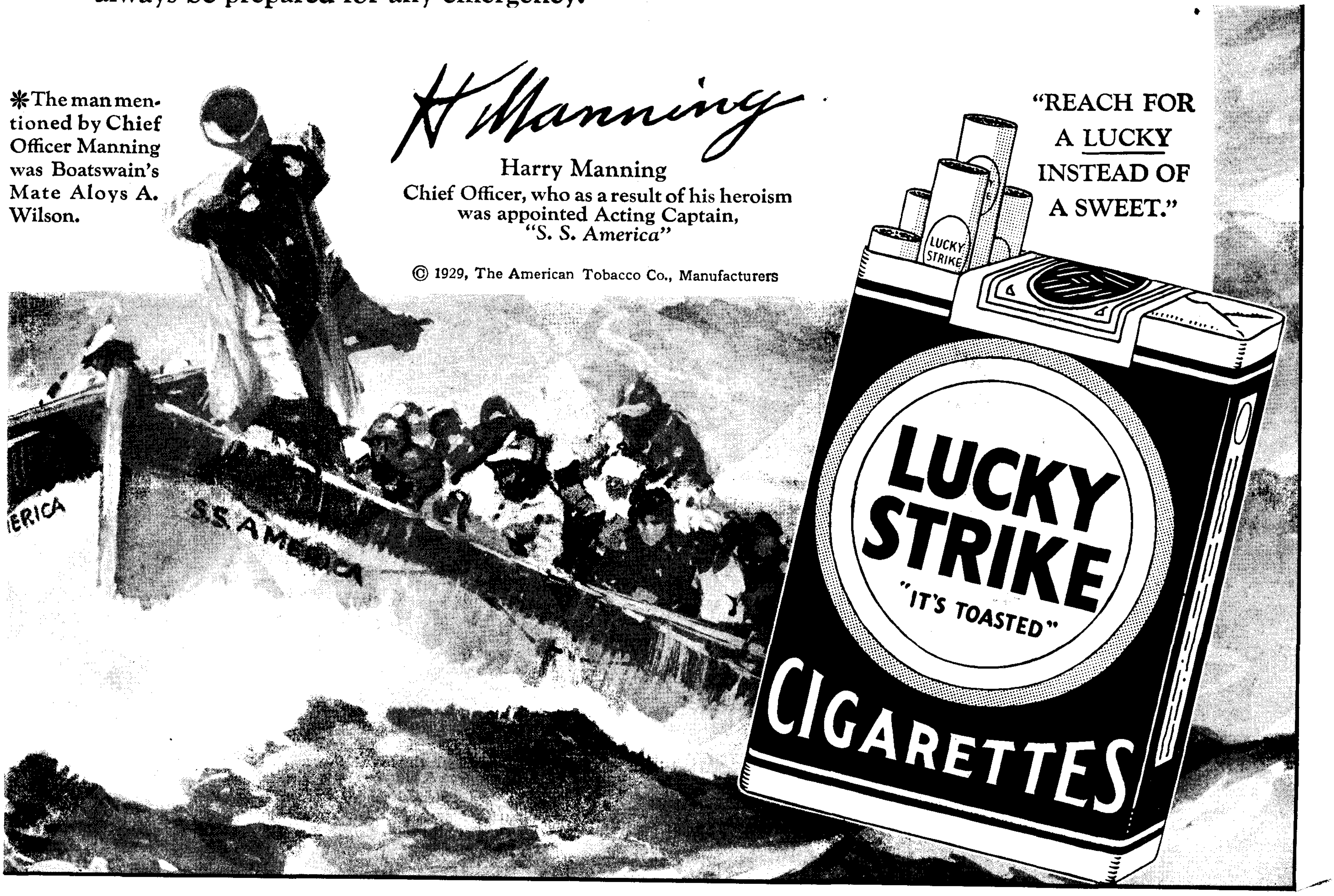
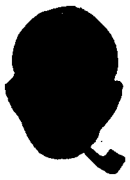
*The man mentioned by Chief Officer Manning was Boatswain's Mate Aloys A. Wilson.

"REACH FOR
A LUCKY
INSTEAD OF
A SWEET."

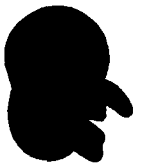


# Black Magic

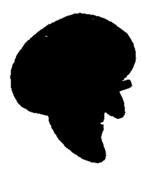
**FIVE minutes or five hours to spare—you can spend them in amusing occupation, and profitably, too, as you'll find out in a moment—doing Colliergraphs. Juggling the odd little shadows is the most fascinating pastime of the day. Snip-snip go the nation's scissors in merry unison.**



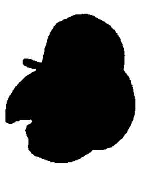
*M. Justice, Catawba Sanatorium, Va.*



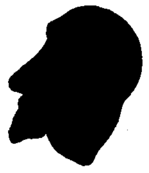
*Mrs. G. A. Gurley, 757 N. 32d St., Kansas City, Kan.*



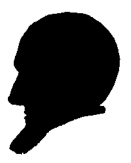
*Grace L. Reed, 811 N. Henry St., Bay City, Mich.*



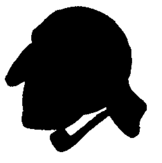
*Vivian Langford, 1615 W. 20th St., Sioux City, Iowa*



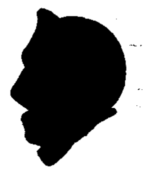
*Virginia E. Massey, 211 W. 19th St., Wilmington, Del.*



*Henry B. Helm, Jr., 115 W. 104th St., New York City*

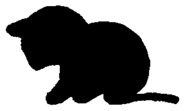


*Mrs. Clark Rogers, Pacific Junction, Iowa*

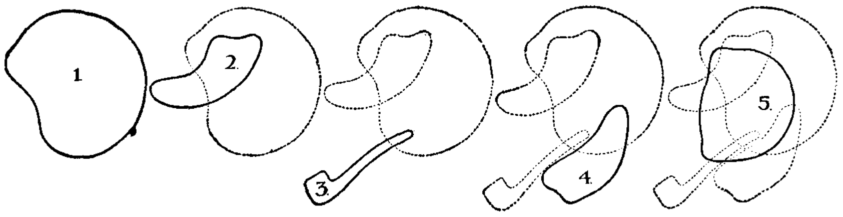


*Milton L. Keyes, 87 Falcon St., East Boston, Mass.*

*Pauline Hodgdon, 901 Milton Ave., Regent Square, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

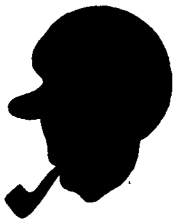


*Mrs. E. C. Wiggins, 1612 Union St., Brunswick, Ga.*

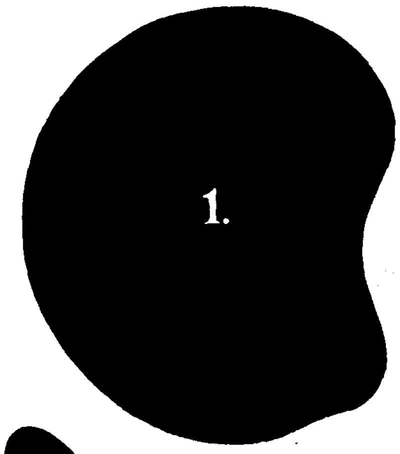


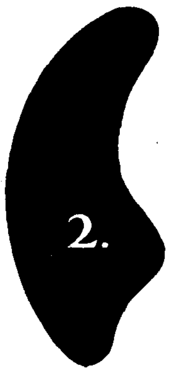
**How to Do It**

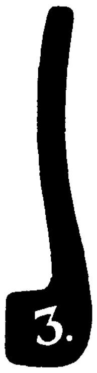
Cut out the five black figures below. You might mount them on cardboard separately. When you've laid them on top of one another, shift them about until you have a portrait. Hold them down and with a pencil trace the outline. Remove the pieces and fill in the silhouette.

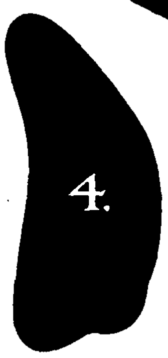


## *Here are the pieces—cut them out*









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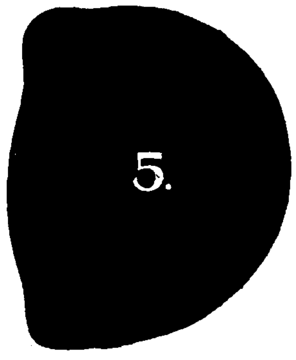


# The Gringo Privateer

*Continued from page 11*

philosopher once remarked, 'to be forewarned is to be forearmed.' In other words, I got the drop on Martin and he came through like a sport."

"Tell me about it," the king urged. "Nobody ever tells me anything except hard-luck stories. Make me laugh, son."

So Ken Burney told him in meticulous detail of his encounter with Martin Bruce and the king did not laugh.

"He tried to draw on you and got tangled in the barber's apron. Was his gun in the holster or in his hand when he saw you had the drop on him?"

"It was in his hand."

"For the love of life why didn't you bust him? A clear case of self-defense. You had three barbers as witnesses that you spoke pleasantly to the man and he attempted to shoot you. Why, the coroner's jury would have exonerated you. Boy, boy, you'll never get another chance at him as lovely as that one. You had a good hand and you played it like a foot. I'm ashamed of you."

"You needn't be—yet. I told you I wasn't hiring out as a killer. Of course I'll kill if I have to—in self-defense, but it's always been my policy to walk around a fight."

"THAT'S been Art Graydon's policy," the king retorted bitterly, "and where has it gotten us? I had an idea when I made you general manager that I was hiring a fighter, not a pacifist."

"Oh!" Ken Burney was faintly amazed. "Am I your general manager?"

"You are. I'm going to take a chance on you—for a while, anyhow."

"In that event," the other replied, "the dignity of my new job indicates that I should sit down, even though I haven't been asked."

And forthwith he dragged up a chair and sat down.

"You remarked that you have concluded to take a chance on me," Ken Burney went on. "That decision does infinite credit to your well-known reputation for sagacity. Of course I know you are not taking a chance on me at all, but that remains to be seen, as the monkey remarked when he dropped the kitten down the well."

"Three days—or the butt end of three days—have passed since you collected your wages from Martin Bruce. How have you spent those three days?" the king persisted.

"Since I am not, as yet officially, on your payroll, you will pardon me, I'm sure, if I ask you not to press that question."

"You were on my payroll," His Majesty assured him wearily, "from the moment I watched you jump your horse over my gates and fences and cut corners to have an interview with me."

"Well, if I've been drawing salary since that night, you are, of course, entitled to my confidence. You have a right to know what I do on your time. Well, I've been down in El Cajon Bonita making bad medicine for the hombre that has a habit of branding your calves down there. There seems to be some doubt, as near as I can gather from the local gossip, whether Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos are partners in crime or operating independently, and as this is a point that must be cleared up before I proceed farther, I went down there and set my trap. In a short time we should discover that which we shall inevitably discover."

"Tell me about your trap, son."

So Ken Burney told him. "Har!" roared the king. "But in all probability, you'll never get back that five dollars' worth of new quarters you planted on those calves, so put it on your monthly expense account."

"Thank you, sir. I'll credit you with whatever salvage I recover. When my films are developed they should show the Double B brand on the cows and no brand on the calves. And I have been careful to photograph all my test calves in the act of nursing their mothers, the idea being to establish maternity to the exclusion of any reasonable doubt in the minds of twelve good men and true."

"You forget the trial of the thieves, if any, will occur in Mexico."

"It will," Ken Burney replied enigmatically, "it certainly will. However, I'm also going to put a number of your El Ranchito calves north of the Line on a free-silver basis, and if Martin Bruce's brand should appear on them a little later, why, we'll just have Mr. Bruce arrested the first time thereafter he steps across the state line. We'll have a secret indictment all ready for the old gentleman, and he'll be tried in New Mexico where the crime has been committed. In his own county of Cochise, Arizona, where he is sheriff, he would have an advantage over us, in that he could have his chief deputy select the right kind of jury—and thereafter whenever his men decided to run the Triangle B iron on a Double B calf, they'd examine the hide first for hidden treasures; if they found any they'd leave your calf alone."

"No, they wouldn't," the king contradicted. "Those petit larceny skunks would just help themselves to the evidence and brand the calf anyhow. By the way, Burney, your salary as general manager is five hundred dollars a month."

"That isn't enough money for a bright young fellow like me," Burney replied, "but it will do very nicely for the present and I thank Your Majesty from the bottom of a heart that, of late, has been somewhat heavy. However, I warn you that once I have corrected the situation which annoys you do not be surprised if I quit your employ on short notice. I'm the Knight of the Wandering Hoof. I'm one of those fellows who just naturally has to go and find out."

"Seems to me you've made commendable progress in my employ," His Majesty retorted dryly. "If your ability is at all commensurate with your ego you'll be running me off my job before the month is out."

"Yes—and you'll let out a few shrill yips of satisfaction if I succeed in doing it. You're tied to your job, and unless you can get somebody to handle it as well as you handle it yourself you'll live out the remainder of your life just scared to death at what's going to happen to your kingdom when you leave this vale of tears. You haven't a son to take your place, have you?"

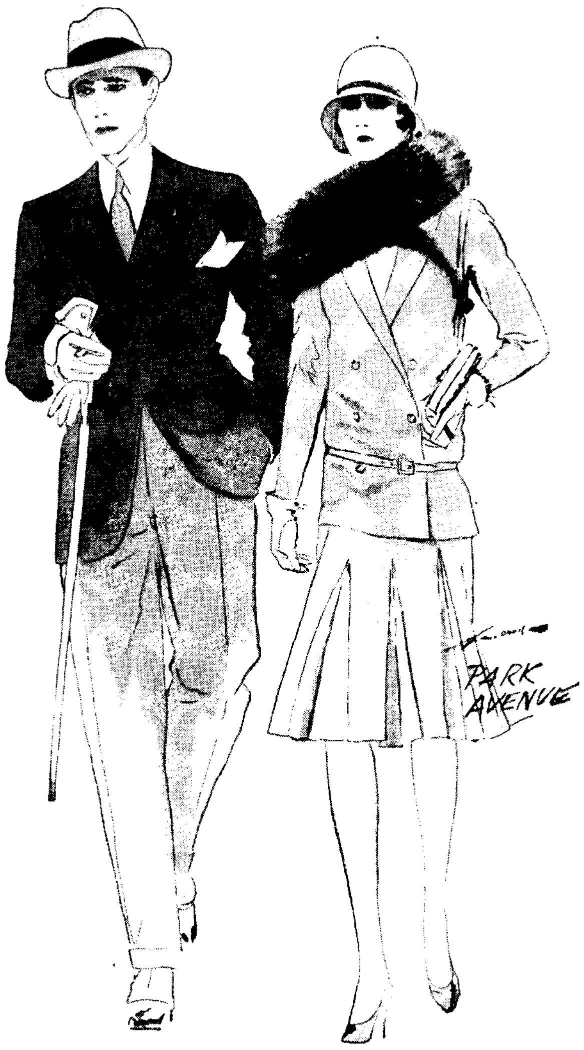
THE king sighed. He was touched on a tender spot. "It is the tragedy of my life that I have not, Burney."

"I can understand your tragedy and sympathize with it. But that's only tragedy No. One. If that lovely daughter of yours should marry some fellow without sufficient cow sense to tail a calf, your kingdom might eventually find itself threatened from within. I have observed frequently how supermen have built up great enterprises; then when age or death snatched the reins from their capable hands that enterprise slowly withered and decayed under the management of mediocre men. . . . Yes, you've got your troubles."

"You bet I have," the king admitted,

(*Continued on page 38*)

# DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE HAT STYLES COME FROM?



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**THE SEMI-FORMAL FELT HAT**

*The Courtney, the pearl-gray felt hat illustrated above, is an excellent example of the most recent tendencies in semi-formal attire. It is essentially a city hat, although correct anywhere except for evening and informal country wear. The brim should never be turned down.*

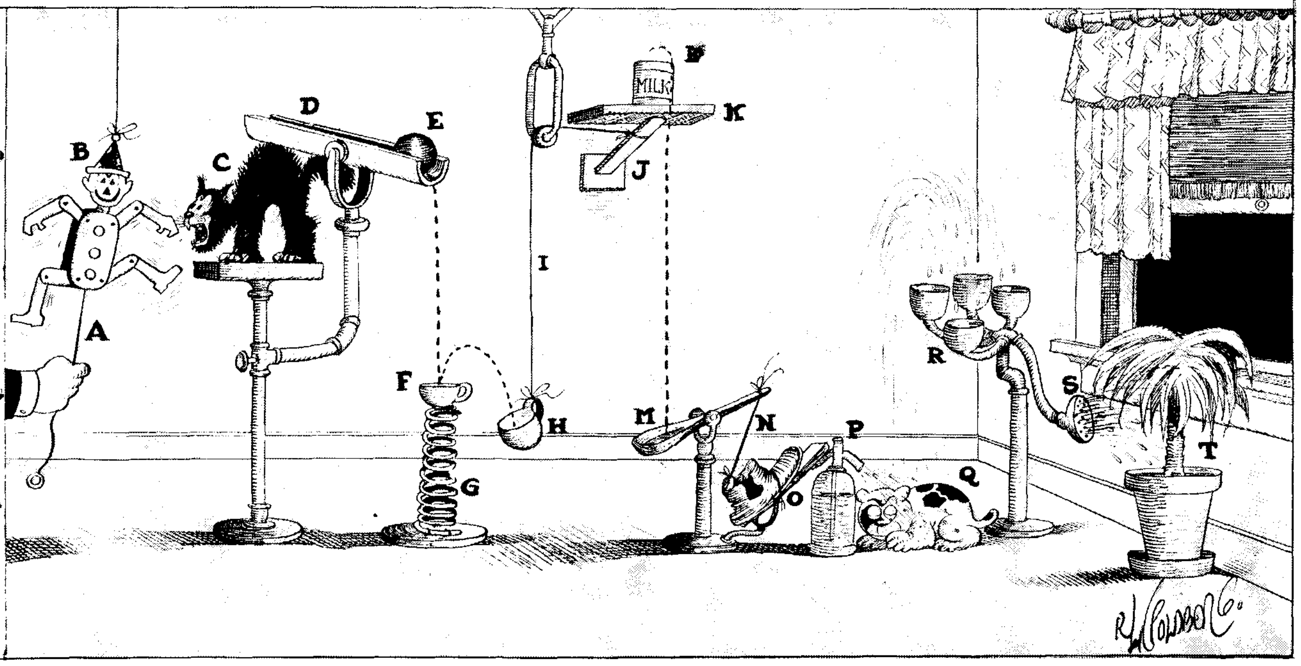
## STETSON HATS

## The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

### By Rube Goldberg

PROFESSOR BUTTS BRAIN TAKES A NOSEDIVE AND OUT COMES HIS SELF-WATERING PALM TREE.

STRING (A) WORKS JUMPING JACK (B), FRIGHTENING CAT (C) WHICH RAISES BACK AND LIFTS TROUGH (D), CAUSING BALL (E) TO FALL INTO TEACUP (F). SPRING (G) MAKES BALL REBOUND INTO CUP (H) PULLING ON STRING (I) WHICH RELEASES STICK (J), CAUSING SHELF (K) TO COLLAPSE. MILK CAN (L) DROPS ON LADLE (M) AND TENSION ON STRING (N) TILTS SHOE (O) AGAINST JIGGER ON SELTZER BOTTLE (P). SQUIRTING SELTZER ON ASH-CAN SPANIEL WHO HASN'T HAD A BATH IN FOUR YEARS. SURPRISE CAUSES HIM TO TURN THREE SOMERSAULTS OVER APPARATUS (R) AND WATER SPLASHES NATURALLY INTO BOWLS, RUNNING THROUGH SPRAY (S), WATERING PALM (T), AND SAVING YOURSELF A TRIP TO HAVANA FOR TROPICAL ATMOSPHERE.



# The Gringo Privateer

*Continued from page 36*

strangely confidential under the stimulus of this young man's understanding and sympathy. "They do not call me the cattle king without reason. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. You fortunate fellow, Ken Burney. Not a liability in the world except your impulsiveness and a faint strain of Spanish blood, and not an asset in the world except a pack horse, a top cow horse and the clothes you stand in. Only one life to worry about, your own, while I have thousands of lives—at least the happiness and prosperity of thousands of lives—dependent upon my continuous energy and ability to beat the bandits who are busy trying to take a dollar away from me as fast as I can make it. What a hell of a world."

"DID you ever, sir," Ken Burney pursued, "test your ability to assimilate electricity? You remember those contraptions they used to have at country fairs? You took a steel handle in each hand and pulled them toward you—and the farther you pulled them the more voltage you gave yourself, until finally you reached a point where your brain sent a hurry-up message through your nerves to the muscles of your arms, saying: 'Let go!' Then you discovered you couldn't let go and had to yell for somebody to tear you loose, and of course the instant that somebody took hold of you he had to split the charge of electricity with you, but between the two of you the job was done."

The king chuckled. "A very apt description of my predicament, son. Yes, I'm looking for a good man to tear me loose—to split the voltage of my high-powered existence with me."

"Well, take a free look at me, sir," Burney suggested.

"I have. That's the reason you're general manager."

"Oh, no, it isn't, Your Majesty. I'm just a pinch-hitter. You've hired me and made me general manager for one reason only, and that is to rid you of Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos.

"Well," said the king unashamed, "what objection have you got to that program?"

"I object to your effort to hand me what is practically a fatal problem, under the guise of being nice to me—under the pretense of having seen in me a future executive of your company—a smart young fellow who ought to be given his chance. Unfortunately for your reasoning I don't want your job of general manager for more than sixty days, and I think I would be less than fair not to tell you this."

"It's a mighty good job, son."

"It isn't. It's a terrible job. I've got to kill two men to make good on it."

"Oh, I see. Squeamish, eh?"

"Not at all. I can and will rid you of Bruce and Gallegos, but it will cost you more than a general manager's job at five hundred a month. Don't you realize that after doing that little thing for you I'd never again dare to cross before the window of a lighted room; that I'd have to resign my general managership immediately and lose myself to save funeral expenses?"

"Yes, I had thought of that phase of the enterprise," the king admitted. "It was in my mind to move you to another ranch immediately—say one in Oregon."

"There's only one ranch I want to move to and that's my father's. Cattle are cheap now and while they are cheap I want to stock my father's ranch again and be my own man. I have a feeling that within two years we'll be getting twelve cents for beef, and I want to get in on the gravy."

"What's your proposition, son?"

"You make me one, sir."

"WELL, angels couldn't do more. You're right, it will be worth a great deal to me to have you put this job over, so I'll tell you what I'll do. Your father's ranch will run a cow to every fifteen acres—three thousand head—without overgrazing. I'll stock the ranch for you with two thousand head of heifers that will be two years old next spring. They'll be good, smooth, grade Herefords. In addition I'll put in a hundred and fifty pure-bred Hereford bulls and twenty head of well-broken saddle stock. I'll bill this livestock to you at a fair market value, based on present prices, and take your promissory note for five years, at five per cent, secured by the livestock.

"You should have eighty per cent calf crops and I agree with you that the cattle business, due to the extraordinary shortage of cattle not only in this country but all over the world, is due to come back with a bang. We shall have very high prices and they should continue for many years. Within five years you should be able to repay me and own three thousand head without a dollar's indebtedness on them. For operating expenses I suppose your father would be willing to place a first mortgage on the ranch for you. It's worth half a million dollars—if you could sell it, which isn't an easy job nowadays."

"I EXPECT to lease the ranch from my father, of course, as soon as the lease of the present tenant has expired, Your Majesty; but, unfortunately, the ranch is already mortgaged! I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to loan me fifty thousand dollars for operating capital. If you'll do that the deal is made."

"By the bones of Moses, I thought you were going to ask me to give it to you. Har! Har-har! Har! Very well, son. I'll furnish the operating capital at five per cent, but I'll not furnish it all at once. No, sir. Only as you need it, and I'm to have access to your books at all reasonable times and my representative is to have the privilege of looking over your operations with a view to deciding whether you're operating like a fool or a wise man. If I think your methods will lead to ruin you must agree to pursue my methods."

"I quite realize your right to protect the loan in every reasonable way, sir, provided you promise not to be capricious."

"When I make a promise I keep it—the letter as well as the spirit, young man."

"All right, sir, we've traded."

"You've got a good set-up," the king warned him, "and if you fail to make good, sweet Christian thoughts will be wasted on you. By the way, while you were absent I had you and yours looked up. The man who leased your father's ranch couldn't make good, so the Bardin Land & Cattle Company has taken over his lease. But don't let that worry you. The day you make good on this deal we'll cancel our lease and turn the ranch back to you, at cost. I can get another general manager for El Ranchito, and you can drag your brisk young tail out of New Mexico a minute after completing your contract. Tom Bledsoe, the riding boss, is next in line and he'll rejoice to see the dust of your going."

"I guessed as much, sir. I passed him at the corral gate as I rode in, and judged, by the look in his eyes, that he wasn't pleased to observe the dust of my coming. How long has he been the riding boss?"

"Twenty long, hot and cold, labor-ridden years, Kenneth."

"What a disappointment for the poor devil."

"Yes, indeed. However, in industry, as in war, it sometimes becomes necessary to replace a good, steady conservative old general with a forceful, aggressive, radical colonel. I'm sorry for Tom, but my interests come before his. However, I'll give him a raise in wages."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Your Majesty," Ken Burney replied smilingly. "I'm the general manager and the day you butt in on my right to hire, fire, raise salaries or lower them, that day any excuse for my existence as general manager of El Ranchito vanishes and I'll be headed down the road, leaving you to the tender mercies of Martin Bruce and Miguel Gallegos."

"RIGHT you are," the king admitted. "I admire you for sticking up for your rights, although at the same time I'd like to give you a cuff on the ear. You're *too infernally touchy for a* Johnny-come-lately. Let me put it this way: It would please me very much, Mr. Burney, if you would, in your wisdom, condescend to give poor old Tom Bledsoe a raise of twenty-five dollars a month."

"I shall be most happy to oblige my kind, generous and indulgent boss, but I must remind you that until I discover whether Tom Bledsoe is worth the raise or not he'll not get it. He may be dead timber, for all you know, and if he is, I'm going to hire a new riding boss and you can transfer Mr. Bledsoe to your dead timber department."

"Well, I could promote him to general manager of a little ranch that any fairly efficient cattleman could run," the king admitted. "But be kind to old Tom. He's sound timber; he's been faithful and true and I wouldn't hurt

(*Continued on page 40*)

LIQUID GRANITE—THE MILLION-STEP-TEST FLOOR VARNISH

ANDREW LOOMIS

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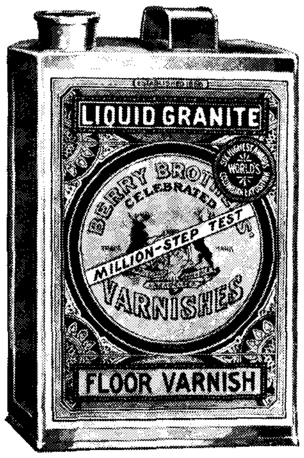

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Liquid Granite Varnish is produced by the maker of Berrycraft Enamel, Lionoil Floor Enamel, Luxeberry Enamel, Luxeberry Wood Finish, Berryloid and other wear-resisting finishes.
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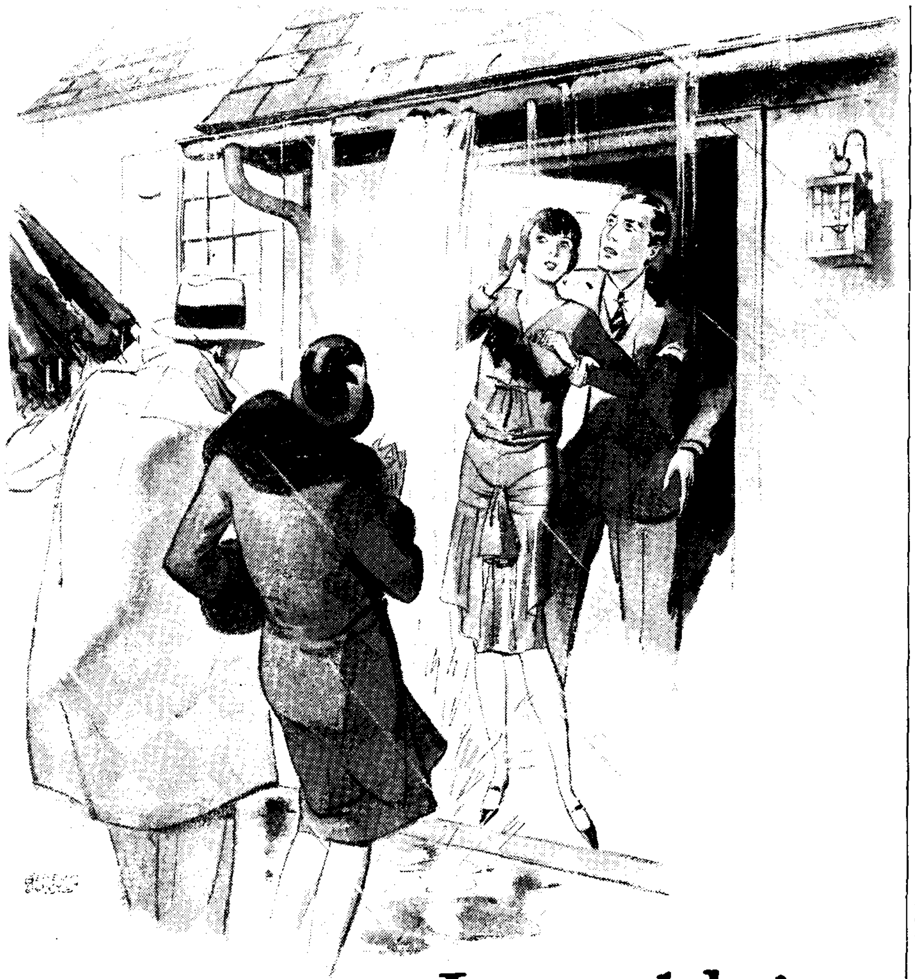
"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish



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THIS could never happen with a gutter made of Anaconda Copper because this time tested metal *cannot* rust. Gutters, rain-pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper will last . . . . . . . one hundred years of service is not unusual.

A nation-wide investigation among 6,069 sheet metal contractors discloses that the average life of sheet metals that rust is 6.7 years. Obviously, expensive repairs and replacements are unavoidable.

Compare this with the service given by Anaconda Copper. True, the first cost is somewhat more than for rustable metals, but the *first* cost is the *only* cost—and you will be surprised at how little more it is. In the usual size house, Anaconda *saves* an average of $24 yearly in upkeep expense.

Other ways to lower the cost of home owning are possible through the use of Anaconda Brass Pipe for hot and cold water lines and screens of strong, rust-proof Anaconda Bronze Wire. May we send you a copy of the booklet "Rust-proofed" which contains complete information? Address, The American Brass Company, General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut.

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# The Gringo Privateer

*Continued from page 38*

his feelings for anything except the vital necessity of getting this important job done. It's a task old Tom isn't quite up to. He has a strong religious streak in him. On the round-up he sits around the fire every night and plays hymns on the harmonica. He's a Quaker and it's a strain on his gentle nature to spur a horse."

"I will remember your solicitude for his welfare, sir. By the way, where do I sleep tonight?"

"I thought Art Graydon had a spare room in his house, but it seems his sister-in-law is visiting him. So I've had a cot put in the ranch office for you. By the way, just before you turn in tack this notice on the bulletin board that hangs on the wall outside of the office entrance," and the king handed his new general manager a sheet with some typewriting on it. Ken Burney read:

July 4th, 19—

To all employees of El Ranchito:

On and after this date Mr. Kenneth Burney will be the general manager of this ranch. I bespeak for Mr. Burney the same loyal coöperation you have hitherto accorded his predecessor, Mr. Graydon, whose services in the employ of this company have earned him promotion.

BARDIN LAND & CATTLE CO.,
By Bradley Bardin,
President.

"Any further orders, sir?" he queried.

"None. I fire general managers to whom I have to issue orders. Good night, Ken."

"Good night, sir." He moved off the porch and the gloom swallowed him.

"Well, King," a sweet voice spoke from a distant corner of the veranda, "it looks to me as if you have a bearcat by the tail."

"It looks that way, Muriel. I'll be hanged if I know what to make of that fellow. One minute he's so cocksure I want to throw a rock at him and the next minute I'm certain he's of the breed of men made for bosses. He's a pretty easy talker, but—he knows when to quit talking. And while he's talking he makes you like it. I couldn't stand a blatherskite."

"Neither could I," his daughter replied.

"The devil you couldn't!" The words popped out, leaving His Majesty in the position of one who has already talked too much and may not say more. A soft little laugh answered him tantalizingly.

"YOU been here listening to our conversation?" her father demanded.

"Of course I have. It's dull around here, I tell you, and I like to listen to that man talk. He certainly had something to say to you. I loved that dig he gave you about a son-in-law!"

"Why, you don't suppose he meant anything, do you, Muriel?"

"You never can tell what brave thoughts a man like that has in his funny mind." And again the girl laughed teasingly.

"Well, I don't know much about him," the king admitted, "but as a son-in-law I'd take him on suspicion in contrast with that bunch of ukulele-playing, wise-cracking lot of gilded nincompoops in your social set. There isn't one of them with sense enough to—to—tail a calf."

"It has not been at all unusual for Mr. Graydon to be invited here for dinner, Pop," Muriel reminded him. "Are you going to make a social outcast of your new general manager?"

"Art Graydon is a married man and an old, valued and trusted employee for whom I have a certain affection. I wouldn't high-hat him for a train-load of fat steers. But I cannot say that for Burney. Perhaps, when he has been in my service as long as Graydon has and has—"

"Gotten married," she prompted, "you'll invite him to dinner."

"That's the milk in the coconut, my dear."

"Oh, it is, is it? Now, look here, old settler. Who is the general manager of the social department of the Bardin family?"

"Why—why, you are, I guess. Since your mother passed away—"

"MOTHER always accompanied you to El Ranchito and she always invited Mr. and Mrs. Graydon to dinner. You never invited him up in your life."

"But the invitation always came with better grace from your mother."

"It will come with equal grace from me now. You'll have to have the Graydons up for dinner before they leave El Ranchito, will you not?"

"Of course. Only courtesy to do so."

"It would be an equal courtesy to invite the new general manager also. You can't leave him sitting there in the office or eating alone at the Graydon table. That would be grave discourtesy."

"You're developing too much interest in this young man, Muriel."

"Well, I'll not have you butting in on the rights of the general manager of your social department, Brad Bardin, because the day you do, any excuse for my further existence as the Bardin hostess will vanish and I'll be headed down the aisle with one of those ukulele-playing, wise-cracking, gilded young nincompoops in my social set."

"This," said the king, "is treason."

"If this be treason, make the most of it," she challenged. "You've introduced me to the realest man I've ever met and now you plan to keep me away from him. Haven't I any rights?"

"This is all wrong," the king blustered. "If you please, Muriel, we'll not discuss the subject further. You may invite him if you please. I shall offer no objection and shall make him welcome. But I warn you he will not accept the invitation."

"Why?"

"Because he's as wise as a treeful of owls and knows his place. He knows I'd fire him if he accepted. It would be presuming on brief acquaintance."

"I've met him—and when I invite him he'll come. Of course, as a mere rider he'd mount that fast horse of his and get out of the country before presuming so on brief acquaintance, but as your general manager he'll feel he's stepped up a bit in the social world."

"I'm afraid you're right," said the king. "Muriel, you interested in this boy?"

"Are you?"

"Certainly."

"Well?"

"If you're not seriously interested, of course—"

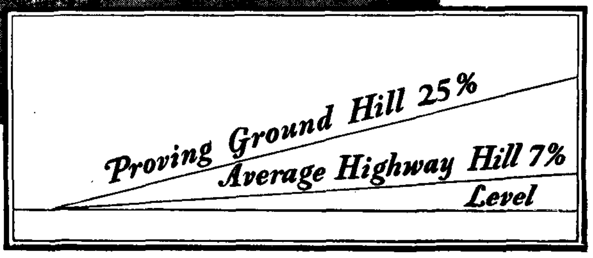
"I am seriously interested—sufficiently so, at any rate, to do my best to prevent him from soiling his rather nice hands in human blood."

"I'm all worn out," the king growled, and immediately rose and went to bed. In the realization that his daughter had eavesdropped on him he was profoundly irritated and disturbed. In a word, he felt like a dog caught sucking eggs.

(*To be continued next week*)

No. 3. *Inside pictures of the General Motors Proving Ground*

# *The steepest hill* at the Proving Ground—25%



When you realize that the hills encountered in ordinary driving average only seven per cent in grade, you will appreciate how much *harder* are the tests at General Motors' Proving Ground.

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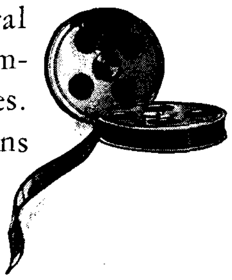
* * *



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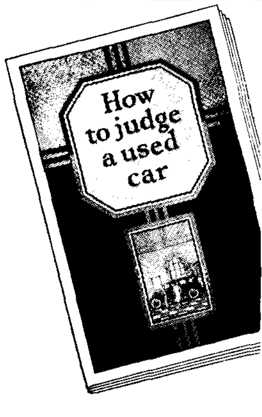

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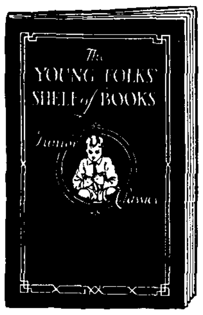

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# Lucky Lady

*Continued from page 33*

adventure for anyone to follow in the footsteps of Maude Adams and Madge Titheradge. Helen Hayes did it so well that Barrie was enthusiastic in his somber way.

Finally accepted, she saw other heights ahead. A play written especially for her would be the conclusive stamp of stardom. Luck again stepped in. Booth Tarkington had seen her in Barrie's piece. He agreed to write a play. Higher honor is rare in the American theater. He called the piece The Wren and in it Helen Hayes was a sharp-tongued New England innkeeper who evolved to something of a lady love. Massachusetts haloed the play, and it came into New York one October to be the event of the season.

"Something happened in the first scene of the first act," she records. "A player can't define it. Back of the footlights we know a flop the moment before the audience passes judgment."

### Advice to the Lovelorn

She went from one play to another—the in-and-outers that are no sooner billed than killed.

And then there came a play which nobody had the courage to produce. A play ending on a bitter note of tragedy. The tale of a Southern coquette whose lover betrays her. Its climax and finish is a gun-shot of suicide by the heroine. Of course, everybody said it wouldn't do. What American audience would stand for a sharp thrust of misery as their last memory to carry home through the night? A yearful of American audiences has stood for it, and London has demanded an opportunity to suffer with the Dixie coquette.

"It wrenches me—this frightful emotionalism," she confesses. "I suffer as much as all my parts. And especially in the revelations a suffering part brings from those who suffer in real life. They bombard me with questions—young women and middle-aged. To all I have only one answer: 'I don't know what to do when you're in love with the wrong man.'"

Innovations in acting, Miss Hayes has found, are dangerous.

"The long run of Bab in Chicago found the company getting stale. Lines were mouthed by rote. To be smart I devised a way of surprising the cast. I'd switch the formation of sentences and phrases in an effort to freshen them. It worked. So I followed this method in other long runs. And again out in Chicago where Sam Edwards, the famous old comedian—the original Prince of Pilsen—supported me I switched a sentence suddenly one night. Sam looked bewildered. I repeated the lines straight, as in the script. Too late. The shock of forgetting a cue staggered him. He clutched his heart and began pacing the stage. Tom Powers, juvenile lead with me, stood in the wings, ready to enter. He strode on and addressed Edwards, improvising a line to the effect that he wanted to talk with me alone. Edwards collapsed. We got him quietly off stage in full view of the audience, which thought it was part of the play. Poor Sam Edwards' old heart had failed. He died in his dressing-room, but not before bidding those about him to give me his regrets and to let the show go on.

"I'm cured of meddling with lines, even at the expense of seeming a little mechanical during a long run."

Yet this hitherto unrecorded tragedy behind the scenes had its function in promoting the destiny of this lucky little lady. An eminent manager, present for a few minutes—those doubly dramatic minutes—marveled at the calmness of any young woman who could pass unperturbed through such an ordeal, penetrated by his practiced eye. He spread her fame, adding to the professional prestige that is even more precious to the stage artist than popular acclaim.

Old Sam Edwards, who died a death denied to many men, in action among the things he loved, will have a niche in one bright mind to the end of her remembrance, and that is something for any man to be thankful for.

A dusky servitor appeared, bearing a tray. The 100-pound leading lady proceeded to wreak disaster on a steak that was at least a fiftieth of her weight, to say nothing of the French fried potatoes and a salad.

"I have one explanation for my success," she said, brown eyes steadily candid, "I was born lucky and energetic. Beauty doctors, diets, don't trouble me."

The diminishing steak proved they didn't.

"And oh," she added, with as near a giggle as conscious reserve permitted, "I'm the only actress who has never written a play. I try to. I take pencils and pads to my country home and start to write one. I always end by drawing pictures. You see, I've been lucky enough in one thing without daring Fortune in two."

# Powers of Darkness

*Continued from page 29*

He was already sorry for it. He was due to be a great deal sorrier. . . .

A new and surprising figure had just glided in between the bead curtains of the inner veranda, carrying a tray with their next relay of drink.

Through their meal together the two white men had been waited upon by Nickerson's house boys: rough-handed and half-tamed products of the cannibal frontier. But this was a girl! A girl, and the like of a girl to draw the bloodshot gaze of any Dobel, east or west. "What—*ho!*" he gurgled.

A native girl in a white man's house? What made it better (or worse), she was attractive by any standard: slim and lithe. She wore soft white garments which had been often laundered, and if their effect was not displeasing the young lady herself seemed not unaware. Old Mother Eve had endowed this copper-bronze child of hers with something elemental. It showed in the provocative face with sweeping lashes. It showed in the willing grace with which she leaned over to pour Dobel's liquor. Timidly. Yet not too timidly either. . . .

WELL, of course there are things that merely happen, and there are other things that merely are not done. All depends upon how you look at them and how much you know. And who should know better than Dobel, who seemed to know everything?

"Well, *well—!*" he murmured, very

softly, for him. He looked with great favor. He looked with very particular favor. Nickerson was paying the girl no attention whatsoever. Neither was the sorcerer. Which left Dobel her sole appreciator.

He was highly appreciative. He watched while she filled the glasses. He watched to let his slow gaze run along the smoothly perfect contour of cheek and arm. He continued to watch when she moved noiselessly away to the bead curtains, and there paused to flash back a look at the gross white man that made him wet his thick lips and chuckle in his thick throat.... Nevertheless it was his further humor to say nothing about her—to make no comment. Not yet. When he did speak he was grinning.

"Ah, very pretty. But it's only tricks."

"You saw what he did?"

"I saw something. But I hate to be fooled by a nigger. No—nor nobody else!" added Dobel, with a red glint. "Nobody fools me much!"

"DOBEL"—Nickerson was almost pathetic—"it's my job to steer you through and make you successful, and all that. But if you're going to stay in this country you'll have to change your way with these people."

Dobel gave a bark of amusement. "Listen: I've dealt with all shades of natives—black to pea-green—for twenty years. D'you think you can teach me anything? If you do—carry on with the show!"

Nickerson hesitated. He had lived too long in the unaccountable spaces of the earth; he had forgotten how to account for a type like Dobel. He served a friendless Service, devil-ridden by political amateurs (Papua is not a crown colony, worse luck!). But, poor pay and all, he needed his place for his family back home. What if this annoying accredited guest should start up complaints at headquarters? The mere thought gave him a shiver familiar to every empire builder.

All of which will indicate the perplexity of Nickerson, R. M., and the reason of his mistake, as aforesaid. For presently he consulted again with the sorcerer. (It was curious how he gained ease and confidence with that language.)

"I'm sorry, Dobel," he announced at last. "The old boy doesn't much fancy you."

"He doesn't?"

"No. He says if men like you had been the only white men in Papua he would own a lot of fine smoked heads. . . . I'm quoting his drift."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And for that reason, as nearly as I can make out, he is willing to show you just one more thing you *can't* explain."

"Carry on," repeated Dobel.

Now, the only visible possessions of the sorcerer were these: on one side of him his keen little belt ax, and on the other his grass-woven sack. The weapon he had discarded in courtesy. The sack he kept for his oddments and conjuring stuff—his bag o' tricks, so to speak.

From out of that bag he dragged forth presently an object which he threw with a limp flop on the mat before them. Not a pleasing object. It was a baby crocodile about ten inches long, and quite evidently it had passed some time ago from this crocodile vale of tears. It was already blue, the scales loosening from it. "He wants you to be sure this creature is dead," explained Nickerson.

"Faugh!... Guess I know a dead croc!"

"You're sure?"

"Of course," growled Dobel.

"Then hold tight," said Nickerson.

The sorcerer exhibited a fragment of ordinary greenstone, delicately shaped, about the size of an arrowhead. Taking it between finger and thumb like a pencil, he began carefully to stroke with the point. Very gently, very slowly, he stroked the crocodile from head to tail. Some way, but in the way of an artist, he brought to that fantastic employment a silent suspense that grew and grew almost tangibly. Kneeling there in the aura of light, the big black man stroked gently—gently. And slowly—slowly the result appeared on the dead animal. A pulsation ran through its flanks. Its scales brightened to a pallid green, firmed and quivered. All at once its sunken lids lifted on two gleaming, pinpricked nodules. It stood propped on its four legs. And at the final touch—impossibly, unbelievably—with a flirt and a whisk it rattled over the mattings and was gone! The thump of its escape outside made an end to that manifestation—also an end to Dobel's restraint.

He rose with a roar. He wanted no bottle this time. All he used was his fist, a fist cruel as a knotted club, and he swung it with scientific impact squarely to the jaw.

"Good God!" Nickerson whispered.

As if stricken by the same foul blow, he dropped on one knee by the victim, who lay limp and helpless as any crocodile, an inert heap. "You beast. . . . You unspeakable beast!"

Dobel stayed straddled. "That's a' right. 'S only a sleep punch."

"How—*how* could you!"

"Time enough too. I told you nobody was making a fool of me."

"That stops it, Dobel. You're going out of here. I'll have you deported. On the coasting steamer tomorrow. . . . Consider yourself under arrest, sir!" With a shaking hand he felt for the police whistle on a cord about his neck.

Before he could touch it Dobel ripped it away and bulked over him, the whole brutal assurance of the man projected like a cliff.

"*Me* going out? Y' sop and weakling—why, that's exactly what I come to do for *you!* . . .

"You didn't guess it yet? Why, I knew all about you, Mister Resident Magistrate, before I ever started here. Sure. Your record at headquarters: y'r silly reports on native habits and customs and such. Ho!" He gave his bark of laughter. "'Habits an' customs.' Soon as I saw that, I knew where I'd catch you. Says I, 'Leave him to me. I'll get that dam' nigger-loving R. M. out of there!'"

DAZED—bewildered—still Nickerson was able to ask the proper official question.

"'Order?'" echoed Dobel. "Order be blowed. No—I ain't in your service. I represent a company that gives their orders to any service. We hold a concession for this distric'. But first we reckoned to be rid of you. And how easy you made it! *What?* Did you never hear of Laws and Regulations—Section 89—against 'witchcraft or sorcery or pretense to same'? And don't I find you promoting sorcery your own silly self, Mister Magistrate Nickerson?"

"You—you wanted it."

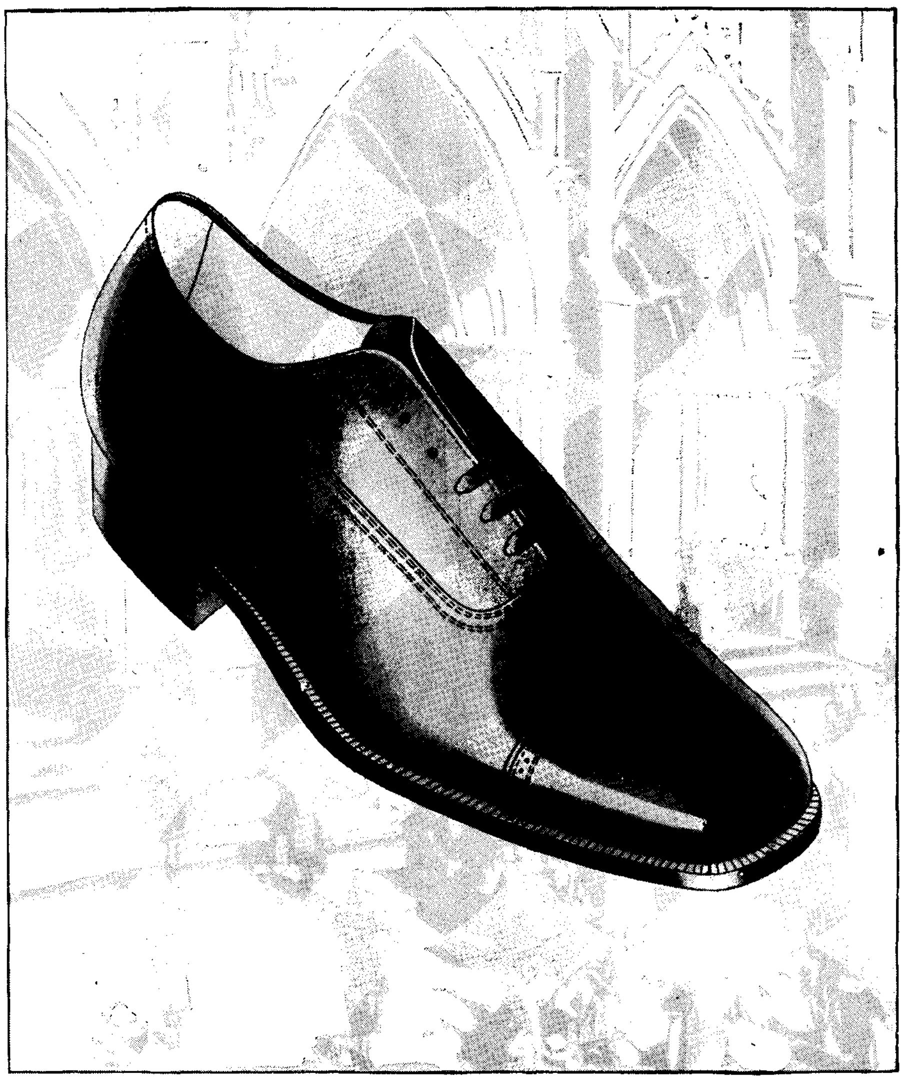
"Sure, I did. I wanted to see how much I could pin onto you. And if I needed any more—" Dobel's voice rose to a virtuous bellow. "If that ain't enough, don't I find you here in your own house with a good-lookin' brown girl?"

"Girl? . . . *That* girl?" stammered the unfortunate R. M. "Why—she's a Mission girl. From Warange Mission. She came over tonight because her father was here. The chief—the sorcerer—he's her father!"

"Eyewash. D'you think I can't tell that kind? With her free-for-all ways?

(*Continued on page 44*)

WALK OVER SHOES



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Rocky Ford 5¢

(*Continued from page 43*)

. . . Another one of your 'native habits,' I suppose!"

Poor Nickerson! "You're wrong. . . . On my honor!" This was what he gasped, and it deserves to live as a tribute to the female persuasion at large: "They only act so. It's—it's nothing against them. Only they can't help themselves—some of 'em!"

Whereat Dobel *did* laugh.

"My colonial oath. Of all the soft sops! Wait till I tell *that* for headquarters!"

True enough, it was naïve comedy close to grim tragedy again. True enough, it was Dobel's entire triumph. He laughed. "Well, that'll do for entertainment. I'll just be mooching along to my bungalow. . . . I'm taking that steamer tomorrow, you know. . . . . Oh, I'll be back. Yes, yes! Only I got to file my report, you see—the report that's going to scupper y'r job for you, Mister Non-Resident! Meanwhile, many thanks for the show."

And he swaggered out.

POOR R. M.! He was like a man overtaken in a nightmare. It was not so much the insult, the humiliation that had been put upon him. It was not even the inevitable loss of post and pay. What wrung him was his mistake—his failure to judge and to understand the given crisis: as every empire builder should and must. Did such things really happen? They seemed incredible—far beyond any magic.

This was the ordeal of Nickerson, R. M., when he turned mechanically to attend again on his stricken performer—and found the place empty. The sorcerer had vanished. . . .

Outside lay Papua, primitive and incalculable: Papua, where mystery and death wait on every move. What could he do? To be sure, he had two armed sentries at the station gate. To be sure, he might rouse the rest of his police from their barrack. What good would his handful be against Papua? . . . A wind sighed in the swamps and the trees—heady as the essence of vitality—heavy as the scent of a slaughterhouse. From the cannibal camp just beyond his flimsy palisade the tom-tom was throbbing, and his own pulse kept time with it. Nobody else could have listened with such agony for another sound—like the gather and snarl of a breaking wave. Nobody else could have visioned so vividly the horror that has overwhelmed and blotted in blood so many outposts in Papua.

It was rather with some vague idea of finishing more or less on his own feet with his face in front that he reeled over toward the bead curtains of the veranda and peered through.

A dim glint of moonshine slanted across the parade ground and made visible its sandy strip. And more besides. Something curious, and curiously illuminated and illuminating. Over yonder, by the clump of croton bushes. Over yonder, near the guest bungalow: two figures, interlaced: a great hulking white man who held clipped in his arms a native woman, a native woman who clung quite willingly to the white man. . . .

Well, there are things which happen, and there are things which are not done: the burden is in judging them aright even among strange and dark spaces. But in that flash that burden was lifted from Nickerson, R. M. For then he understood, at last. Then it dawned upon him—the real nature of his guest and enemy. Then it came clear, what he had failed to conceive: the wickedness rejecting all belief and all decency—the only actual power of darkness.

A gentle chap, kindly and mild and earnest to the verge of simplicity, so indeed he was, as hereinbefore stated. But then he remembered that he was the administrator responsible for Warange Station. Then he also remembered that he represented in his own person on the pay of a chimneysweep the whole British Empire. And further, for the first time that night, he remembered the pistol strapped on his thigh! His hand fell to it. As if released with a steel spring in all his slight frame, he took a single jump over the veranda and out on the parade ground.

He was just too late. At the same instant Papua had chosen her own tragedy once more. An inky shape rose out of the croton bushes. A polished belt ax gleamed in the moonlight. . . . A sweeping gesture—a choking cry—and a cloud closing swiftly as a wink!

When Nickerson reached them the two figures were still interlaced more or less, though rather differently. The man could scarcely hold the woman, sinking from his paralyzed arms. It was Nickerson who received her as she fell, limp and voiceless. It was Nickerson unaided who carried her back the entire distance. Finally it was Nickerson who brought her into his house and laid her carefully on the mat beside his table.

He had the deft detachment of any trained surgeon as he made his examination, and straightened up.

"She's dead."

"Good God—!" stammered Dobel. "How could—how could she be—?"

"Instantaneous, I think. A blow at the base of the skull. But I would ask you to verify."

Dobel? . . . Dobel could verify nothing. The big, gross and swaggering fellow had gone like a punctured bladder of lard. He was all of a sop of terror: his joints sagging under him, the sweat streaming from his flabby cheeks and the eyes starting in his head. He tried to speak but made no more than whimpering noises in his throat.

Nickerson considered him, gauged him with one contemptuous glance, and dismissed him from immediate mind.

Nickerson had never been calmer in all his years of work. Icy and aloof, he stayed thinking, with the images and the measures of all his knowledge running clear—everything he had ever learned about his people—everything that had given him his control of cannibal and head hunter, wandering thief and fugitive murderer. And his thoughts followed somewhat along this line:

How had the sorcerer escaped? To the right, into the crotons. What lay behind him? The palisade, surmountable, but sharp with spikes. What lay in front? The open parade ground. And to the left? The gate, and the only exit from Warange. . . . Meanwhile there had been no alarm, and the tom-tom was still drumming quietly outside. . . .

HE SHIFTED his pistol to his left hand. He edged with infinite precaution toward the veranda entrance. He poised silently by the curtains. From there, on a venture desperate as the last gasp of a swimmer—necessary as the last leap from under an avalanche—from there he launched himself into outer shadow. And . . . simply plucked forth the black crouching bulk he found in that exact concealment!

The sorcerer had nothing much to remark: there is little even a sorcerer can say with the muzzle of eternity pressing against his ear. He had nothing much to do except precisely as he was told: there is little else for anybody when he feels the oiled click of a large-sized automatic pistol jarring into his bones. Besides, as Nickerson explained to him (it was interesting how explicit and convincing the R. M. could be with that language)—besides, the plain choice was between one corpse and two corpses: life or death; just an ordinary matter for adjustment any hour and any minute in Papua.

So presently the sorcerer was kneeling on the mat again, in the same spot under the lamplight, as before. And presently he had opened his bag of oddments and conjuring stuff and had brought out a fragment of greenstone shaped like an arrowhead—as before. And presently, with the subject of his demonstration in proper position—very gently, very slowly—he began to stroke precisely as before. . . . And thereafter the souls of two white men—watching—were drawn from their roots and whirled upward . . . were tossed and torn in a suspense almost intolerable . . . waiting . . . while they glimpsed the depths of lost and forgotten fantasies in the backward abysm of time. . . .

THE garrison of Warange Station are a very smart drill. They have often proved it, and it does them credit, and they are rather swanky about it. They are only a handful of native police. But they have practiced the call to arms, even at midnight, until they can do it generally—starting on the unannounced toot of the whistle—in something close to two minutes. (Nickerson's weekly reports are always meticulous in stating such details.) On this particular occasion it could hardly have been more than a few seconds over when the little command stood ready.

The gates had been closed and the sentries doubled. Corporals Arigita and Sione had arrived one pace to the front. Behind them clicked to attention a rank of six privates—kilts, rifles and bandoliers complete—while Sergeant Bio, a prince of noncoms, stepped forward on the veranda before the wide-opened curtains in the lamplight, and saluted.

"Company under arms, *Tabauda!*"

The R. M. inspected them for a moment. They noticed nothing unusual about him, except perhaps a certain added ring in his tone and a certain stiffening of his parade-ground manner as he snapped his orders.

What he said to the corporals was:

"Sione and Arigita—you see this fella black girl? You walk along with her one-time to Mission House. You escort her safe and leave her there!"

What he said to the sergeant was:

"Bio—you see this fella white man here? You take him and lock him in the lock-up. With irons if necessary. Tomorrow he goes by the coast steamer. And he does not come back!" Whereat Bio saluted, fell in the prisoner between two guards, and started smartly.

What the prisoner said, as he was led off nearly weeping, was: "Oh, God—get me out of here! Take me away from this dam' country. Take me away!"

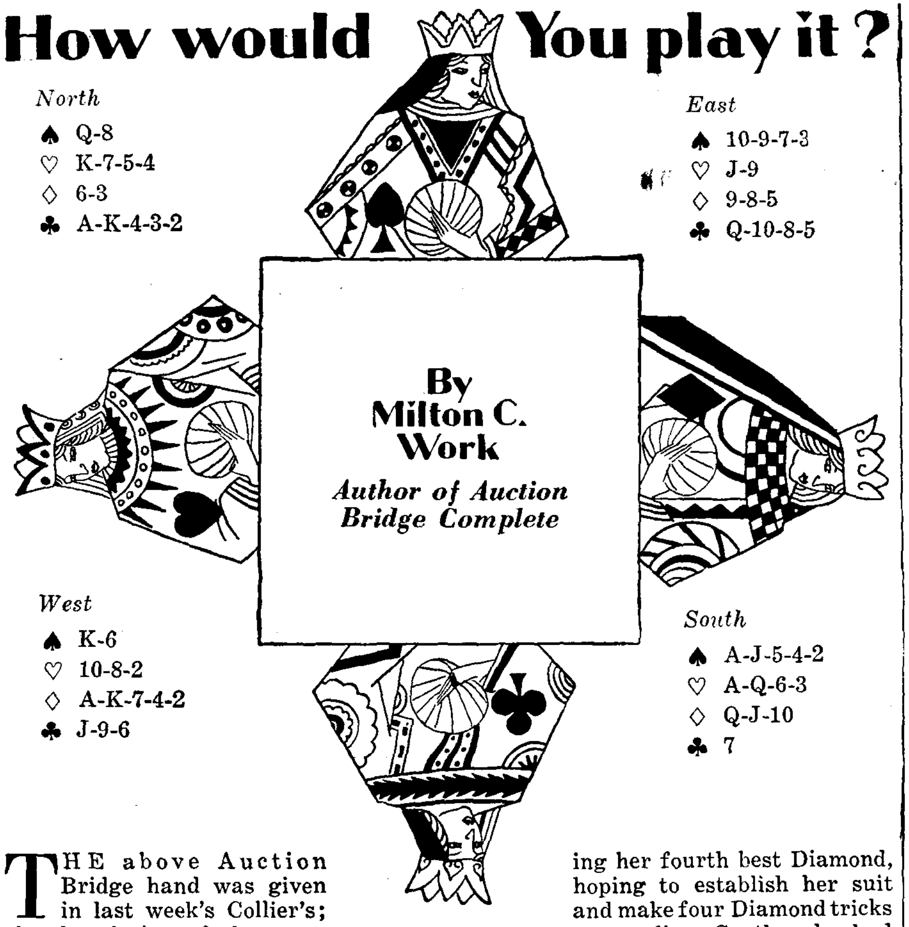
What Nickerson said to the sorcerer was little more than a formal apology, ceremoniously delivered, for events that had happened. But what the sorcerer said to Nickerson in reply deserves to be recorded.

They were alone there in Nickerson's house. The sorcerer stood proud and inscrutable as a carven Assyrian statue—dignified as becomes a high chief and a master of magic and a gentleman in his own fashion, in Papua. And his answer substantially was this:

"*Tabauda:* nothing has happened. It has been a pleasant evening between friends. I am much honored by my visit. I am gratified if I have entertained you with my poor art. It is my hope that your days may be long in this land—and I would ask your lordly permission to depart!"

From outside Papua somewhere there sounded the peaceful throbbing of a tom-tom. . . .

# How would You play it?



*North*
♠ Q-8
♡ K-7-5-4
◇ 6-3
♣ A-K-4-3-2

*East*
♠ 10-9-7-3
♡ J-9
◇ 9-8-5
♣ Q-10-8-5

**By Milton C. Work**

*Author of Auction Bridge Complete*

*West*
♠ K-6
♡ 10-8-2
◇ A-K-7-4-2
♣ J-9-6

*South*
♠ A-J-5-4-2
♡ A-Q-6-3
◇ Q-J-10
♣ 7

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the game follows:

### The Auction

The above hand was played in a two-table Duplicate Auction Bridge contest. At Table No. 1 the bidding was: South one Spade, West two Diamonds, North two Spades, which obtained the contract. At Table No. 2 it was: South one Spade, West two Diamonds, North three Clubs, East pass, South three No Trumps, which obtained the contract.

No. 2 North, thinking of the possibility of South's bidding a four-card suit, did not consider Queen and Nine sufficient strength to justify raising the Major suit bid by the partner, and consequently bid the long Minor. The No. 1 North treated Queen-Nine as normal support and consequently raised South's Spades.

In Contract Bridge the chances are that the bidding would have been as at Table No. 2.

### The Play

At Table No. 1, with the contract Spades, West started by leading two rounds of Diamonds. Then, Dummy having no more Diamonds, West led her Ten of Hearts to trick 3 through Dummy's King.

The Declarer now could expect to take four Heart tricks but must lose one trump. As she already had lost two Diamonds she could lose one trump and still make game; but the game would go if the second trump trick was taken by the adversaries.

It would have been quite natural for Declarer to win trick 3 with Dummy's Heart King and then lead the Queen of Spades from that hand; but even with the adverse Spades divided 3-3 and the King with East, that lead would not avoid the loss of one Spade trick because East would play the King on the Queen and make the adverse Ten a winner on the third round. With the Spades divided as they happen to be in this hand, leading the Queen from Dummy would result in losing two Spade tricks —and the game—to the adversaries. Declarer made her best play and won trick 3 in Closed Hand, then led a small Spade from Closed Hand toward Dummy's Queen.

At Table No. 2 West started by leading her fourth best Diamond, hoping to establish her suit and make four Diamond tricks eventually. South, who had to win the first trick, then led four Hearts, carefully noting the discards of East and West. East's first discard was a Diamond and her second a Spade. West had only one discard and she let go a Club.

The Declarer than had a trying question presented to her. She had won the fourth Heart in the Dummy and had accumulated a total of five tricks. She had in hand two good Clubs and one good Spade—one short of game. The Spade finesse would produce the game if it won; but the Spade discard by East coupled with a Club discard by West indicated that West held the King of Spades, and that trying the finesse would allow West to make her King of Spades and four Diamonds and thereby cost the game. (West had bid and that also made it probable that she had the King of Spades which, when she bid, was marked as a winner.)

West had four Diamonds and four other cards left. If she had the King of Spades, probably she had only one other with it; had she held King-x-x, undoubtedly she would have discarded a Spade to tempt South to finesse. So the chances were that West held four Diamonds, two Spades and two Clubs.

Playing on this basis, Declarer led the Ace of Clubs from Dummy and, when West played the Nine, became convinced that her diagnosis had been correct. Consequently another Club was led from Dummy to trick 7 with the hope of exhausting West's Clubs; and then a Diamond to trick 10 to place the lead with West and force her to lead Spades up to Closed Hand after cashing her four Diamonds. The play worked.

**Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.**

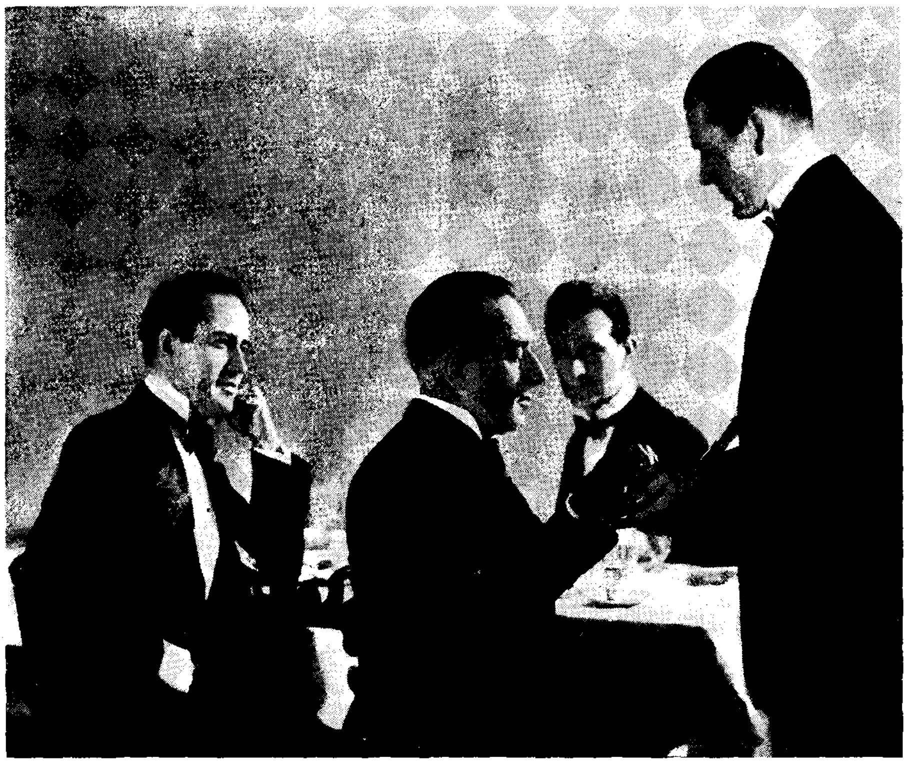
*North*
S. A-10-3
H. J-9-6-4-3
D. 7-4
C. A-K-J

*East*
S. 9-8-4-2
H. 8-5
D. J-10-8-3
C. Q-8-5

*West*
S. Q-7-6
H. 10
D. A-K-Q-5-2
C. 9-7-6-4

*South*
S. K-J-5
H. A-K-Q-7-2
D. 9-6
C. 10-3-2

Gastrogen defeats indigestion—and it does it without hiccups—without gas



"My business requires me to attend a great many dinners and banquets," writes Alton Hamilton of 2849 Fourth Ave., Astoria, N. Y. "As a result I suffer occasionally from indigestion. After trying remedy after remedy, I chanced upon Gastrogen Tablets. They relieve indigestion promptly, yet with none of the embarrassments of gas and rumbling brought on by preparations containing soda. I never attend a banquet without slipping a box of Gastrogen Tablets in my pocket."

Relieving indigestion with a dose of soda is often like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. You exchange the distress of indigestion for the discomfort and embarrassment of gas and hiccups brought on by a preparation containing soda.

For by its chemical composition, soda is an alkali. It releases gas in the presence of acid. This brings on the hiccups and rumblings that are so distressing and embarrassing. And the slightest excess of soda acts as an irritant to the stomach, hampering normal digestion.

But Gastrogen contains only neutral antacids, which cannot act except in the presence of acid. After neutralizing the acidity that causes your discomfort, they cease their work entirely and any excess passes harmlessly on. You get the relief you wish—and you avoid the embarrassments of eructation (the doctor's term for the social error of belching).

Gastrogen Tablets do not in the least retard normal digestion, yet they work so quickly that they ordinarily drive away the discomforts of indigestion, heartburn and gas in 5 to 10 minutes. Two or three tablets are usually effective. Get them today and try them next time your dinner brings you discomfort. You'll be delighted with the comfortable relief they bring, and you'll thoroughly enjoy their spicy, aromatic flavor.

*Druggists have Gastrogen Tablets in handy pocket-tins of 15 tablets for 20c and in cabinet size bottles of 60 tablets for 60c.*

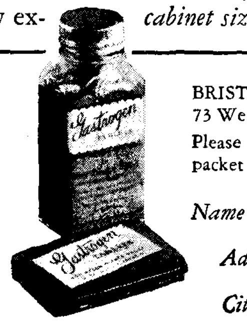
Of Special Interest to Physicians and Druggists:

This reaction shows what happens in the stomach when you take soda:

$HCl+NaHCO_3=NaCl+CO_2+H_2O$

Notice the quantity of carbon dioxide set free, then compare it with this equation, which pictures the action of Gastrogen Tablets.

$HCl+\frac{1}{2}CaCO_3=\frac{1}{2}CaCl_2+\frac{1}{2}CO_2+\frac{1}{2}H_2O$



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# Mister Sam

*Continued from page 18*

sobbing. You could hear that. And crying out, "I won't open it! Go away! Leave me alone!"

Kerstow opened his door, then picked up the suitcase and the bag.

Sam, an abject creature, followed him in. Kerstow saw now that the box bore the K. & A. stencil. One of the regular costume boxes. Sam was trying to give the girl, whoever she might be, a gown.

Said Kerstow, "Not much time, Sam."

The producer didn't reply at once, but laid the box gently on the bed and sat beside it.

"I got her," he said huskily. "In there. I put her in the lamp."

"If she'll go," was Kerstow's dry remark as he threw off coat and vest.

Sam waited, sitting almost motionless, in a hush, until he caught the other's eye. Then he said—it was little more than a whisper—"I love her."

KERSTOW was removing a shoe. "Oh, well!" he said. That was all. Just, "Oh, well!" But he was startled.

"I marry her."

Kerstow, shoe in hand, sat motionless. This was a new slant. A picture of the plump and vigorous and vociferous Mrs. Karber flashed into his mind.

"What'll Rachel say to that?"

"I divorce her."

Kerstow stepped out of his trousers. There was a long silence, broken by an odd sound. He looked around. Sam was crying.

Here was a problem! Kerstow, very composed, slipped into a silken kimono. "Just a minute, now," he remarked, sitting on the arm of a chair. "You've *got a scared girl shut up in your rooms.* We don't want scandal. It might be serious. There's a telephone in there. She can call her friends, Sam."

The little man on the bed didn't reply. Just sat there, in a slump.

Muffled, hurried footsteps sounded in the corridor. Then a strong rap on the door opposite.

A male voice called, "Are you in there, Marie?" Then, "It's me, kid. It's Jim." Then the sound of a door opening, and sobs, and a gasped-out, "Oh, Jim!"

Sam's fingers twitched. Suddenly he sprang to the door and flung it open.

The girl was embracing a tall young man with a birthmark on his face. Mr. MacEvoy, of the hotel management, stood by, pondering his problem.

The young man detached the twining arms and turned on Sam. "I've seen you hanging round," said he. "You dirty cur!" With which he struck two or three clean blows. Sam, before MacEvoy and Kerstow could take a hand, lay writhing on the floor.

Somehow the two saner ones got all three of them into the suite and closed the door. MacEvoy, disliking violence, talked sternly to the boy. Sam, a shaking hand pressed over a swelling eye, sank down on a sofa and sputtered unintelligibly. But Kerstow, looking him over in real concern, got him up and half carried him to the bedroom.

"What's all this about?" demanded Kerstow, on his return to the parlor. "You can't attack a gentleman like that. The girl wasn't locked in. She was perfectly free to go. Mr. Karber offers her a place in the show, and she jumps at it. Comes here of her own free will." He glanced at the girl. "Just try to tell me you didn't."

Marie said nothing. But the boy took her defiantly in his arms. "This young lady is about to become my wife," he said.

"I don't care what she's going to become. I'm going to have you up for assault. We won't stand for this kind o' thuggery. Not one minute!"

A faint voice sounded in the bedroom, "Joe! Joe!" Kerstow stepped in there.

Sam whispered: "Don't let him marry her, Joe!"

"How'm I going to stop him! It's up to him and her."

"But I gotta have her for the lamp! Joe, I gotta have her!"

"Have 'em both, then. That's the simplest way out of it."

Sam faintly groaned. "I couldn't stand it, Joe! Having him around with her! Every day, I couldn't stand it!"

"But you don't have to be there. Just stay away. That's the best I can suggest." With a shrug he moved back to the parlor.

MacEvoy asked, "What does Mr. Karber want to do, Joe?"

"He wants the girl. She agreed to come with the show, and we're going to hold her to it. We've let the other girl go, you see. It's the only fair way out of it."

"Well, Marie," said the youth, "are you going with that little fat devil or are you coming with me? Better make up your mind."

The pretty-modeled mouth quivered. Tears came again. She reached out a groping hand; caught his sleeve; then with another muffled "Oh, Jim!" was in his arms.

There was a scuffling sound. The great Mr. Karber, rumpled and disheveled, came slowly in from the bedroom.

"All right!" he cried brokenly. "All right! I give you a job too. I give you a good job. I let you be married. I take care of you. You will be happy." To Marie: "I give you a—a wedding dress. You are the girl in the lamp. You are famous. This I do."

Then to Jim, huskily eager: "You are saying 'yes'? You will come to work for Sam L. Karber? Something I find for you. Something good. I make her money. I make you money too. You are saying 'yes'?"

"Well—hell!—yes," said Jim.

Kerstow, accustomed as he was to scenes, took in this one with a puzzled interest. You couldn't insult Sam. Not even with your fists. But neither could you sway him from a purpose. He'd got his girl for the lamp.

MacEvoy and Kerstow stood in the corridor. Sam had gone back to bed.

"Extraordinary," observed the hotel man. "Never knew anybody quite like him. If you don't mind my saying so, it's been clear to me for years that it's you and Ben Andrews that run the K. & A. business. This man couldn't run a henhouse."

"Don't you believe it," said Kerstow, and he meant it. "Mr. Ben and I are business men. But we're not artists. And that's just what Mr. Sam is, an artist! But without Mr. Sam we wouldn't last three years. Believe me, he's the works."

IT WAS hardly twenty minutes after that—Kerstow was brushing his dinner coat—when Sam's battered face appeared in the doorway. His eyes were bright. "Come over to my suite, Joe," he said. "Something's up." . . .

There was a knock. An urbane gentleman with a grizzled mustache was shown in.

"Colonel Jacks?" said Sam, grasping his hand. "Come right in! This is Mr. Kerstow. . . . Let me have your hat! Maybe you'd like a cigar. We can do something for you?"

In due course, the bustling amenities attended to, the colonel went frankly enough to the point: "Mr. Karber, I am much interested in a certain young lady, and I've come to discuss the possibility of placing her in the Bright Lights. I'm quite prepared to pay something for the favor. I really want to do what I can for the girl."

"We'd have to see her, Colonel," said Kerstow. "I'm sure you'll understand that."

"Oh, perfectly! But I think, when you have, you'll agree with me. In my judgment she was by far the most beautiful girl in the Miss America contest, and should have won the title. Doubtless you've not had time to follow the contest—"

"We've been pretty busy."

"Naturally. I've often admired the skill in organization required in your work. Handling such an intractable and confused personnel too. Now, this girl . . . by the way, the name is Hansen: Helga Hansen. . . ."

JOE'S and Sam's eyes met for an electrical instant.

Sam moved his aching head in a dubious little shake. "This is the trouble," he said. "The company is full. All set."

Colonel Jacks produced a check book. "But you're a business man, Mr. Karber. Surely you're not in the habit of refusing money." He smiled.

"But it makes us trouble, Colonel Jacks."

"It shouldn't be difficult to figure trouble out in terms of a cash payment."

"We maybe find something. Something very small."

The colonel smiled again. "No, I'd really like to place her well, Mr. Karber. Something rather conspicuous, if you could manage it."

"She could wear one of the models—" Sam appeared to be thinking aloud. "For—oh, ten thousand—I perhaps do this."

"Come now, Mr. Karber, haven't you something a little better for her? I doubt if she sings, but she'd really be exquisite as the central figure of a group tableau or something of that sort. I really want her to stand out a little. Possibly my own pride comes in there. I shouldn't like her to think me cheap. Why not put it at fifteen thousand and give her just a bit of a place in the show? A moment that she could really think of as her own."

"How about putting her in the lamp, Sam?" asked Joe.

Sam knit his brows. "Well," he said slowly—"well, I think maybe we do that. If we have seen her?"

"I'm so sure of her that I'll gladly settle this right now, Mr. Karber, and leave it all on your hands." The colonel drew his chair to the table and wrote the check.

KERSTOW characterized Sam as an artist. Well, there's something in that. But another, possibly a more complete, summing up of the man occurs to me. It popped into my head just now while doing a cross-word puzzle. I had the atlas out, looking over the map of Asia Minor to find a seaport on the Persian Gulf. I believe Sam was, at heart, in every closely interwoven fiber, indeed, a Semitic chieftain; in his veins the blood of the tribes that have wandered these thousands of years over the deserts and mountains of that region, plundering, laying waste, intriguing shamelessly, protecting their carefully stocked harems, and—weaving beautiful rugs.

Picked out of the Air
Dick Spencer

### Get the Hook

ONE of those organizations that specialize in finding out what the public like or dislike recently surveyed the radio listeners of Chicago. Ordinarily neither you nor I would give any whoopee for the result. In this survey however there was one question that brought forth some astonishing answers. It was this: "Which are your favorite stations in Chicago?"

Eleven of the stations in the Chicago area were not mentioned at all. Two thirds of the people interviewed favored four stations, every one of which serves time on one or another of the National Chains.

All of this I reverently submit to the Federal Radio Commission together with these three questions:

Why let those eleven Chicago stations suffer such a lingering death?

Why destroy chain broadcasting?

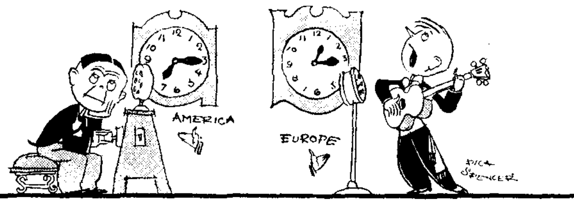
Why not chloroform similar *unheard* stations in other large cities?

If the commission answers these questions correctly and then applies the answers, there will be no broadcast problem.

### Try This on Your Piano

MANY of the great inventions in daily use resulted from the ingenious combination of a number of well-known things so that an entirely new result was obtained. That form of invention is not unknown to some of our popular composers. If you don't believe it Dr. Sigmund Spaeth may sometime demonstrate it to you.

As a musical lecturer Dr. Spaeth is in a class by himself, particularly in his ability to avoid the stereotyped. He has taken on the Sunday series, "Famous Songs and Those Who Made Them," for the WEAF chain. Possibly when he gets into full swing he will entertain us along the lines he undertook a few years ago when he played a few successive notes from the "Hallelujah Chorus," followed it with an excerpt from Balfe's great masterpiece "Bohemian Girl," then concluded with another classical line, and, lo! the radio listeners heard "Yes, We Have No Bananas."



### Time, Our Greatest Enemy

TWO years ago we were promised international programs through the instrumentality of very short waves, but, so far as listeners are concerned, nothing happened until the afternoon of an early February day this year. Then without previous notification the strains of Sir Henry Wood's famous orchestra playing in Queen's Hall, London, were reproduced on the NBC chains. It was a sudden event when conditions were completely favorable—the culmination of two years' concentrated efforts by the engineers of two continents. The problem has not been solved yet, despite this hurried broadcast.

There is no doubt that internationally broadcast concerts or programs of historical events would be the acme of radio achievement. But besides the terrific engineering difficulties involved there is a tremendous obstacle set up by Nature—the time difference between continents.

If the majority of us in this country are to hear the best there is in Europe it means that Europeans must stay up until after midnight to entertain us. On the other hand to entertain Europeans at their most convenient hour our own artists or public men must appear before the local microphone around lunch time. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that governments may, in the future, time their most important functions so that all the world may listen in.

### Futile Comment

ONE newspaper critic refers to the Futile Radio Commission. Another calls it the Federal Radio Omission.

It looks to me like a combination of these two with the best features of each retained for future use—possibly.

### They Can't Tune It Out

THERE'S one song that the Federal Radio Commissioners hate to hear broadcast.

It runs:

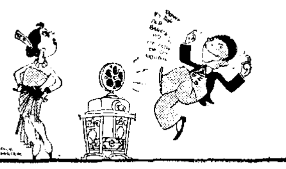
"Every little station has a lawyer of its own."

### This Sounds Profanic

SOME of us crave jazz, while the rest of us curse it.

But, no matter what any of us may say, it will be a long time before we can think of a definition that equals the one uttered by Vaughn de Leath. In case you do not know I may mention that Miss Vaughn earned the title of "Original Radio Girl" by singing over the wireless before we called it broadcasting. In a recent interview she is quoted as saying: "Real jazz is a negroid type of blatant dissonance."

That's about as far as this publication can go and still escape the attention of John S. Sumner.



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# Sitting Pretty

*Continued from page 22*

turn out her toes; arch her back so that her abdomen receded and her buttocks jutted out; throw back her shoulders so that her chest stuck out in front and was narrowed behind.

We think such posture is horrible now; we laugh at the Floradora Sextette and the Gibson Girl and remark that toes turned out "date one." And we have, by returning to nature in women's clothes, removing the impediments of tight corsets and long skirts, bustles and plumpers, gone back necessarily to the Greek ideal more or less.

### Interplay of Bones and Muscles

To the average person good posture can be expressed simply as "standing up straight." But unfortunately the result of standing up straight is as varied as the types of individuals, in the physical sense, in the world.

Probably the greatest number of people, when told to stand up straight, throw out their chests, drive the shoulders together as far as possible in back, and arch their backs.

In analyzing good posture, or the interplay of bones and muscles which leads to the most efficient functioning of the organs and members of the body, we must remind ourselves of what functions those organs and members are supposed to perform.

For instance: the *spine* is the weight bearer of the body. It is the axis, the support without which nearly all activity is impossible. Its structure for this purpose is one of the marvels of human anatomy. It is made up of separate components, the vertebræ, to give flexibility. The vertebræ are held together by a series of complicated and generally very strong ligaments to give strength; they are separated by cushions of cartilage to prevent shock, and they are so shaped that they interlock and cannot be dislocated unless the ligaments are severed.

The efficiency of the spine, then, depends on its continued flexibility; on the assistance of the muscles in keeping the vertebræ in relation so that the impact of the weight of the body will be received squarely on the cartilage cushions.

Strangely enough strength and flexibility of the spine go together. A spine which is held rigidly and not given exercise is, of course, not flexible, and neither is it strong. Ligaments, like all other human tissues, need active circulation of the blood to retain their power, and this they cannot have without exercise.

For this reason our first rule for posture is not to stand up straight, but *to keep our backs flexible.*

Habitually, when we stand or walk—in other words when the spine is bearing the weight of the body—the back should be held erect, and as nearly flat as its structure will allow.

The *chest* has a double purpose. It must protect the heart and the lungs. And it must expand easily and fully so that the lungs may expand. And retract forcefully and completely to assist in emptying the lungs. Therefore the chest, like the spine, needs both flexibility and strength.

In a state of nature the needs of the chest are automatically taken care of by the exigencies of hard living. Not so with civilized man, who seldom if ever gets out of breath; who is too polite to yawn thoroughly; who avoids sudden gusts of cold air and dashes of cold water; who uses his arms so little that the two great fan-shaped muscles which cover the chest and back and are attached to the shoulder are often much diminished in size from disuse.

We must remedy the deficiencies of our habits by conscious habits of proper breathing and proper carriage of the chest. We must consciously supply air to the unventilated portions of our chests because we can get along, in ordinary living, with so much less air than the lungs will hold. If we don't consciously ventilate the parts of our lungs we do not need, they become prey to the diseases of civilization, bronchitis, pneumonia, tuberculosis.

The *muscles of the abdominal wall* have several functions. They are accessory organs of breathing; they help to constrict the lower part of the chest; they should hold the soft parts of the abdomen up and in place; they should take some of the weight of the abdominal organs from the spine, by keeping them from sagging.

One of the greatest enemies to the abdominal wall in the performance of its functions is fat. Excess fat accumulates easily in the abdominal wall itself, and in the omentum, or apron, which covers the organs under the abdominal wall. Such fat interferes with the muscular activity of the abdominal muscles very much as does a monkey wrench in a gear box.

The best rule for posture in the matter of the abdomen is to be constantly aware that the abdominal wall is a muscular wall, and composed of muscles whose use is constant. The wall should be habitually taut and vigorous. If it follows this rule it cannot sag, and will be held properly and efficiently.

A good method of reëducating the abdominal muscles is to sit carelessly upright in a chair, with the abdomen relaxed; then pull the body forward by the use of the abdominal muscles alone. The shoulders and chest should remain inactive, and the action should start at the lower end of the abdomen and progress upward until the whole wall is a tense sheet curving inward and the body is pulled forward in a half-crouch. This must be done very slowly, and is very hard at first, but it is real muscular training.

The easiest way to keep the shoulders in proper position is to forget them. Do what is right by your chest and back and the shoulders will take care of themselves: they will hang at ease, with the shoulder blades flat behind, the arms straight, the back of the hand pointing forward. To keep flexible they should be treated daily to some vigorous stretching and reaching exercise.

### How to Walk Correctly

The *feet* and *legs* have been given a worse deal by civilization than have the shoulders and arms. The whole lower extremity is in a state of rebellion throughout the human race. More people have "trouble with their feet" than suffer from any other one complaint. Faulty shoes get most of the blame, but faulty habits of walking and standing are equally responsible for the trouble. A person who uses his feet and legs intelligently does not buy faulty shoes.

To be sure, the root of the trouble for those of us who were brought up in the days when it was considered proper to turn out the toes, lies in the early training for which we are hardly responsible. But we can still do something to correct the old muscles by walking properly. It is easy to walk correctly if you remember a few simple facts about the foot:

1. The parts of the foot meant for propulsion, the real walking surfaces, are the ball of the foot and the great toe.
2. The outer surface of the foot and the heel are used mainly for balance.
3. Walking on the heel throws the entire weight of the body on the spine, and throws into disuse the important muscles of the front of the thigh. Heel-walking cannot be smooth: it is jerky and involves the shock of impact with each step.
4. The body should be lifted on the ball of the foot with each step, by the action of the muscles of the back of the leg and the front of the thigh.
5. The muscles of the buttocks can be held tense and unused in walking. Their function is largely to raise the body from a sitting position.

What we used to call flat feet, we now call weak feet. We have learned that the foot which is used as a paddle is not really used. Its ligaments relax from lack of exercise and the arches "fall," and the new bone contacts which result cause pain. A foot properly used remains strong and flexible and can be subjected to a lot of punishment, even in the unnatural encasings of civilization.

The perfect walk is light and springy. It does not jolt the body and make the cheeks flap, and it does not jar a floor. It is smooth, continuous, well-balanced. It uses all the muscles of the leg and thigh that were meant for locomotion.

### Synthesis of Good Posture

If we assemble, then, from these elementary facts, the composite human whole—a person of good posture—we have something like this:

A man or woman who gives the general impression of well-being, vigor, and flexibility. There will be no military erectness and stiffness of carriage. There will be no marked mannerisms of posture. The head will be held erect, with chin slightly lowered so that the back of the head would be level with the wall if the body were backed against the wall. The chest will be held high in front above, but not rigidly. The shoulders will be held easily, the top of the shoulder pointing slightly forward as nature intended it to, and the shoulder blades flat against the back.

The person of habitual good carriage never stands with arms akimbo—on the hips. The back will be held generally straight—with its natural curves not exaggerated; the buttocks well in. The feet will be held together, parallel, in standing and walking, and the weight in either position will be carried on the ball of the foot. The knees, in standing, will be held straight, but not overextended, so that they bend backward, and in walking the knees will bend only slightly if the feet and legs are used properly.

We used to think of posture as important to create a seemly and dignified appearance. Now we look upon good posture as a rather individual matter, based on an understanding of the proper use of our muscles. We consider it important not as a means of making a good impression on others—although that happens, incidentally of course—but as a means of increasing physical efficiency, reducing fatigue, and preventing such chronic and annoying complaints as weak feet, sagging of the abdominal contents, frequent colds and general lassitude.

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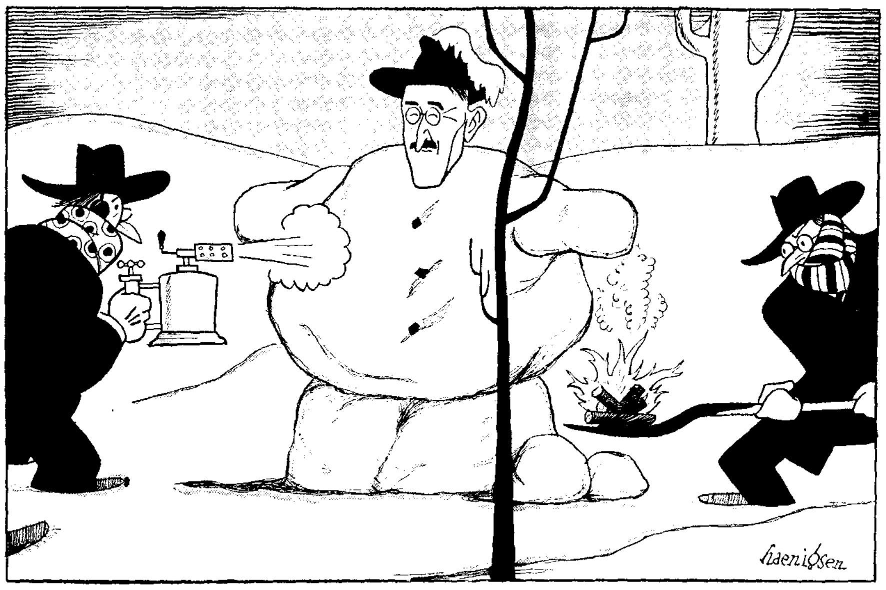


# He's a Cool One

### By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

OF COLONEL HENRY L. STIMSON, the late Job E. Hedges used to tell an illuminating story. Colonel Stimson was the Republican candidate for Governor of New York. It was a bad year for the Republicans and he was beaten, but the result of the campaign had not much to do with the story. It was Mr. Hedges' job to travel about New York State with his party's candidate for Governor, make funny speeches and, in short, humanize the man whom the Republicans had nominated.

Mr. Hedges was a seasoned campaigner, a jokesmith of parts, a fellow who sent the audience away feeling that they had not lost an evening in coming to listen to the candidate's arguments. It is always somebody's business to humanize the candidate unless the candidate himself has the knack of popular speaking.

Colonel Stimson's speeches were dragging rather heavily. He had never before run for an elective office and had no skill in making a popular audience rise upon its hind legs and cheer. He could talk to a bench of appellate judges but not to the populace. Mr. Hedges thought that his candidate lacked punch. So on one occasion after a dreary and unpromising evening Mr. Hedges undertook to instruct his man.

In a hotel room he bade him say a popular four-word phrase of insult which reflects upon the ancestors of the person to whom it is addressed. Colonel Stimson said it very much as he would have said, "Constitution of the United States." Mr. Hedges said that would not do. For an hour, according to his story, he practiced his candidate on those four words. In the end he gave up, saying afterward that no one could possibly get mad at hearing those fighting words come from Colonel Stimson's lips.

### He's Not a Mixer

That is Colonel Stimson, one of the coldest and most impassive men on earth; a sort of intellect operating in a vacuum, so far as personal relations are concerned, quite free from passions, unless ambition may be reckoned as a passion. He is not much of a mixer. As a Secretary of War in his youthful days under President Taft he was noted for his fairness in dealing with the army. He played no favorites because he was quite incapable of yielding to the seductions of personality and he was equally incapable of prejudice because of that quality in him which Mr. Hedges hit off in his story.

He has an excellent mind, as his remarkable success at the bar in New York attests. He was probably the best federal district attorney that New York City ever had, because of his superior intelligence and application, and because he was a kind of impersonal force working for justice. He is one of those sure men who see their path clearly before them from the outset, one of those whom some inward light directs.

### "Mr. Root's Partner"

He won prizes in public speaking while still in college. As a young member of the bar, he associated himself with Elihu Root, the best association a young lawyer of his day could have had. The association left its mark upon him. Inevitably his name suggests that of Mr. Root. He is still spoken of as Mr. Root's partner, though the partnership was long ago dissolved, and he has won a distinguished place at the bar in his own right. Such an undeviating following of a career is not due to chance. No passion clouds the end he has in view.

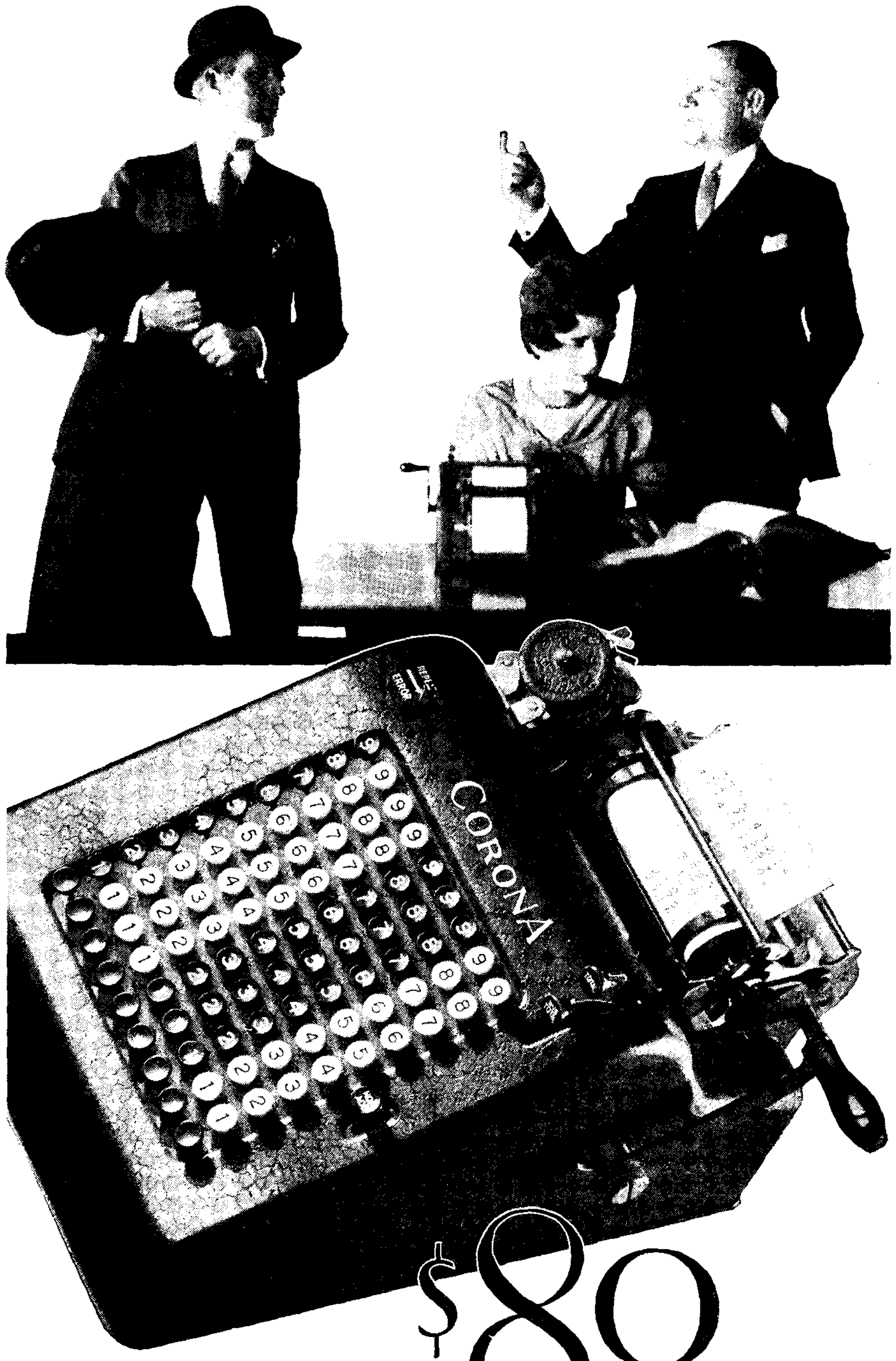
More recently he has turned his attention to public life into which he was initiated nearly twenty years ago as Secretary of War under President Taft. Mr. Coolidge sent him to Nicaragua to pacify that disordered state. He did the job there thoroughly and without hesitation. Indecision is not one of his qualities.

Mr. Coolidge then sent him to the Philippines as Governor General to succeed the late General Leonard Wood. He was equally successful there.

As one looks at his portrait in the War Department—all Secretaries of War leave their portraits behind them—one suspects a certain romantic quality behind all this austerity. Colonel Stimson is represented in the painting wearing riding breeches and a red coat and carrying a riding crop, instead of in the conventional morning coat which one would expect to find on so impersonal a figure as he is.

Later, when this country entered the great war, he sought and obtained service in France as a colonel of field artillery. As a civilian of middle age does not promote his ambitions on the field of battle, one fancies there must exist in this cool lawyer a penchant for what the French call *la gloire*.

In choosing him for his cabinet President Hoover has sought competence and prestige. He belongs to the Root-Hughes tradition. He was recommended by both Root and Hughes.



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The Rexall Store

# Wings of Destiny

*Continued from page 20*

Judge Henrichs, sure of his appointment, had suggested certain preliminary work in Switzerland. Then step by step, as inexorably as the action of an old Greek drama, the rest would follow.

"If I could only leave out the cheating . . ." he told himself, " . . . And why not?" he savagely demanded of the whistling air around him. "Must I have that fastened around my neck like a grindstone all my life?"

*In which, again, you will probably* see some slight reflection of that other Millard Delavan who had once played the part of Herodius before Fate had beckoned him to his last dramatic rôle.

By that time Soissons had long been left behind and the cathedral towers of Meaux were showing again above their encircling trees.

HE MADE a good landing, but he didn't exactly hurry to the Tête-de-Bœuf.

"Dinner will nearly be over," he thought. "I hope Mitzi didn't keep her promise—that she isn't in her room!"

This hope, however, proved to be a short one. As Delavan approached the Tête-de-Bœuf he saw Mitzi at the window of her room, as though watching for someone.

"Waiting for Papa to come and have dinner with her," guessed Delavan. He waved his hand in response to her greeting, but when she beckoned him, he pretended not to understand her gesture.

As he had told himself, the dinner was nearly over. It was to that fact—innocent enough in itself, but disastrous in its consequences—that he owed much that followed.

For half an hour Joyce had sat in the foyer, pleading lack of appetite—in reality waiting to warn Dell that Captain Lastry had joined the Red Cross party. But when some of the guests began leaving the dining-room she decided that Delavan wasn't coming.

She slowly arose and went in to dinner, taking the only chair left at the Red Cross table—a chair with its back to the rest of the room.

"Oh!" said one of the elderly nurses, turning to Captain Lastry a few minutes later, "there's your friend, Lieutenant Anderson. He's just come in."

"Where?" demanded the captain, promptly rising.

"Over near the window," said the nurse. "Talking to the white-haired waiter."

Scowling in anticipation, Lastry strode across the room and touched Delavan on the shoulder.

"Lieutenant Anderson?" he demanded.

DELL turned to see who was speaking to him. The two men stared at each other.

"Good Lord; it's Delavan!" exclaimed the captain, half under his breath. "What the devil are you doing here—in uniform again—and calling yourself Anderson?"

"Be careful!" said Delavan in a warning voice. "Careful and quiet!"

"What for?"

"Secret Service!"

"Can you prove it?" asked the other after a frowning pause. "Got your papers with you?"

"Yes," said Dell. "In my room."

"All right," said Lastry, partly impressed in spite of himself by the other's poise; "let's go see 'em."

Dell's plan was simple. As soon as they reached his room he would beat Lastry into unconsciousness—and it would not be the first time he had done it!

"I'll give him enough to keep him quiet!" he confidently, almost joyfully, told himself, "and then I'll get back to the Humming Bird. I'll be a hundred miles away from here before eight o'clock; and tomorrow morning I'll keep on going till I reach Switzerland!"

A simple plan, as you will see; and it might have been successful if a new arrival hadn't been standing at the office desk as Delavan and the captain *emerged from the dining-room.* This new arrival, waiting for M. Trebizon, turned to see if it was the proprietor whom he heard coming; and a moment later Delavan found himself looking into the round blue eyes of Major Kevin J. Morin. . . . !

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed the major, plunging his hands in his pocket. "I come here to find one old friend, and I meet another! Of course you know I have you covered from my jacket pocket. Who's this with you? Another German despatch-runner?"

In growing indignation Captain Lastry told who he was—and where he was going with Delavan at that particular moment, and why.

"Oh, don't bother," said the major. "I know this chap. He had me tapped on the head in a plane a few days ago. Just turn him over to me."

"That's all right, too," said Lastry. "But how do I know that you and he aren't partners?"

The major bowed.

"Pardon," he said. "The fault is mine—and the clever question's yours! I'm Major Morin of the British Intelligence just making a study of the use of planes in getting despatches over the trenches. Very ingenious system. Beautiful ladies waiting to get the news. Captured Allied planes waiting to rush it across the line. Let's take our man to the Hôtel de Ville. Any of my brother staff officers there will vouch for me."

Near the doorway to the dining-room stood the Red Cross group, but fortunately for Delavan his back was toward them and he didn't see the tragedy that was Joyce.

At first he had considered flight, but a group of officers on the steps outside had to be considered—to say nothing of the major's possible skill as a marksman.

"And I wouldn't get far," Dell told himself. "They know where the Humming Bird is—"

So he had stood in silence—a model of calm young self-possession—till he had heard the major saying, "Beautiful ladies waiting to get the news."

"Sounds as though he knows about Mitzi," thought Delavan, stirring uneasily. "If he does, he'll have her arrested as soon as he finds she's here."

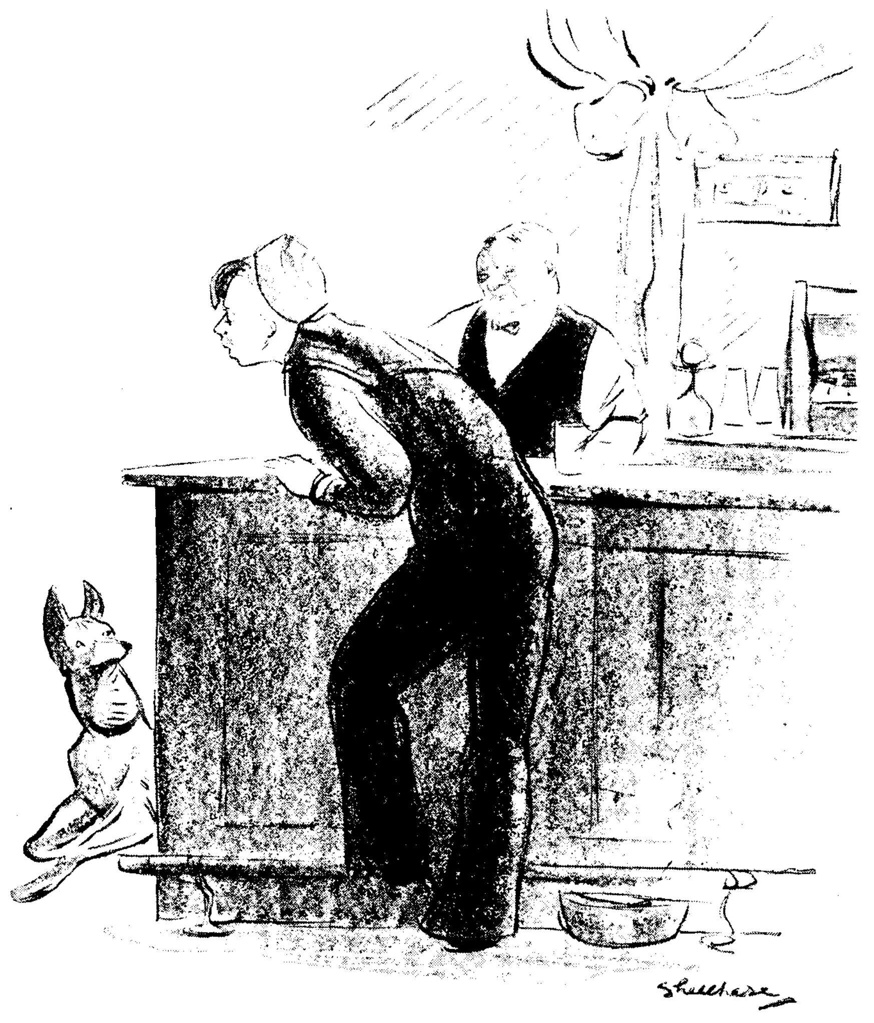
And as far as he could see, there was only one way to warn her.

HE WAITED until the major had finished speaking, and then he said, "My dear sir, it must occur to you that you are not the only man in France today on Intelligence work. The same papers in my room that will convince Captain Lastry will also convince you."

Again his tone of quiet confidence won for him.

"They will have to be very convincing to explain that tap on the top of my head," said the major. "But if you have anything to show us, very well; lead on! Captain Lastry and I'll follow."

Arrived in his room, Delavan was



"What's that dog worth?"
"About $350.00."
"Who left it to him?"

first searched and then he started taking the clothes off the bed. From the next room the sound of a closing drawer told him that Mitzi was still there.

"This has certainly been a day of surprises," he said in a loud, cheerful voice. "I could hardly believe my eyes when Captain Lastry appeared from nowhere to put me under arrest. But when you turned up, Major Morin, as a member of the British Intelligence Service investigating beautiful women and swift airplanes, I was more than surprised; I was amazed."

He paused and noticed that all sound in the next room had stopped.

"TELL me," he continued in the same hearty, good-natured voice. "That beautiful woman with whom you sometimes dined in the Café de la Lanterne; you weren't investigating her; were you?"

"I'm not answering questions," said the major, shortly. "Come now; what are you doing with those bedclothes?"

"I'm digging down to the mattress," said Dell. "That's where I keep my papers. Have either of you a strong knife?"

"No, no, no," said the major chidingly. "Not quite good enough, my boy. You'll be wanting a sword next."

From the corner of his eye Delavan caught sight of a gray Renault advancing from the Hotel de Ville, Papa Jouarre erect at the wheel. And although he wasn't quite sure of this, he thought he heard Mitzi's door softly opening and shutting.

"A sword?" he repeated blankly. "Oh, I see! All right, then, I'll sit on the bed over here—and Captain Lastry can cut the mattress open. The papers are in one corner—the corner that was under the pillow—this one, I think, unless I turned it around."

But nothing except horse-hair was found in that corner—nor in the next one which Lastry tried. He was savagely ripping the third open when again the gray car passed in front of the hotel, going the other way this time, Papa Jouarre still sitting proudly erect at the wheel, and a feminine figure in a broad-brimmed hat demurely seated by his side.

"Good for Mitzi!" thought Delavan. "Probably bound for Paris. I owed her that, but now we can both cry quits."

He returned to the comedy of the mattress. The fourth corner was torn open, but still no papers were forthcoming. Lastry arose, frowning, dusting his hands and knees.

"Know any more good jokes?" he demanded.

"For some reason, best known to himself," said the major, "our ingenious young friend has been playing for delay. I gather that he was one of yours originally. But as I shall be the accusing witness, I think you'd better turn him over to us—especially as I understood you to say downstairs that he was dishonorably discharged from your own service."

"Yes, the dirty traitor!"

"Rather a mess, I admit. We may need you to swear to his past history—and to his masquerading here as one of your officers. But—er—in the meantime, I wonder if you'd mind telling my man to bring the car around to the back entrance here? You'll find him parked across the street from the Hotel de Ville—a Maxim with wire wheels. I'll give you its number—and a few words on a card. . . . To tell you the truth," he added, in a voice so low that Dell couldn't hear, "I want to get him away quietly. There are some other queer birds in this same nest, and I don't want to alarm them too soon!"

After Lastry had gone Delavan said, "Do you mind if I write a letter?"

"Not at all," said the major cheerfully. "Under similar circumstances, it's the thing I'd do myself."

As you have probably guessed, Delavan's letter began "Dear Joyce—" a hard letter to write—indeed, a hard letter to see, the words already written growing blurred at times, so that it was difficult to see where to start the next line. Dell finally finished it—somewhat hastily, if the truth be told—and reached over for an envelope.

"Don't seal it, please," said the major, who had been watching him; and in a gentler voice he added, "It's a rotten thing, I know, but I shall have to look it over—"

"I won't mind that," said Dell after a moment's pause, "if you'll deliver it, too."

"That depends, of course, on where it's to go."

"Not far. Only to a girl in this hotel—"

"Not—" said the major, before he could check himself.

"No; not that one," said Delavan, guessing that he meant Mitzi. "This is for Miss Joyce Van Deusen. She's with the Red Cross."

"Oh. . . . That one! I'm sorry. . . ."

Delevan addressed his envelope; and handed both letter and envelope to the major.

"I won't read it now, thank you," said the latter, placing it in his pocket. "It's always bad enough to read another man's letter—but practically impossible while he's watching, you know. . . . Ah, I think your friend's returning. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum,* or whatever old Horace says!"

UPON their arrival at the Hotel de Ville they found a small unoccupied room in which, in more peaceful times, judging from the signs on the walls, hunting licenses were issued. Here Delavan was placed under guard of Captain Lastry, while Major Morin disappeared and presently returned with a testy old warrior in a colonel's uniform.

"Is this the man?" he asked, glaring at Delavan.

"*Ecco homo,*" said the major.

"Sounds like a straightforward case. Discharged from the American army. Despatch-runner for the Germans. And found here in disguise. Tell my adjutant to draw up the necessary papers and I'll sign them. This business has got to be stopped! He's the second one caught this afternoon."

As an afterthought he turned to Delavan again.

"Have you anything to say?"

"Nothing that you would believe," said Dell in a low voice.

"Then you better not say it."

He started back to his lair, testier than ever at having been disturbed, one might imagine, in the conception of some great Napoleonic campaign that would crush the enemy.

"If he only knew what I know!" thought Delavan; and for the least fraction of a second he thought of calling out "Oh, Colonel!" But the moment passed—passed and brought a sense of weariness, almost of disgust, with it.

Why shouldn't the world go to the devil? What was in it worth saving? These decorated, short-tempered butchers who called themselves military leaders; let them win their own wars!

"I don't think we need detain you any longer now, Captain," he heard the major saying. "Thank you for the help you have given."

Then, still from the depths of his weariness, Delavan heard Lastry saying, almost in a hungry voice, "When, do you think. . . ?"

The reply was whispered, but Dell caught the words, ". . . not very long, I should say. . . ."

(*To be concluded*)

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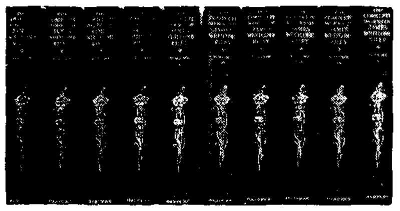

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# A Sap's Fable

*Continued from page 7*

hunched his mammoth shoulders and bellered in his bear's voice:

"If you ain't a block away from here in four seconds, I'll ruin you!"

That hit a nerve and Knockout Kelly hesitated, his hard, merciless eyes two flaming slits. Then, perhaps still thinking Doris could be had, he laughed and come out from behind the counter, stepping out of character at the same time.

"No offense," he says, amiably enough. "I know when I'm in wrong. You look like a tough boy and I'd like to use you as one of my sparring partners. I need you big guys to ready me for the champ. Drag your form around to the camp and ask for Knockout Kelly. See you all at once!"

"Knockout Kelly—*and I nearly smacked him!*" gasps Tom in terror and would of swooned away if Doris hadn't pinched him.

THE next day he showed up at our training quarters and after a short interview Kelly put on the gloves with him. The round they went was a hippodrome, for though Thomas was a good fifty pounds heavier than Kelly you can bet all the coffee in Java this catcher would of been stopped had Kelly tried instead of just clowning with him.

"How come *this* tomato?" I asked Kelly when they got through.

"He's a yell, hey?" grins Kelly, looking over to where Tom was mauling the sand bag. "But his sister's got two more curves than a scenic railway and if I play my cards right I got a chance to cop!"

"Oh, you *have*, hey?" I roars, wheeling on him, and I knew I was white to the ears. "Well, you keep away from his sister, or—"

"Or what?" snarls Kelly, shoving out his jaw.

I thought fast. I didn't wish to start nothing with this Humpty Dumpty practically on the eve of his fight with the champ, for I had far too much at stake to risk a upset now! Time enough for that after the fracas, so I give Kelly a lame answer and turned away. The minute his day's work was over, he hit the showers, shaved, dolled up and went uptown with Tom. I knew where he was headed for, but though frothing at the mouth I said nothing. Doris was nobody's chump!

I put on a couple years in the next two weeks taking cruel and unusual punishment, because keeping Knockout Kelly away from the Eagle Drug Store was like keeping the mice away from the cheese. He spent at least a hour there each night and every time I passed, waiting to take Doris home, this guy was sitting at the soda fountain chattering away to her and she seemed plenty keen on what he was broadcasting. Things had come to a pretty pass and I could scarcely keep from calling my eyes liars. I was fit to be tied!

Kelly talked slyly to me of getting married and settling down in Annandale, though he never once mentioned the name of Doris again. Then the night before the big scrap I phoned the drug store and found Doris had went home. I phoned there and—*Knockout Kelly answered the call!* By the time I got to the boarding house on the run he was gone, but Doris wasn't. She stammered nervously that Kelly had only been there a few minutes and had wanted to tell her something exceedingly important. She started to tell me what Kelly come up for, but I flung away, sore at everybody in the wild wide world, what I mean. I'd been level all my life, taking plenty on the chin as a result and here's what it all got me!

The Pioneer Club had leased the ball park here and the night of the quarrel which put Annandale on the fistic map the whole town was fight-mad. Limousines, trucks, flivvers, street cars and game in season poured in a steady stream to the arena and long before the first preliminary the grounds was a huge can of noisy, human sardines. As I sat in Kelly's dressing-room, the last time I'd ever be in back of a boy come what may, my thoughts was a jumbled mass of glooms and fears. What a Hades of a time to step down—the night your boxer becomes a world's champion! Still, it was either that or lose Doris, so with a sigh I turned to the business at hand.

Kelly hummed a light tune as he undressed for the ring and you'd think from his cool confidence he was getting ready to throw a party instead of being about to try for the middleweight crown. For no good reason he insisted on having big Tom in his corner. "For good luck!" he grinned at me, and, swelled up like a human yeast cake, Thomas was the happiest guy in the ball park.

At the bell, the champ rushed across the ring and drove a stiff straight left to Kelly's jaw. I was somewhat surprised at this sudden display of aggressiveness from the usually careful titleholder, but Kelly didn't even blink. He countered with a hard right to the body and they clinched, the strong Kelly handling the champ like a baby. The referee broke 'em easily and both was short with lefts. Then Kelly hit a bit low and was warned. They was in midring, cautiously sparring for a opening, when the champ suddenly wowed the crowd by sending Kelly to his knees with a right to the whiskers.

The blow looked a bit light to me, but then you never can tell from outside the ring. However, it was the first time I'd ever seen Knockout Kelly on the floor and I yelled to him to take nine. He done so, keenly aware of all that was going on around him. He wasn't hurt. When he got up, he backed away from the champ which was puffing already and looked tired, but the champ kept on top of Kelly, driving him into the ropes with short rights and lefts to the body. Kelly seemed a bit at sea and deliberately turned to look at me, apparently for advice. As he turned his head, the champ nailed him with a right and left to the jaw and the howling mob rose to its feet as Kelly staggered. Another long right to the button and to the gaping amazement of me and forty thousand other maniacs, Knockout Kelly sank slowly to his knees and was counted out. Less than a round— Leaping Tuna!

BACK in the dressing-room after this terrible nightmare I was too sick and dazed to even think. Fifteen thousand bucks thrown to the breezes, not a dime in the world, no fighter, no drug store, no wedding with Doris! Far from seeming hurt or downcast, Knockout Kelly was slowly and carefully dressing, the while gayly whistling a tune. Good boy, I thought, he's taking it like a man, anyways, faking a cheerfulness he's many miles from feeling!

"Well, Kelly," I mutters, "you done what you could and nobody can win *all* the time. After all, he's a world's champion!"

"Blah!" sneers Kelly, slicking his hair back. "I could of smacked him right into your lap and if you don't think so you're dizzy. I tried first to lose on a foul, but that referee was blind!"

I jumped up, knocking over the chair, pop-eyed and for a minute speechless. "You *tried* to lose?" I pants, when I got my breath. "You—what d'ye mean, Kelly? Talk fast!"

He seemed to find me very comical.

"Don't crowd me, kid!" he laughs, carefully fixing his tie in the mirror. "The first time I hit him I had to hold him up. I'll take that mock-champ with a punch the next time and I'd of done it tonight, only there was ten grand in it for me to win and twenty-five in it for me to lose. Figure it out, young-feller-me-lad!"

Shaking like a leaf and not with no cold I stood there facing him, silently trying to get all this through my reeling brains. Jobbed! This explained why the champ jumped at the match with Kelly, why he didn't squawk at coming to Annandale to defend his title, why I got three to one for my money. Now, I was as flat as a pool table and had to begin life alone all over again because this Airedale had crossed me like they cross the Atlantic! Again I looked Kelly over, as he flicked a imaginary spot from his coat sleeve, winked at me and shot his cuffs, still whistling. I was every bit as big and husky as him and as hard as a keg of nails.

"Kelly," I says softly, "have you ever been knocked out on the up and up?"

"No," he snarls, "and nobody knows that better than you!"

"Well, don't cry," I shot at him. "You're going to be!"

With that, I suddenly swung one from my ankle to his chin and the first thing to hit the floor was his spinal column. I'd wanted to do that thing for nearly a year and now that I'd finally done it I felt slightly better. So there I left Mr. Knockout Kelly, born Stanislaus Kuckowsky, just a heap on the floor right in the town where I'd took him East off a freight-loading job and made him a pugilistic sensation!

THE drug store was closed, but Doris was inside waiting for me and she run to leave me in when I gloomily knocked on the door. I was sunk and I felt and looked it!

"We're broke!" I greets her, without no preliminaries. "Kelly got knocked out!"

"Isn't that splendid!" she exclaims. "I simply couldn't stand him!"

"What's splendid about it?" I demands, angrily. "I ain't got a penny to my name!"

"But—but you have me and the drug store!" Doris murmurs with a blush.

"You didn't bet the bankroll?" I almost howled.

"Of course I did," she says, smilingly.

"But I told you to lay it on Kelly," I exclaims faintly.

"Well, I didn't. I bet that the champion would win!" she answers.

"Listen!" I gasps, flopping into a chair. "Will you kindly explain to me how in the name of all that's good and holy you knew Kelly was going to take a dive, when I didn't know it myself?"

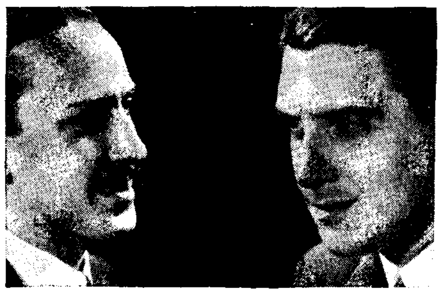
"Do you remember Kelly coming up to my house last night?" she says, and I nodded, on edge.

"Yeah!" I snarls. "You claimed he had something very important to tell you. . . ." I stopped short and leaped from the chair. "Say, was that—"

"Exactly!" Doris finished for me, as I seen a great light. "That's what it was!"

Here she comes now. Meet the wife —but not too often!

all around the town



you see these clean-shaved men

WHEREVER you go, you see them. Downtown at the office, successful business men. Uptown at the clubs, clean-cut sportsmen. All around town—a host of men who use Squibb's Shaving Cream—because they know the value of a fresh, smoothly shaven face.

For Squibb's is the cream that puts briskness and pleasure into shaving. Its creamy-cool lather—its soft, soothing effect on the skin—groom your face every day to a smooth, velvety texture.

Squibb's is a scientific cream. Experts studied and experimented for four years before they discovered the combination that makes Squibb's so marvelously cool and pleasant.

The next time you run out of shaving cream, remember Squibb's. Go to the nearest druggist and buy a tube. Only forty cents! © 1929 by E. R. Squibb & Sons

A SHAVING CREAM BY

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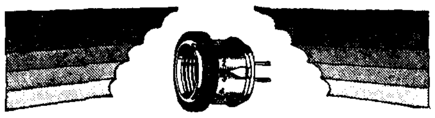

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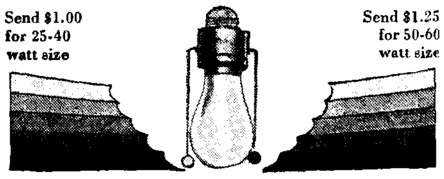
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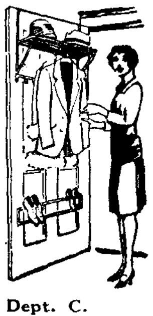

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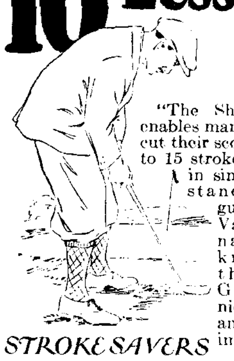

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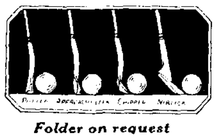

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**THE BECKLEY-RALSTON CO.**
**2134 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.**

# One Store after Another

*Continued from page 9*

reduce to the proportions of an exact science—the mystery of the location. Woolworth began to find out things about it and in a short time he, like Hartford of the A. & P., had a number of stores in different cities.

A new character was now about to step on the stage. He was a very energetic Irishman who had an excellent job in a New York hotel in charge of what is called "the back of the house," the porters, messengers, etc. He had loaned an ailing reporter $2,000 to start a store and became a silent partner. By 1884 Butler bought out his little chain. By 1890 the Butler chain, which had spread out chiefly in Brooklyn, had gotten a good deal of attention and had grown to nearly 80 stores. Meantime small chains were springing up in various lines. All these men saw more or less dimly the weak spots in the existing system of merchandising. They were learning the advantages of quantity buying. They were beginning to feel the effect of more intelligent central-office management than the small owners could give their stores. The size of their operations was forcing problems of economy on the men who were running them and gradually they came to deal with these problems, to be aware that there is such a thing as a problem of distribution.

### The Golden Rule Stores

Out in Wyoming two pioneer merchants had established six small dry-goods stores. They were called the Golden Rule Stores. One of the interesting characteristics of early American business was this interweaving of religion and trade. John D. Rockefeller was the most ardent Baptist in Cleveland. John Wanamaker was the first paid Y. M. C. A. secretary and after he opened his store he would go down on his knees during the day and pray audibly for credit, or any other aid that was needed. A. T. Stewart, Andrew Carnegie and even some of the most audacious of the Wall Street operators were confirmed churchgoers who were always weaving texts into their business philosophies. And so the Golden Rule Stores arose in Wyoming and one day a youngster, himself the son of a Baptist minister, showed up looking for a job in the stores. The Golden Rule didn't prevent the owners from hiring him as a clerk for $2.70 a week.

His name was Penney—J. C. Penney—a name which today is blazoned across 1,000 department stores. Penney worked for the Golden Rule Store until the owner decided to open a seventh one. They sold Penney a third interest in this store for $500 cash—his entire savings—and a note for $1,500. Penney with a wife and baby, recently acquired, opened that little general store at Kemmerer, Wyo., in a small, rude, boarded structure at a remote crossroads where two main traveled trails met on the plains. He lived in narrow quarters above it. His wife helped him, the baby often asleep on a pile of overalls while the parents waited on the customers. Out of the profits of that Kemmerer store, Penney opened a second one at Cumberland, Wyo. He has kept on opening them ever since until the little barn-like trading post on the plains has grown to a gigantic system of fine department stores in a thousand American cities.

Penny brought something brand-new into the chain business. It had to do with organization. Up to this time all the chains were strictly privately owned. One man opened a single store and then added others to his string as earnings permitted. But Penney worked out a form of organization which is now known as the Penney Partnership Plan. Each store in his system belongs to the Penney company and to three individual partners. This store is known as a "mother store." It must then establish a try-out store. The salesman who makes good as a manager is then permitted to establish the try-out store as an independent unit in which he takes his place as one of the three partners. This store in turn becomes a mother store and goes on with the process of opening try-out stores and building its salesmen into managers and partners.

The chain idea, the value of large-scale buying, was now soundly established. But with the beginning of the century the system was to embark on a new era of development—the period of the complete reorganization of retail merchandising along scientific lines. In Syracuse a chap named Whelan was making a success of a wholesale tobacco business and a single retail cigar store. Everyone remembers the old-fashioned cigar store—tobacconist shop it was called. The interior was usually seen through a show window well coated with dust. The walls were decorated with pictures of burlesque queens and prize fighters, some copies of the Police Gazette were upon the counter, there was a row of chairs against the wall and a cuspidor or two, a group of long-distance debaters inside and a wooden Indian outside.

Whelan's cigar store was as unlike this ancient model as it could possibly be. It was spic and span, well-stocked and furnished, there were no chairs, or literature. Instead there was a sign reading: "No loafers. All space needed for business." He opened another store in Elmira modeled on the same lines and succeeded so well with it that he opened others in Utica, Troy and Auburn. When he arrived in New York in 1900 and organized the United Cigar Company he had already worked out a highly special zed system of buying and selling cigars. His chief contribution was an elaborate study of profitable retail sites. The old-time merchant just picked out a convenient location for a store and went to it. But Whelan discovered that some sites are good and some are not and he had worked out a system for studying a site so as to establish its character before ever a store was started on it. He had studied the motions of retail clerks and worked out rules for serving customers with rapidity and dispatch.

### Coöperative Buying

By this time the independent stores were noticing the strides of the chains. With most of them their notice never got beyond a disgruntled grumble. But one man engaged in selling drugs to small retailers was pondering these things very deeply. He spent a lot of time riding on Pullman trains. That gave L. K. Liggett plenty of leisure to ruminate. One day as his train rattled along it occurred to him that the great advantage of chain stores was their huge buying power, which enabled them to buy cheaper and direct from the manufacturer in some cases. Why couldn't independent proprietors get the same advantage by pooling their orders? To think was to act with Liggett. And he didn't let the grass grow under his feet. In no time he had forty retail

(*Continued on page 54*)

Mi Choice
The Easter Gift

Somehow a gift of the Mi Choice package seems to add a subtle perfection to the ceremonial we call Easter. The formal beauty of the package, the smooth chocolate coatings—the surprise fillings all convey the good taste of the giver.

Your dealer has the famous Mi Choice Package in one, two, three and five pound sizes. If not, send the coupon and $1.50 for the one pound Mi Choice or 25c for an attractive Miniature Sample Package packed with pieces that have made Mi Choice world famous.

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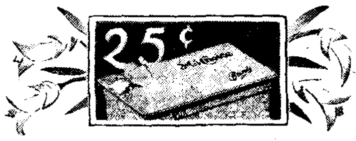
*Address*.......... *City*..........
*Dealer's Name*..........



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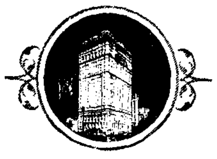
. . . . . you see, there are *shops* in the Book-Cadillac Hotel and on Washington Boulevard in Detroit, smart, marvelous shops . . . . . and you can find the perky *hats* that youth flaunts in Spring winds; and *pewter pots* and heaps of *silk* and silver *urns* for yellow roses; and wisps of *lingerie;* and splintered jade *rings* you'd tumble a mountain down to own; and *china* glazed to mimic milk, a tiger's eye, an evening sky; and *shoes,* softer, smarter . . . . . and if you know a boy and girl to be married in June; if you know a lovely lady long forgetful of self; if you know of kiddies, sweet as melons, freckled, lean, mischievous, chubby, *wonderful* kiddies—you can find a gift they'll love. ' ' ' ' Then in your room with us that night, there'll be a gift for you, *sleep and sweeter dreams,* in the softest sleepiest beds in all the world. *Good night.* See you soon?

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL
*Carl M. Snyder, Managing Director*
DETROIT



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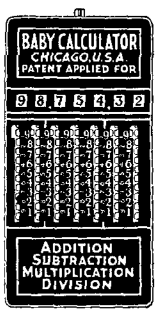

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COTTRELLS DAHLIA GARDENS
TRAVERSE CITY MICHIGAN

(*Continued from page 53*)

druggists pledged to him to take stock in a single buying agency which would also do some of its own manufacturing.

This brought into existence a new departure—a large coöperative buying and manufacturing concern. Today that great concern—the United Drug Company—sells its products and supplies 10,000 Rexall druggists in this country, who are called stockholder-buyers, and operates directly 500 of its own stores through the L. K. Liggett Company, a subsidiary, thus selling to the American people practically one fourth of its drugs. In addition it controls directly 800 of those chain drug stores which salute the eye of the American tourist in England and known as Boots, the Cash Chemist.

### Advent of the Trading Stamp

One other man came into the picture at this time in a most important way. Over in New Jersey was an eccentric young German who was having much difficulty getting along as a grocery clerk because of his bad eyes. He lost job after job. But in some way he got together enough money to start a store. He had ideas. He set up a different kind of a grocery store. He went in for the most modern ideas of sanitary attention to food. His place shone with white porcelain, glass, bright nickel. He saw the commercial advantage of cleanliness in an age which was learning about germs and bad food. There were screens on the doors and windows and show cases and plenty of carefully packaged goods. Before long he had a little chain of his own.

Then he made an invention—a most pestiferous one, which later caused him and the rest of us no end of trouble—the trading stamp. The craze for this device attained vast dimensions at once. And almost the first to turn his back away from it was the man who had invented it. Kohl decided that the whole grocery business was wrong. He threw out his credit ledger, scrapped his delivery wagons, got rid of his trading stamps, and put into effect on the most drastic terms those small economies which have come to be the characteristic of the chain store.

Kohl must have heard of the work of Frederick Taylor. The age of efficiency was dawning. That terrible word "efficiency" was appearing in magazines and newspapers until it became almost a nightmare to the easy-going fraternity. But it had been confined to industry.

Frederick Taylor was a master mechanic in the works of the Midvale Steel Company in Philadelphia. He was a close student of the human factors in industry. He had become early impressed with the terrific waste of energy in manufacturing and so in the late Nineties he set to work to study it scientifically. With scales and tape and stop watch he sat down to watch men and machines. He made some very definite discoveries which he put into practice in his own plant. By a few simple changes in the motions of the men and the arrangement of the machines he cut the production costs in half, in certain departments. His explorations in the field of shop management he soon extended to other departments of industry. The new weapon of Scientific Management was born. And by the time the war came along chain systems everywhere were putting it in practice.

From this time on the chains began to break out everywhere. The war gave them a tremendous push. When prices were rising out of all reason the chains made extraordinary efforts to hold them down. The housewife struggling with her shrinking nickels took them over to the chain stores where they could be stretched a bit. Today every week brings into being not merely hundreds of new chain stores but new chain systems.

There are not less than 100,000 chain-store units in this country and they gather in five billion dollars a year from the American people.

In the country as a whole there are about 430,000 grocery stores. Only 70,000 of them are chain stores, but these 70,000 do half as much business as the remaining 360,000 independents combined.

They have appeared in most, if not all lines. We have chain hotels, chain theaters, chain movie houses, chain shirt stores and hat stores, chain barber shops, chain bootblacks. Nedick's is really a chain in which the old-time street huckster and lemonade peddler has been supplanted and glorified. Trinity Church down opposite Wall Street operates a string of chapels utilizing the by-products of a large religious establishment to maintain cemeteries, schools, missions, nurseries, office buildings, etc. It is a kind of giant chain-church affair. Only a few years ago, S. S. Kresge, one of the pioneer five-and-ten-cent store chain magnates, said: "It might be possible to operate successfully a department store chain. But I do not think it is practical. I certainly would be foolish to try it." Now Mr. Kresge has founded a brand-new chain of department stores.

What a change has come over the old-fashioned neighborhood and its little huddle of familiar shops! Every neighborhood had its old-time grocery store, its barber shop and shoemaker, its drug store, its tobacco shop, its notion variety store, its candy and news store. Now we have a large neighborhood and both sides of the street are lined with chain stores—chain groceries, drug stores, shoe and hat and shirt stores, silk and lingerie shops, chain cigar stores, clothing stores, music stores, five-and-ten-cent stores, chain beauty parlors, and millinery stores.

This isn't just a picture. It has a deep significance. This small street out in the distant residential section or in the satellite suburb is a miniature department store. The women of the neighborhood can buy there at prices which the department stores can hardly match because they haven't got the buying power of these little stores which are just units in great chains. At the same time the automobile is adding every year to the terrific congestion which makes trolley cars and buses creep so slowly that getting downtown is becoming increasingly difficult. The chain movie houses, now enhanced by mechanically reproduced symphonic music, bring the best attractions out into the remote neighborhoods. Is the chain store going to point the way for us to a solution of the baffling problem of city congestion?

### Chain Stores and Manufacturers

Having thus created a huge and powerful retailing machine will the chains now reach out and attempt to usurp the functions of the manufacturers? Are the manufacturers at the mercy of the chains?

There is no doubt that the chains have already ventured very far along the road toward doing their own manufacturing. Many of the most important chains like the shoe and hat chains are really little more than outlets for the manufacturers. The Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company has done much in that direction. Today it owns eleven enormous bakeries and about forty huge canning factories where it puts up its own brands. The United Drug Company is the largest manufacturer of drugs in the world and has only recently, through a merger with the Sterling Drug Company, taken over a batch of important products like Cascara, Bayer's Aspirin, Phillips Milk of Magnesia, Diamond Dyes, Danderine, Diapepsin and others. I have heard it stated that chain groceries sell about one third of their goods under their own private brand, chain drug stores ten per cent and chain shoe stores seventy-five per cent.

And yet, in spite of these impressive figures, there has been a marked trend lately away from the chain's development of its own manufacturing, or at least a marked change. At first many of the chains were almost driven to establishing their own factories. Many manufacturers, under the influence of the wholesalers and independents, refused to sell to them. Kroger, whose enormous network of groceries now numbers 5,000, was refused goods by a number of manufacturers in his early days. He defied them by putting up his own cakes, candy and canned goods plants. In 1904 he established his own packing plant. But the manufacturers no longer maintain this attitude.

And now the chains, ever on the hunt for workable principles of merchandising, have made another important discovery. They must turn their goods over rapidly. They work with small sales forces and must continually improve their methods of speeding up sales. So far as the customer is concerned they must follow the lines of the least resistance. To market their own private brands means that the clerks must do the selling. That means time; it means convincing the individual customer, one at a time, by personal talk—the most expensive form of selling—that she ought to use their brands. Now if they carry nationally advertised brands all this work of selling the customer is done for them by advertising, by the great mass appeals aimed at the housewives through magazines and newspapers. The woman comes into the store knowing what she wants, asks for it and is served with the least possible delay. As a result the chains are developing a rule "to give the customer what she wants." Hence all the big grocery chains carry full lines of nationally advertised goods and make no effort to turn the customer's choice away from them if she requests them.

### Future of Mail-Order Houses

A look into the future reveals a fairly definite picture, it seems to me—ever more and more chains and ever more and more links to those chains. The chains have conquered the independents to the extent that they have forced them to wake up, to adopt their methods, and to actually take on, after a fashion, the character of the chains through coöperative buying and service organizations.

The chains have conquered, the mail-order houses prospered more. Never have their shares advanced so sensationally. But it is quite possible that the growth of the mail-order business has been in a measure slowed up and, more important than all, the two greatest mail-order houses are now focusing on the erection of great chain systems of their own.

They have conquered the department stores in that they are forcing department stores to form into chain organizations.

They now face their greatest battle—the battle among themselves. It is inevitable that, having pretty well gotten the best of all other competitors, they will now begin to compete with each other. Do we now face a period in which slowly but inevitably the chains will tend toward regrouping into a few giant combinations? In the grocery business that period has already apparently set in.

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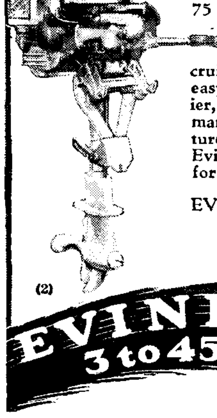


# Who Travels Alone

*Continued from page 13*

sands, pull up his horse suddenly with an iron wrist, and wheel round to face that magnificent expanse of the Atlantic, the great waves rolling and thundering up to the shingle, crashing and spending themselves amongst the rocks, throwing a glittering cascade into the sunlight.

Loewenstein was no dreamer but he was a mighty planner. These lonely hours on the sands were never wasted.

Then, at five o'clock one morning, the inevitable happened. A sudden wave of convulsive energy had lent throbbing life to the villa. Secretaries and typists, hastily summoned, had toiled through the night at his volcanic bidding. With the first streak of dawn his pilot was summoned; before midday he was in Paris.

His latest scheme was probably the most ambitious he had ever conceived. He had just met with one failure. He retaliated by challenging an infinitely more powerful opponent. He spent two days in Paris, during which he lived in an atmosphere of figures.

### From Silks to Hydroelectrics

Then one morning—a gray, misty morning it was—a strange airplane was signaled at Croydon. A little murmur went round as the marks were recognized. The arrival of the Belgian banker always created a certain amount of commotion. Every attendant watched the descending plane eagerly. There was no one who rode the skies who tipped like Loewenstein! They knew his habits. He would want to be off five minutes after his arrival. They did their best to help him, and it paid them well. In little more than the five minutes he was in a high-powered car, and before midday he had laid his astounding proposition before the heads of one of the largest industrial undertakings in the world, who had only recently embarked upon the manufacture of art-silks as one of their minor activities.

Their reply to his suggestions, made directly that morning across the table, and repeated with amplifications to the legal firm who represented him in London, was curt, almost peremptory: "Nothing to do with Loewenstein!"

It was perhaps the first time his advances had ever been treated quite so summarily, and without a doubt it had a certain effect upon his temperament. It entailed no monetary loss, but it brought him, necessarily, a lessening of prestige.

Loewenstein's capacity for concentration was probably, at this epoch of his life, his salvation. He turned his attention to hydroelectrics, and upon different undertakings, connected with that great industry, he lavished all his time and thoughts for the remainder of his life.

Like a great octopus he stretched out his tentacles through the medium of the company which he had founded, the International Holdings, and absorbed one by one, chiefly in Canada and America, every smaller concern which came into the market for money. He had no interests outside this mad desire to add ceaselessly to his holdings, save his affection for his wife and son, and his passion for horses, and he was very careful that neither of these should interfere with the ever-gnawing urge of his ambitions.

Just before his last visit to America, it became necessary for him to engage another secretary. He always interviewed applicants for the post himself, and was almost childishly anxious to impress his own personality upon them. A young lady arrived, strongly recommended, and, without a doubt, eminently suited to the post.

"What do you know about hydroelectrics?" he asked her, before she had even handed him a single one of her references.

"Nothing whatever," she answered, a little startled.

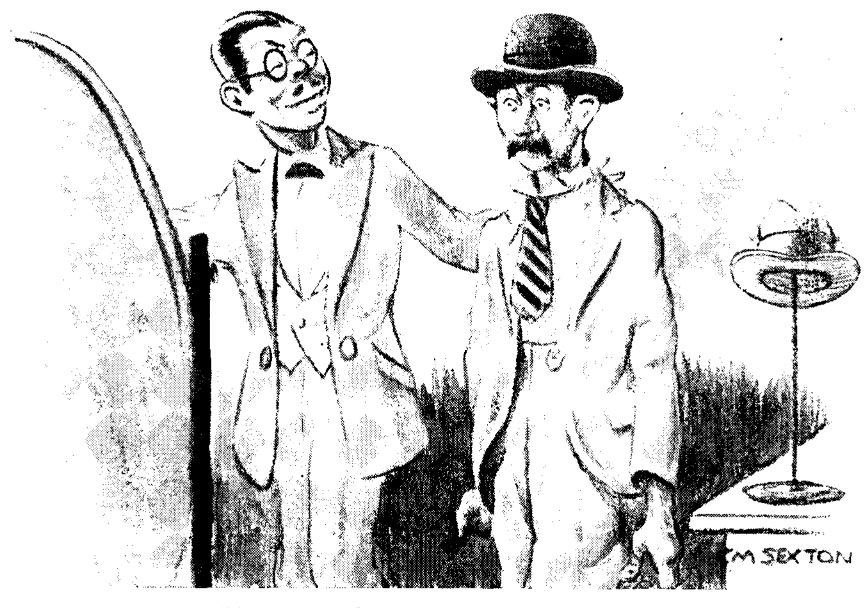
He looked at her furiously.

"Then you're no use to me," he declared, turning his back upon her.

Of course he knew that his attitude was unreasonable, and he proved it by studiously avoiding asking any questions of the sort of the next candidate who presented herself, and who was promptly engaged.

Loewenstein, for some considerable period after his comparative retirement from the art-silk world, did well. His new love — hydroelectrics — responded readily enough to his advances. The shares in his two great companies—International Holdings and Hydro-electric Securities—of no par value, began steadily to rise. Two or three recently launched industrial concerns,

(*Continued on page 56*)



"A wonderful fit, old man."
"Yeh—but suppose my ears get tired . . ."

Why I can't imitate 4 Hawaiians

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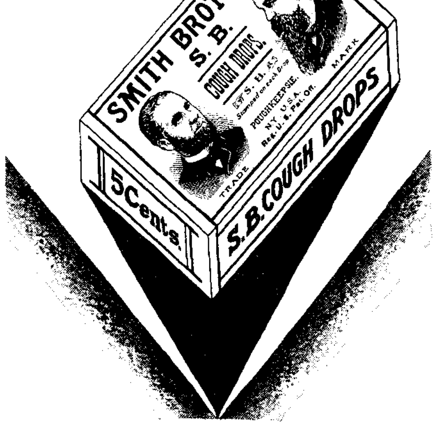

TROUBLES

we women don't have to put up with

"Our grandmothers used to talk mysteriously about all sorts of 'female complaints', as they called them," says the modern young woman. "They seemed to be troubles that women thought they had to put up with—just part of your lot in being born a girl, I guess. What would they say if they could see me and my friends! All of us perfectly well and healthy. No medicines in our bathroom cabinets, either. Just Nujol. It's better than all the old medicine bottles and pill boxes combined.

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(*Continued from page 55*)

with excellent prospects, were added to the group. The tapes must have been pleasant reading to Loewenstein just then. Unfalteringly the rise continued.

In Leicestershire, he talked hydroelectrics to his friends, and they listened eagerly. One horse-dealer in the neighborhood of Melton who invested in International Holdings is said at one time to have been worth, on paper, $2,500,000.

The boom was on all over the world, and, as usual, everyone believed that it would last forever. Shares which had advanced from a reasonable and dividend-paying price of, say fifty to seventy or seventy-five, were chalked up to 100. The man who sold was a fool; the man who did not buy was losing a golden opportunity. The large shareholders in the great industrial concerns of the world found themselves on paper becoming richer every day. Many a man who had never dreamed of such an ambition discovered himself by the morning papers a millionaire. Loewenstein on paper in these days was probably worth all the money people credited him with—$75,000,000 to $100,000,000. But finance, when it grows into big figures, presents uncanny problems. The money was there, and the stock exchange quotations for his shares. Yet it could be touched only in driblets.

### No Lame Ducks

One of the chief reasons for the phenomenal rise of International Holdings and Hydroelectric Securities was that the majority of them were in Loewenstein's hands, and Loewenstein knew better than to attempt to sell. So the shares soared.

"Tell me seriously, Loewenstein," one of his Leicestershire friends asked on one of his latest visits, "what do you consider the ultimate value of International Holdings?"

"One thousand dollars," was Loewenstein's reply, "and at that I am not sure that I should sell."

He breathed the same spirit wherever he went—a spirit of sublime and buoyant confidence. People began to believe in him more completely than ever. There were a few who still shook their heads, but a great many more who looked upon him as a magician. There was this much in his favor. The industries of which he had obtained control were sound. They were going concerns, earning money, part of the great commercial driving force of the world. He tinkered with no lame ducks. Every one of those subsidiary concerns was able to pay a dividend into the coffers of its parent organization, but—and here was the question concerning which no ordinary speculator was able to satisfy himself—a dividend upon what capital? Loewenstein kept a great deal to himself.

The time arrived when Loewenstein found himself wealthier on paper than he had ever been in his life, but suffering from a veritable embarrassment of riches. He was no bull-headed speculator, and he knew quite well that prices were very near the top. He paid the penalty for being a man whose movements were watched the world over. He needed money, but in Europe, at any rate, he feared to place any of his large holdings upon the market. He foresaw exactly what the result would have been. In every money market, there would have been sinister whispers that Loewenstein was unloading.

At a few moments' notice, he decided to pay a visit to New York. There he believed that he might be able to carry out one or two of his more recently developed schemes by a merging of shares rather than by an absolute realization. This time, there was a certain amount of secrecy about his movements. He traveled by one of the lesser known lines, and his press agent was cautious in his announcements. On the voyage out, he is reported to have been restless and distrait. He received the prices several times a day, but he could have found in them no particular cause for disquietude. His shares were only falling in common with others of known value. He knew very well, that if only he could find the right arguments, open up the right line of thought, there was all the money he needed to be found in New York without the sale of a single share.

In the United States—in New York especially—Loewenstein was never regarded as one of the possible successors to the money giants of the world. His entourage failed to impress. The newspapers made fun of it. Even the serious part of the world regarded his passion for flying from city to city, his contempt for all ordinary modes of locomotion, his flamboyant display of opulence, with, at the best, a kindly tolerance. There were many Wall Street magnates of greater wealth than Loewenstein who were content to travel by the ordinary methods, and who did not even possess a railway car of their own. Nor did his methods of finance appeal to the New York banker. Everything about him was too much in the air.

There is no doubt that on this last and vital occasion Loewenstein once more failed to convince in New York. The bankers whom he visited listened to him with interest but preferred to talk airplanes to finance. With their usual business hospitality they offered him everything except what he wanted—money.

His press agent did his best. The newspapers were filled with descriptions of his two airplanes, with particulars of his staff, and he was interviewed continually as regards the curriculum of his work. His days, however, were passed in what seemed to him idleness. He was careful to collect all particulars concerning two hydroelectric power companies—one in Canada and one in the States—who were not disinclined to a fusion on their own terms, but the matter never advanced. Loewenstein would have bitten his tongue out rather than have confessed it, but the raising of large sums of money just then had proved to be a task beyond his powers. On twenty-four hours' notice he turned his back upon the United States.

### A Fit of Passionate Energy

Returning on the steamer—the Ile de France, I think it was, and some time in May of 1928—he made the acquaintance of a Russian banker. They were introduced upon the stairs leading to the saloon, and for some reason or other Loewenstein was possessed with one of his fits of passionate energy. He gripped his new acquaintance by the shoulder, and lectured to him first on hydroelectric power, and then on banking, with a ceaseless flow of words, a storm of gestures, a persistence which dumfounded his companion.

"We must finish this conversation later on in the smoking-room," the latter once ventured to suggest.

"We will finish it now," was the prompt reply.

The Russian sat down upon the stairs. Loewenstein continued his tirade for another hour. He never once wandered from the subject of money and hydroelectric power. Sometimes, he was a little vague, but he never altogether lost the thread of his discourse. He gave his victim—a friend of mine—no further chance of escape, and he wound up quite abruptly with a hearty handshake.

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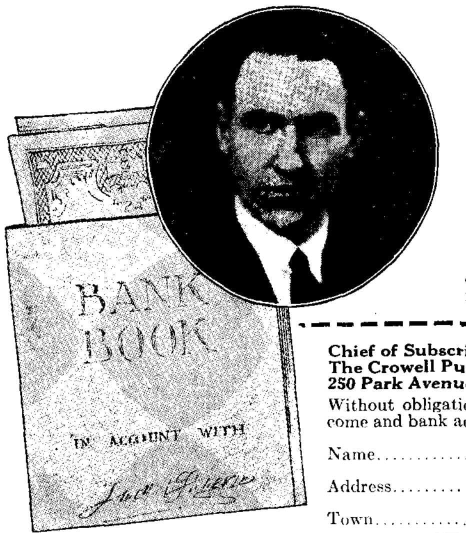

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"I like you," he said. "You are the first banker I have met for a long time to whom I can talk. Most of them are not bankers at all; *they are only auditors.* You have vision, the proper sort of understanding—sympathetic understanding."

"If we talk any more, let it be somewhere where there are chairs around," the Russian pleaded good-humoredly.

Loewenstein took my friend by the arm.

"Come with me, and I will show you what work is," he invited.

### First Herald of Coming Storm

He led him in to what might have been a bank parlor. Two of the smaller dining rooms had been converted into one, and at various tables, either typing, or studying ledgers or files, were at least a half-dozen secretaries and clerks, and two typists. Loewenstein glanced at his companion with a covert little smile—the smile of the man who knows that he is succeeding in impressing.

"We have a private telephone into the wireless room," he announced. "I wanted to engage it altogether, except for ship's calls, but the captain was obstinate. My business is carried on from here, just the same as on land. I have just had a message from Madrid. I can tell you most of the exchanges, if they interest you."

A telephone rang, and a secretary took down a message. Loewenstein read it with a frown, and, moving across the room, seated himself by the side of a typist.

His interest in my friend was undoubted, but it is indicative of his state of mind at the time that, although they spent five more days at sea, he made no attempt to renew their conversation. As a matter of fact, that message was one of the first heralds of coming storm, and, during the rest of the voyage, Loewenstein spent nearly the whole of the time in his rooms, dictating ceaselessly, continually sending and receiving messages.

(*To be concluded next week*)

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**P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY**
**Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.**
**6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W. C. 2 Published at Springfield, Ohio**
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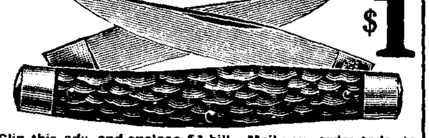

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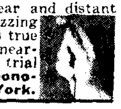

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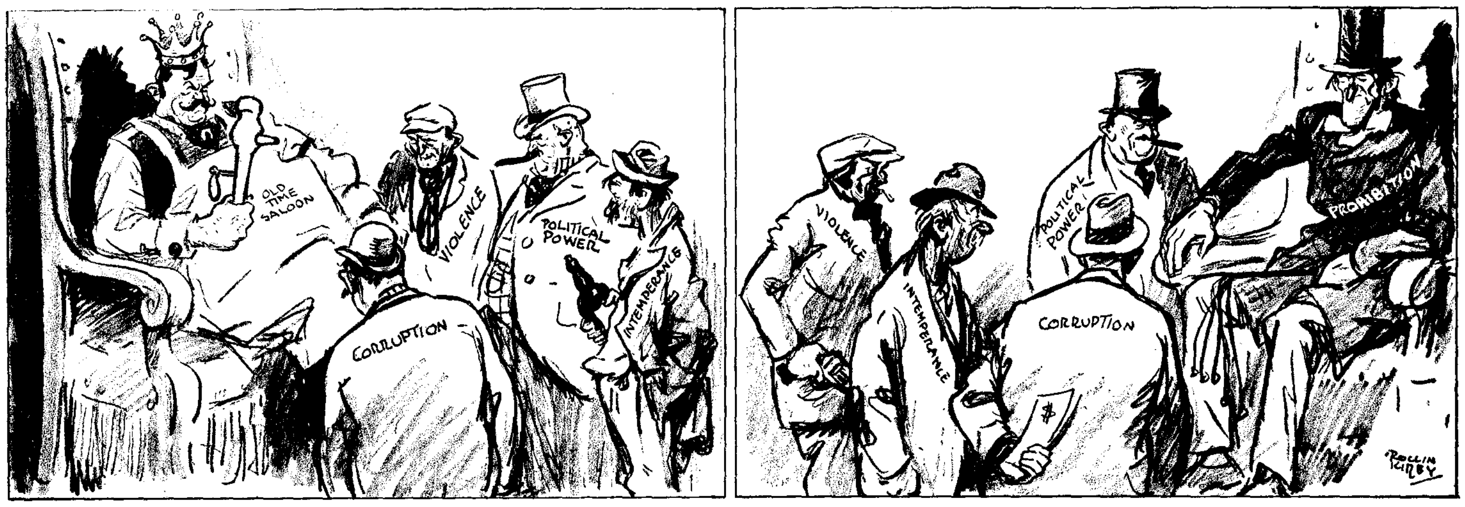

# The King is Dead—Long Live the King!

THE obstinate stupidity of the saloons in the old days brought about their own doom. Prohibitionists will do well to profit by their example.

Saloonkeepers, brewers and distillers formed an unholy alliance. They had political power and they thought they could do whatever their money interest dictated.

They were lawless and above the law. They disregarded every effort at public regulation. Saloons were allied with vice, gambling and sometimes with worse crime. Many saloonkeepers were honest men, but the saloon became intolerable.

Its abuses were not removed or corrected because the organized liquor interests thought they were too strong to be seriously hurt. They had many powerful political allies. The old saloonkeeper was influential in politics.

The arrogance of the liquor dealer was his own destruction. The saloon was not destroyed by fanatics or even by the Anti-Saloon League. The great body of temperate Americans finally lost patience with the saloon.

But the passing of the saloon did not end the traffic in liquor. On the contrary national prohibition stimulated drinking among many classes throughout the country.

In some ways the liquor traffic is a worse evil today than it was before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Drunkenness certainly is more respectable than it was in the days of the saloon.

Those employed in the illegal traffic are infinitely worse than their predecessors. Every man and woman involved is a violator of the law. The bootlegger escapes the penalties of the courts by bribing public officials. He settles his controversies with others in the trade by violence and murder. No more ghastly picture of wholesale crime can be found than in the records of bootlegging and its allied business of robbery.

The illegal traffic exists because millions of otherwise good Americans believe that prohibition is an unjust and an unreasonable restraint of their liberty.

They may be mistaken but they are convinced. They provide the hundreds of millions of dollars which make possible the bootleg industry.

To say that they are themselves violators of the law gets precisely nowhere. When millions of people disregard a law, ordinary arguments do not prevail. Whole sections of the United States are in tacit rebellion against the Eighteenth Amendment. Great classes of people throughout the nation are aligned with them.

This is the condition with which President Hoover's prohibition commission must deal. No harder responsibility has ever been given a group of American citizens. By the same token no band of men and women have ever had a greater opportunity to serve their country.

Nothing that the commission may recommend and nothing that President Hoover may sponsor, however, will have the slightest chance of success if the organized prohibitionists close their minds to any reform.

Politically the Anti-Saloon League and its allies today occupy a position fairly comparable to that held by the saloon men fifteen years ago.

Then the liquor dealers thought they could not be beaten. Today the Anti-Saloon League imagines that it is invincible.

The saloon men were routed because the public would no longer endure the abuses of the old liquor trade. The prohibition group of today will be scattered just as soon as public opinion is convinced that their obstinacy is standing in the way of real reform.

The bootleg trade is entrenched in the prohibition amendment and the bootleg trade cannot permanently endure. No self-respecting people will endlessly put up with such infamy.

Those who put the welfare of their country above any partisan or sectarian consideration look to Mr. Hoover's commission for constructive and practicable suggestions. The commission cannot help, however, unless its members are free to use their eyes and their minds. No one committed by prejudice or a closed mind, either for prohibition or against it, can be useful in such an emergency.

The one goal is temperance. Actual conditions and not the dreams of some propagandist must determine our future policy.

The country expects the best intelligence and the strongest character available to be put to this work by the President. As a man accustomed to dealing with conditions and not theories, Mr. Hoover can desire no less.

We may express the hope that not only will President Hoover succeed in enlisting the services of the most competent and unprejudiced of his fellow citizens, but that also the country will suspend judgment on the work until it is completed.

At this embittered stage open-minded inquiry offers the only possible way out of a disgraceful and an intolerable situation.

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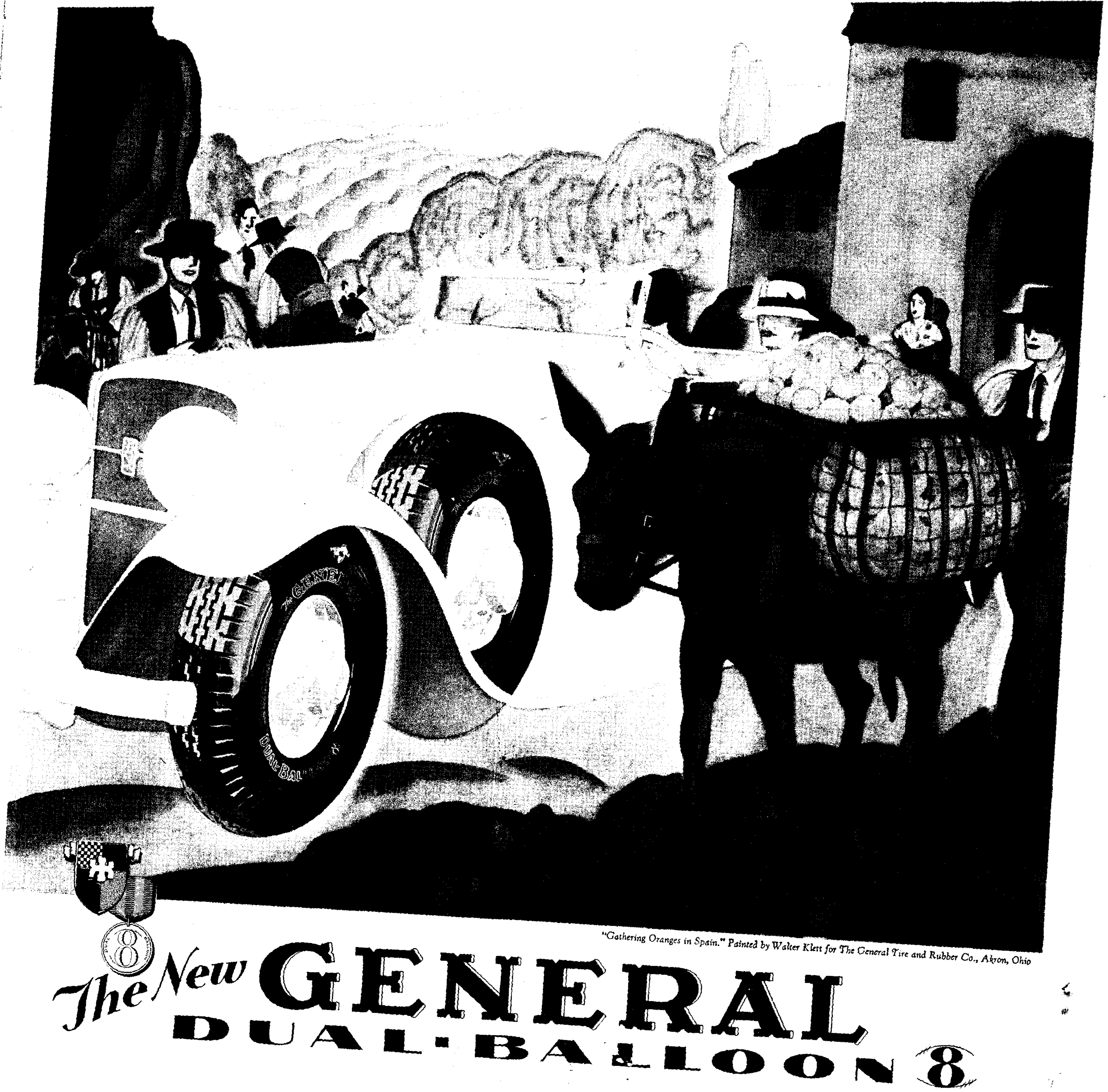
|  | New Big 6 & Royal 85 | .x. | ... | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Chrysler | De Soto | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
|  | Plymouth | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
|  | 65 & 75 | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
|  | 80 | .x. | ... | ... | ... | .x. |
| Cunningham | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Dodge | All | .x. | .x. | ... | ... | .x. |
| Durant | 40, 60, 66 | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | ... |
|  | 70 | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Elcar | 75 | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
|  | 95, 96, 120 | .x. | .x. | ... | ... | .x. |
| Ford | All | .x. | ... | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Franklin | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Gardner | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Graham-Paige | 612 | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
|  | 615 | .x. | .x. | ... | ... | .x. |
|  | 621, 827, 837 | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. | .x. |
| Hudson and Essex | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Hupmobile | Century 6 | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
|  | Century 8 | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Jordan | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Kissel | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Kleiber |  | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| LaSalle | All | ... | ... | ... | ... | .x. |
| Lincoln | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Locomobile | All | .x. | .x. | ... | ... | .x. |
| Marmon | 68 | .x. | ... | ... | ... | .x. |
|  | 78 | ... | .x. | ... | ... | .x. |
|  | Roosevelt | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| McFarlan | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Moon | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Nash | Std 6 | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| ——— | All | .x. | ... | ... | ... | .x. |
| Peerless | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | . . | .x. |
| Pierce-Arrow | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Reo Flying Cloud | The Master | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. | .x. |
|  | The Mate | .x. | .x. | ... | ... | .x. |
| Roamer |  | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Stearns-Knight | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Studebaker and Erskine | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |
| Stutz | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | ... | .x. |
| Willys-Knight and Whippet | All | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. | .x. |

# TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* BEARINGS

# *Complete the New Car Thrill!*

That new car means pleasure ahead—new performance and the feeling of pride. An impressive percentage of new car purchasers have added the final touch that completes the new car thrill by putting on the *Dual*-Balloon "8." The extra cost is slight compared with the advantages. ~ ~ Everything you want in mileage—non-skid permanence and the surpassing comfort of balloon *low pressure* that only the *Dual*-Balloon principle makes possible in combination with such big mileage. Talk with the General Tire dealer and your progressive car dealer. They will explain how easy it is to make the changeover.



"Gathering Oranges in Spain." Painted by Walter Klett for The General Tire and Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio

## *The New* GENERAL DUAL-BALLOON 8